Saturday Review

MAY 16, 1959 / 25¢

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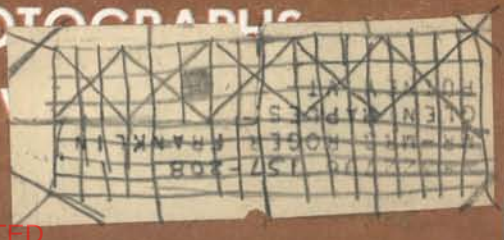

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Royal Horse Guards. This is one of the uniforms of the Household Cavalry. You can see these troops almost any day—changing the guard in Whitehall.

The Scots Guards. This guardsman is a Pipe Major. He is armed with a claymore (broadsword); a dirk (dagger); and a skean dhu (a knife tucked in his sock).

Archdruid of Wales. These robes are worn by the chief druid at the Welsh *Eisteddfodau.* Plan to see one of these great festivals of poetry and song.

Queen's Bargemaster. The royal barge hasn't been used for years. You'll see this man at the State Opening of Parliament—riding on a coach!

Traveler's Guide to British Uniforms

For free color booklet "Royal Britain," see your travel agent or write Box 140, British Travel Association.
In New York—680 Fifth Ave.; In Los Angeles—606 South Hill St.; In Chicago—39 South La Salle St.; In Canada—90 Adelaide Street West, Toronto

Sergeant Pikemen. Go to the Lord Mayor's Show in early November. You'll see these men on duty. They are members of Britain's oldest regiment.

The Irish Guards. Queen Victoria raised this regiment in honour of her gallant Irish troops. The soldier you see is a Drum Major in full ceremonial dress.

Scottish Archer. These men are the Queen's Bodyguard in Scotland. In 1818, they shot a contest against a team of American Indians. Result—an inconclusive draw.

Royal Choir Boy. The official name of these young choristers is the "Children of the Chapel Royal." You can hear them sing during Fall and Winter.

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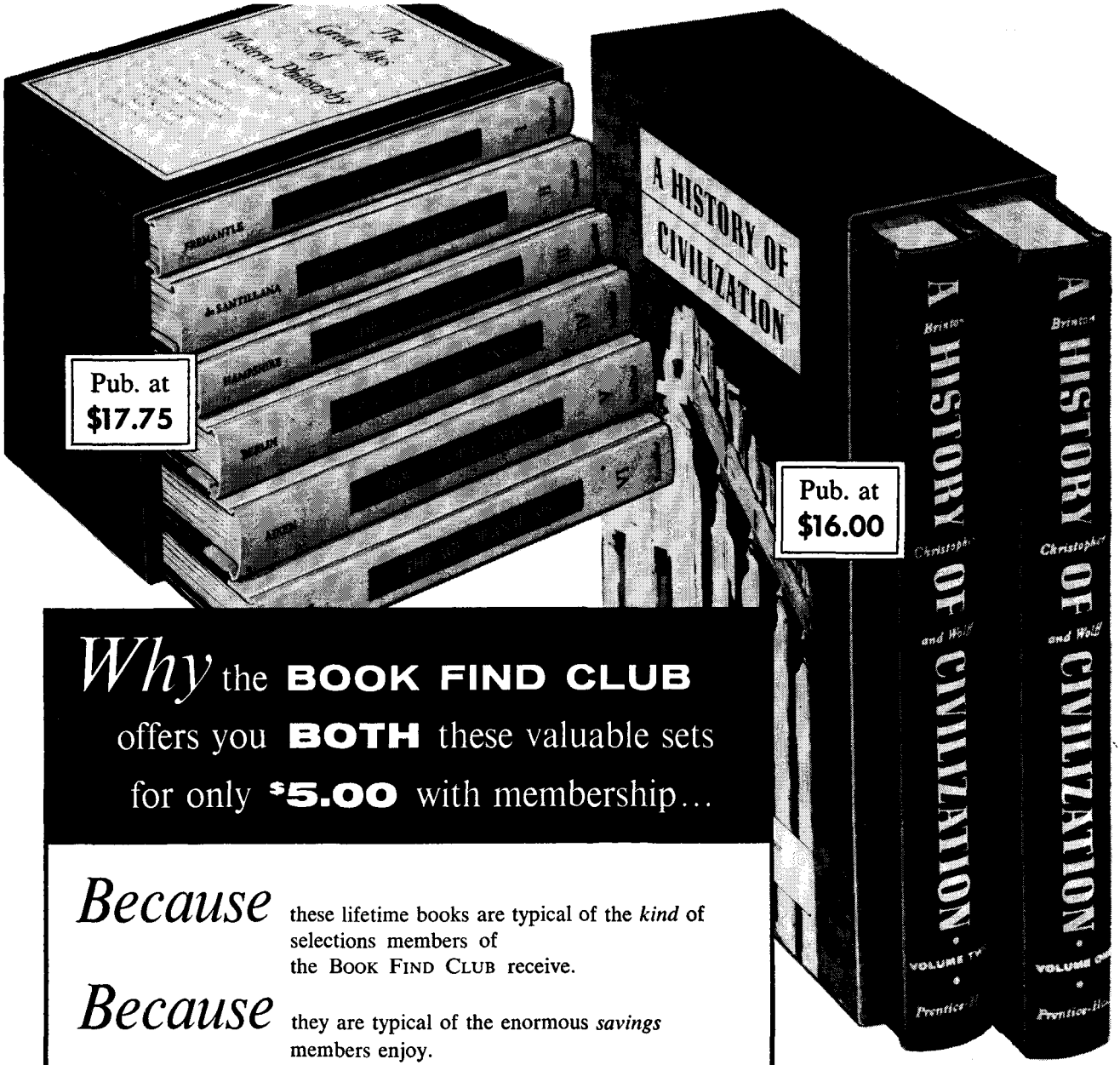

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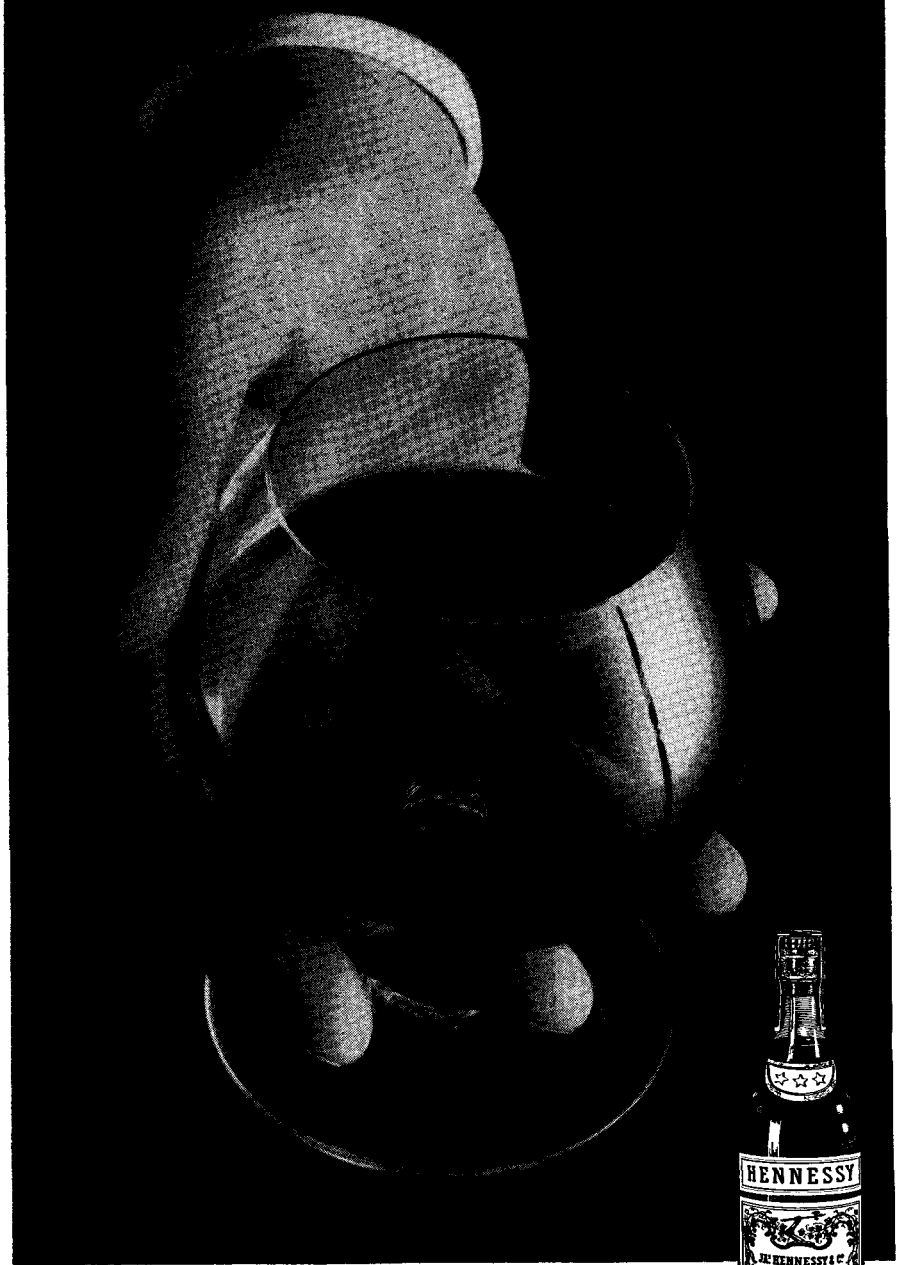

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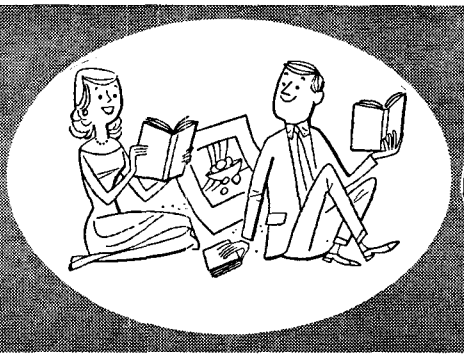

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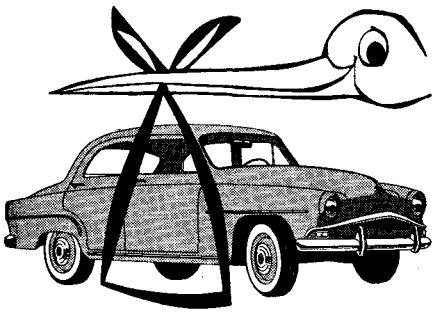

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• • •

THE MAN WHO DID TAKE-OFFS

MR. THOMAS discovered he had a gift for imitations by means of Cary Grant, or, strictly, by means of an imitation of Cary Grant which he had seen on television. He was standing idly in the shower, not feeling quite ready to leave, when the words "Just you and me, Baby," popped into his head, and he said them out loud. The result pleased him. "Just you and me, Baby," he repeated, and added, "in a cottage with ro-ses." It was certainly recognizable, if not completely accurate, and he turned off the water and dried himself in a good frame of mind. Thereafter he worked on the imitation every time he took a shower, moving on soon to Edward G. Robinson.

Mr. Thomas didn't try his imitations outside the bathroom for well over a year. His secret finally came out when his wife overheard him doing Helen Morgan on "You're an Old Smoothie," and after that he tried out his other imitations on her, one by one, and then showed them to some of his friends. Soon he was putting them on at parties. His repertoire grew by leaps and bounds, he began jumping at any excuse to take a shower (for he still regarded the shower as his proving grounds), and his wife began to get sick of it. She objected particularly when he did a long imitation of Robert Frost reading "Bending Birches" at a wedding reception, but Mr. Thomas stood fast. "It's too subtle for you," he said.

Then one night, after a cocktail party, Mr. Thomas learned an unsettling thing; having spent twenty minutes with an Englishman, he had gone around for the rest of the evening saying "right enough!" and "'alf a mo'," to the embarrassment of everybody. "Which wasn't even right, because the poor man never said 'alf a mo' all night," Mrs. Thomas said. Mr. Thomas didn't remember any of it, and he promised to watch himself from then on. But on the train the next night, while he was absorbed in "The Portable Faulkner," an old lady asked him something about the weather, and Mr. Thomas looked up and talked for three minutes straight, stringing everything together with *and*'s and describing a clothesline as "tortured." And when, after only a few chapters of Huxley, he turned to a colleague at work and said, "The trouble with you, Garland, is that your system won't admit of the existence of superfluity," Mr. Thomas knew he was in real trouble.

The next day he came home from work early. They had sat up watching "Romeo and Juliet" on television the night before, and he found that he could speak in nothing but blank verse, which was punctuated with a rhyming couplet every fifteen minutes. He decided to vary his reading, spending no more than half an hour on any one book, but the very first try ended in his spouting a hideous mixture of G. K. Chesterton, Hemingway, and A. A. Milne ("Bother, one requests the rye," he told a startled luncheonette waitress, "and one receives the whole wheat.") He began saying "ten-four" instead of "good-bye" on the telephone, from an overexposure to detective programs, and reading an editorial would set him referring to himself as "we" for a week. ("We can't find our voucher," was a particularly bad one, and "After work, Miss Bush, we're going to go home and have some fun," very nearly got him slapped.) Finally, he gave up going to work altogether. He took to sitting stiffly in his chair, trying to concentrate on nothing.

The end came one night when, after he had sat that way for something

over two and a half hours, his wife demanded to know what he was up to. Mr. Thomas let out his breath with a long hiss and opened his eyes. "its an experiment ive been trying," he said. "How's that?" his wife asked,

Lower Case History

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In the KNOW

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turning pale. "i said its an experiment," Mr. Thomas said. "if i dont speak i cant mimic." "You're speaking in lower case and leaving off your punctuation," Mrs. Thomas said, her voice rising. There was a pause, while Mr. Thomas turned a bad color. "Who have you been reading?" she demanded. "don marquis and e e cummings," Mr. Thomas said at last. "You've got to pin it down," Mrs. Thomas said shrilly. "i cant pin it down i shant try and i wont be shouted at," Mr. Thomas yelled.

After that, since neither, for the life of them, could determine which of the two had caused the trouble, they went to a Dr. Bliss, who recommended that Mr. Thomas write his autobiography. "Might bring him back to self-oriented thinking," he said.

These days Mr. Thomas sits in a third-floor room, pounding furiously at a typewriter, concentrating on himself. Every afternoon at three, Mrs. Thomas goes up to see how he is getting on, and to do her retyping (it's considered best that everything be put to rights before Mr. Thomas rereads the manuscript, so that he'll see himself in lower case as little as possible; Mrs. Thomas has been advised to let the doctor know the minute the first capital or comma shows up).

It is a long and dreary task, but the other day she was sure that one of the *i*'s was slightly out of line with the other letters, slightly higher, as though the shift key had been touched ever so lightly.

—RICHARD LEMON.

• • •

AND ONE HUNDRED YEARS FROM TODAY . . .

WASHINGTON: The Secretary of the Treasury has announced that because of the mounting cost of processing taxes, he will press for immediate Congressional action on the proposed tax tax. . . . NEW YORK: Workmen have begun filling in the East River for the new site of Manhattan Island, which is being relocated to make way for the Flatbush-Pomona Turnpike. Project engineers assure residents that the foundation is of a type which will preclude what happened to Chicago last year when it was moved into Lake Michigan. . . . CAMBRIDGE: The chairman of Harvard's comparative literature department, Univac XC-203 (de-luxe model), has received a Guggenheim fellowship for a year's study in Rome. "One must grow intellectually," it said to reporters, "or one becomes simply a teaching machine." . . .

—M. L.

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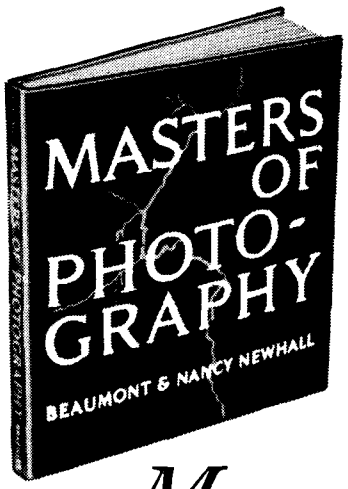

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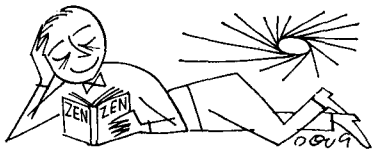
TRADE Winds

YOU MIGHT BE relieved, along with a lot of other people, that Zen Buddhism is by no means the exclusive property of the Beat Generation. In fact, there is more than reasonable doubt that the Beat Boys are really knowledgeable on Zen. In the eyes of some, at least, Kerouac, Ginsberg & Company might possibly be considered as thoroughgoing Squares.

Probably the most articulate spokesman for Zen in this country



is a gentleman who is as un-Beat as an Anglican vicar, which indeed he once was. His name is Alan W. Watts, and his books and lectures on Zen are causing more than a ripple in a good many brows—high, low, and middle. "The Way of Zen" is one of his best, along with "Nature, Man, and Woman" (Pantheon).

WITH THE DICHOTOMOUS attitude characteristic of Zen, Watts will tell you that he cannot claim to be a full-fledged Zen Buddhist himself.

"I am interested," he said, "in bringing together Zen thought and the Western mind. But if such a process gets formalized and organized, half its value will be destroyed."

As a speaker, Watts is sharp, incisive, and extremely lucid. He speaks in relaxed good humor, without notes, with almost perfect diction. From a seat in the lecture hall, he looks like a crew-cut Princetonian; at closer range, a springy and youthful middle-ager.

THE CAPACITY OF Zen to laugh at itself seems to be one of its rare and exalted charms. Pretension and righteousness are likely to be subject to a most inglorious pratfall in the hands of a Zen master.

We talked at length with Watts after one of his recent lectures in New York, dwelling on this particular point.

"Anyone who is pretentious," said Watts, "strikes the Zen follower as being extremely funny. Pretentiousness nearly always carries with it an attitude of righteousness, and in Zen thought, you can't be right without, at the same time, being wrong. Zen—which is part Buddhism and part Tao—can't help laughing at itself, its own masters, its own followers. But it's a gentle and profound humor, and a deeply spiritual one.

"Chuang-tzu," Watts went on, "was an exceptionally witty Zen master. He believed strongly that humor should be at the base of religion, not on its outer periphery. He felt that a sense of humor meant an acute sense of proportion—and what could be more godlike than that?"

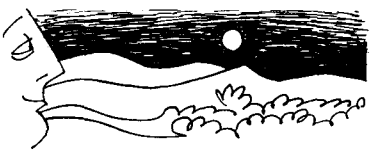
PROPERLY SPEAKING, Zen is not exactly a religion, a philosophy, or a theosophy. In a sense, it just *is*. Its basic design calls for the Zen student to see into his own self-nature. This experience—which should come as an inspired flash—is not the easiest thing in the world to come by, but if you do come by it, it's called *satori*.

If the student asks, "What do you think about God?" he is likely to have a book thrown at him, or to be referred by gesture to look at the moon, told to untie his shoelace, or to have a cigarette.

The purpose of these seemingly inane responses is to draw the student's attention to the whole sphere of reality, that nothing is separate, that the concrete is just as celestial as the celestial, and vice versa. The master's function is to aggravate the student, force him to do his own thinking, achieve his own self-revelation, to remove any thoughts of dualism from his mind.

IN A GREAT MANY ways, Western religion has forced a pretty severe crimp on humor. But in talking to several churchmen over the past few days, there seems to be strong support in the more advanced thinkers for more of it.

Dr. Ralph Sockman, author of



"Man's First Love," feels that it should be an integral part of religion.

"Religion is life, and humor is a vital part of living," he said. "Man can appreciate religion much more through the use of a rapier rather than a bludgeon. Nothing can illuminate a point better than a good touch of humor, as long as it isn't purely facetious."

Dr. John Bonnell, author of "No

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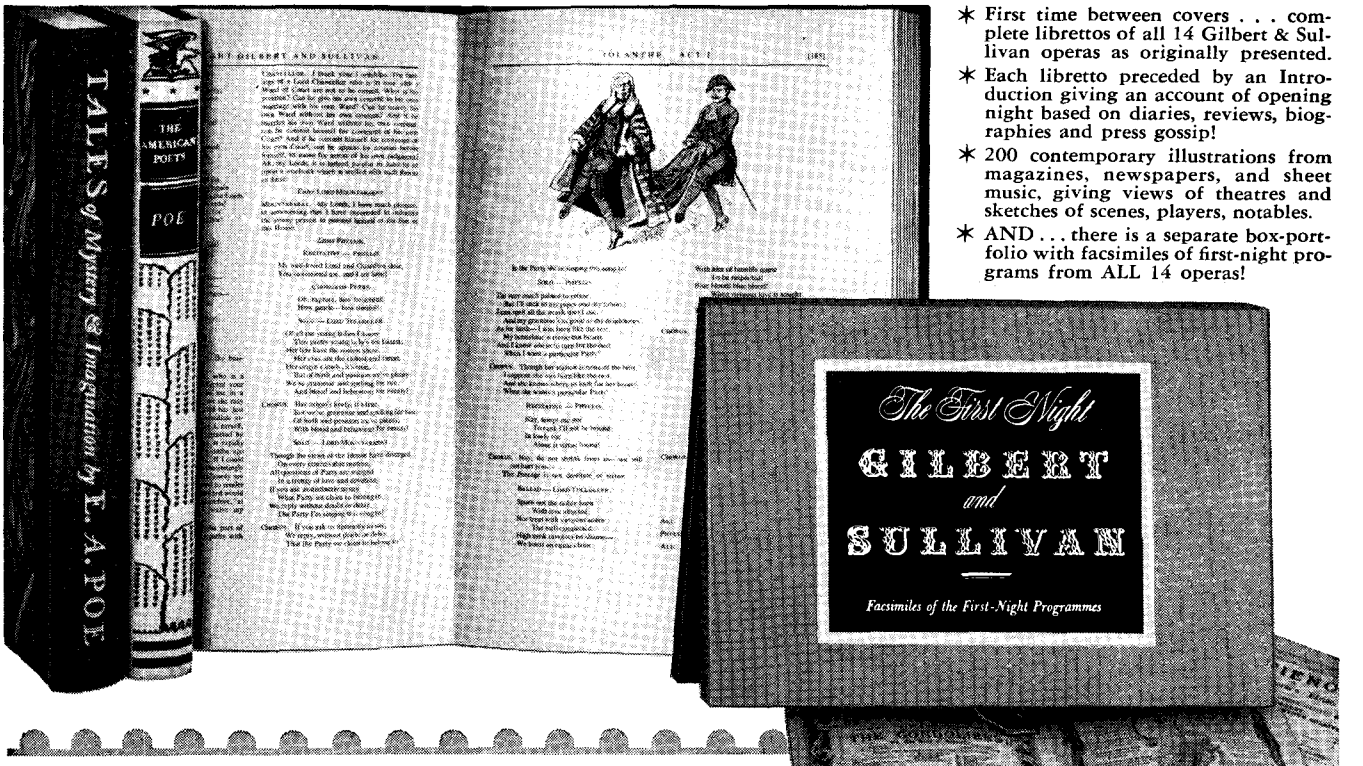

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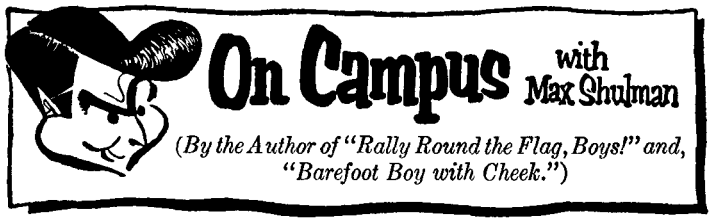

THE TRUE AND TYPICAL CASE OF CHATSWORTH OSCEOLA

You all know, of course, that every engineering senior is receiving fabulous offers from dozens of corporations, but do you know just how fabulous these offers are? Do you have any idea how widely the corporations are competing? Let me cite for you the true and typical case of Chatsworth Osceola, a true and typical senior.

Chatsworth, walking across the M.I.T. campus one day last week, was hailed by a man sitting in a yellow convertible studded with precious gem stones. "Hello," said the man, "I am Norwalk T. Sigafoos of the Sigafoos Bearing and Bushing Company. Do you like this car?"

"Yeah, hey," said Chatsworth.

"It's yours," said Sigafoos.

"Thanks, hey," said Chatsworth.

"Do you like Philip Morris?" said Sigafoos.

"Of corris," said Chatsworth.

"Here is a pack," said Sigafoos. "And a new pack will be delivered to you at twelve-minute intervals every day as long as you shall live."

"Thanks, hey," said Chatsworth.

"Does your wife like Philip Morris?" said Sigafoos.

"She would," said Chatsworth, "but I'm not married."

"Do you want to be?" said Sigafoos.

"What American boy doesn't?" said Chatsworth.

Sigafoos pressed a button on the dashboard of his convertible and the trunk opened up and out came a nubile maiden with golden hair, flawless features, a perfect disposition, and the appendix already removed. "This is Laurel Geduldig," said Sigafoos. "Would you like to marry her?"

"Is her appendix out?" said Chatsworth.

"Yes," said Sigafoos.

"Okay, hey," said Chatsworth.

"Congratulations," said Sigafoos. "And for the happy bride, a pack of Philip Morris every twelve minutes for the rest of her life."

"Thanks, hey," said Laurel.

"Now then," said Sigafoos to Chatsworth, "let's get down to business. My company will start you at $45,000 a year. You will retire at full salary upon reaching the age of 26. When you start work, we will give you a three-story house made of bullion, complete with a French Provincial swimming pool. We will provide sitter service for all your children until they are safely through puberty. We will keep your teeth in good repair, and also the teeth of your wife and children unto the third generation. We will send your dentist a pack of Philip Morris every twelve minutes as long as he shall live . . . Now, son, I want you to think carefully about this offer. Meanwhile, here is ten thousand dollars in small, unmarked bills, which places you under no obligation whatsoever."

"It certainly seems like a fair offer," said Chatsworth. "But there is something you should know. I am not an engineer. In fact, I don't go to M.I.T. at all. I am a poetry major at Harvard. I just came over here on a bird walk."

"Oh," said Sigafoos.

"I guess I don't get to keep the money and the convertible and Laurel now, do I?" said Chatsworth.

"Of course you do," said Sigafoos. "And if you'd like the job, my offer still stands."

© 1959, Max Shulman

* * *

Speaking of engineers, the Philip Morris company makes a filter cigarette that's engineered to please the most discerning of filter smokers—Marlboro, the cigarette with better "makin's." More flavor plus more filter equals more cigarette!

Escape from Life," feels there is no question in the world that a sense of humor is a tremendous asset for religion.

"A preacher without one is stuffy, and therefore ineffectual," he said. "Humor spices life, and lightens our whole outlook. I can't help feeling that some of the saints took themselves too seriously. If they had looked a little more closely, they could see that Jesus Himself had a sense of humor—especially in regard to the Pharisees, who were always puffed up with their own importance."

NORMAN VINCENT PEALE, whose books seem to have an advance reservation on the best-seller list, feels the same way:

"The emotional response which we call a sense of humor, while not stressed in the Bible, is certainly not incompatible with religion," he said. "On the contrary, it is a fundamental element in Christianity. Christ said, 'These things have I spoken unto you that your joy might be full.' He refers to things like forgiveness, love, faith. He also says, 'Rejoice, and again I say, Rejoice.' His words constantly reflect an attitude of joy, and a sense of humor is a concomitant of this joy."

DR. ABRAHAM HESCHEL, of the Jewish Theological Seminary, feels that humor is an authentic ingredient of human existence, and that there is a welcome and necessary place for it in religion.

"I think that humor and faith go together—and that religion without humor would be a calamity.

HUMOR FROM THE Catholic point of view could never be better expressed than through Bishop Fulton Sheen, whose TV broadcasts could be models for wit and humorous perception in any field. There is more hope on the horizon, as reflected by word from TV producer Gil Fates. He swears that he stepped into an elevator with two clergymen recently, and that one of them pointed up the shaft and said to the operator:

"All the way, please."

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1311)

FOSDICK:
(THE) LIVING OF THESE DAYS

Because of a mother like mine, the old saying of the Talmud that "God could not be everywhere so he made mothers" is real to me. Even now, fifty years after she died, neither death nor passing time can put an end to an inward fellowship.

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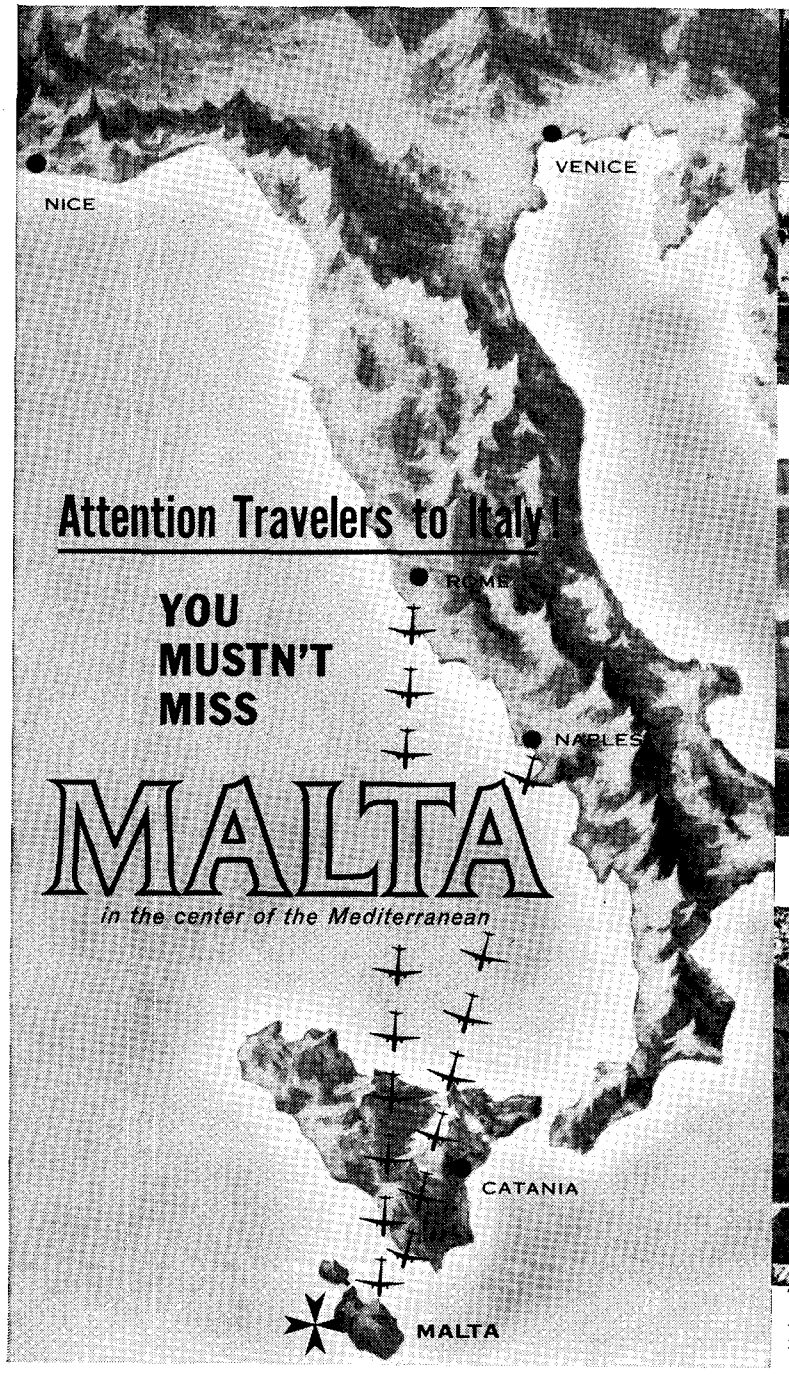
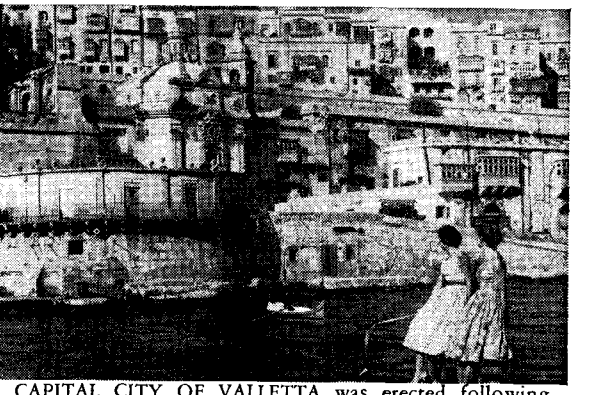


Attention Travelers to Italy!

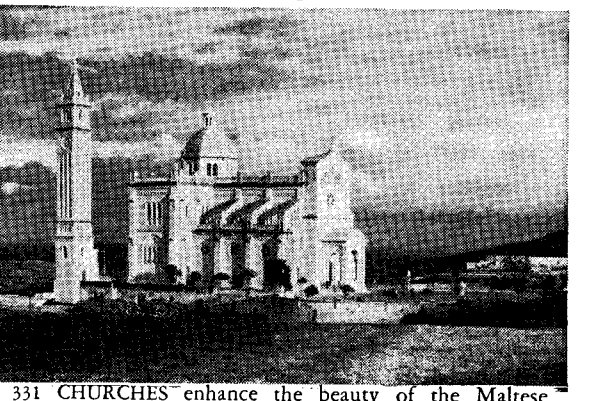
YOU MUSTN'T MISS

MALTA

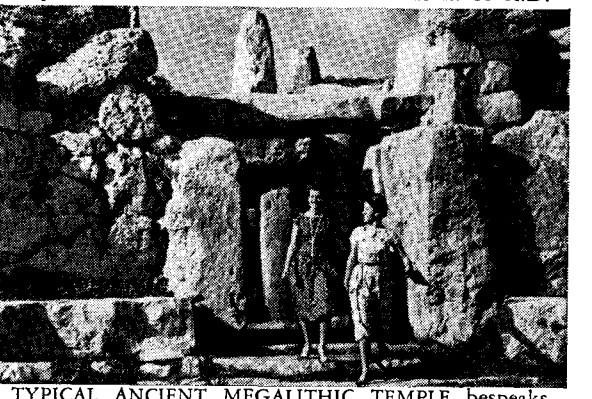
in the center of the Mediterranean



CAPITAL CITY OF VALLETTA was erected following Great Siege of 1565, when Knights of the Order of St. John led the island in repelling Ottoman Turks.



331 CHURCHES enhance the beauty of the Maltese Islands. This one is on Malta's sister island, Gozo. The shipwrecked St. Paul converted the islands in 60 A.D.



TYPICAL ANCIENT MEGALITHIC TEMPLE bespeaks Malta's fabulous past. Primitive civilization already existed when the Phoenicians arrived 5000 years ago.

5000 Years of History . . . Only 90 Minutes Away

Fabled home of the Goddess Calypso, the Maltese Islands in the Mediterranean are heir to the treasures of 5000 years of civilization—a capsule version of western culture.

Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Romans, Arabs, Normans, Spanish, French and English—all added to Malta's legacy of temples and palaces, customs and cuisine, art and culture.

The very names of the landmarks they left bring visions of a romantic past. The Hypogeum . . . ancient Megalithic temple. Mdina . . . the whispering city. Valletta . . . the city of palaces.

Valletta, in fact, is a living monument to Christianity—to the faith Malta has defended since its conversion by St. Paul in 60 A.D. Its churches and palaces are resplendent with religious art, left by Malta's Knights of St. John.

Don't, however, overlook Malta's physical charms. Swim in its crystal-clear waters. Laze on its broad beaches. See Calypso's Cave on nearby Gozo. Play golf or tennis by the blue Mediterranean. It's all within minutes of your hotel.

And would you believe it? . . . A splendid hotel room and three meals cost about $7.50 a day or less. Moreover, Malta's cuisine, like its culture, is a mixture of Europe's best.

When you visit Italy or Southern Europe, YOU MUSTN'T MISS MALTA. Ninety minutes from Rome and Naples. No visa required and no currency problems: English speaking Malta is in the Sterling area. The Malta Government Tourist Board suggests you see your travel agent.

World's Underwater Fishing Championship, August 13-18

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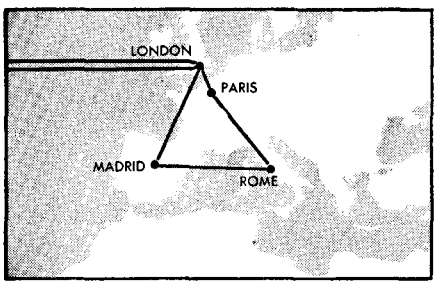

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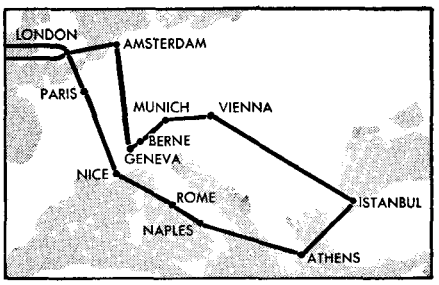

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Chess Corner—15

BRILLIANCY in contemporary chess is not entirely forsaken. The chancy opening gambit no longer holds sway, and most games do begin on a placid note. They are governed, however, by profound strategic considerations.

Control of the center and its consequent gain of terrain, better development, establishment of an outpost which hinders and cramps the enemy in most sectors and grants easy access to his King—these and numerous other little plans delineate the difference between chess of today and the past. These very influences lead up to and serve to intensify the eventual tactical blow, when it falls.

Witness the following game, played 102 years after the Evergreen Game (see CHESS CORNER—14)—but with a difference. White parts with a whole Rook at one point—but the game isn't over with a boom, boom, boom. Many moves later, he recovers some material, and still later he exposes the chronic weakness of the adverse King.

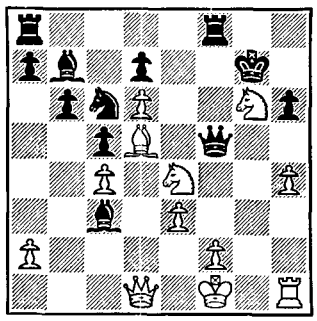
KING'S INDIAN DEFENSE

	M. Euwe White		M. Najderf Black	
1	P-Q4	N-KB3	10 P-K3	P-N3
2	P-QB4	P-KN3	11 B-Q5	K-R1
3	P-KN3	B-N2	12 N-K4	Q-Q1
4	B-N2	O-O	13 P-KR4	P-B4
5	N-QB3	P-B4	14 N-N5	B-N2
6	P-Q5	P-K4	15 P-KN4	P-K5
7	B-N5	P-KR3	16 N-K2	BxP
8	BxN	QxB	17 N-B4	Q-B3
9	P-Q6!	N-B3	18 PxP	.....

After which, White remains a Rook behind.

18	BxR	20 NxP	B-B6ch
19 NxPch	K-N2	21 K-B1	QxBP

BLACK



WHITE

22 N-B4!	K-R1	30 QxR	K-N2
23 NxB	QR-K1	31 Q-K8	Q-B7ch
24 N/3-K2	R-KN1	32 K-N1	Q-Q8ch
25 P-R5	R-N4	33 K-R2	Q-B7ch
26 N-N3	RxN	34 N-N2	Q-B4
27 PxR	RxP	35 Q-N8ch	K-B3
28 K-B2	R-K1	36 Q-R8ch	K-N4
29 R-K1	RxR	37 Q-N7ch	Resigns

—AL HOROWITZ.

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An open letter to readers of the Saturday Review from Arthur Miller

ARTHUR MILLER

To the readers of the Saturday Review:

I should like to say a few things to those who have any interest in theatre at all. I have no connection with the Phoenix. I speak only for myself as a playwright. But I nevertheless think that people owe it to themselves to understand what the place of the Phoenix may come to be in their lives.

We have probably got as vivacious a theatrical life in America as any country in the world. Willy-nilly we have created the most exportable, international style of this generation. American plays are successfully performed everywhere. But we have no Theatre.

I do not mean a building or an institution. I mean a corps of actors and directors, and possibly writers affiliated with them, which does not disperse after a play has had its run, but continue their training, experiment with their art, and perform both classical and new works. The benefits to the artists involved are rather obvious, but the public would be the main beneficiary. The experience of the Moscow Art Theatre, Old Vic, Brecht's Berliner Ensemble and our own Group Theatre prove beyond any doubt that only through a continuing organization can a certain level of excellence be achieved.

The Phoenix has done six seasons. It is led by two men who I know to be dedicated to the art. They have up to now attempted only to open the door to talented people. This was not enough, and they have now moved forward to a policy which I believe may yield a genuine Theatre. There will be a corps of actors under a director, who is zealous in the pursuit of his aims. A beginning can now be made.

The theatre is in its nature unpredictable. But what is surely known is that without the elements which Phoenix has now put together, nothing can be built but a transitory success, another hit, and another pile of money for somebody to deposit.

In this dreamless time, when everything that dares aspire is greeted with a yawn, I hope that those who continue to wish for a certain kind of pleasure, the pleasure of genuine art, will come forward to witness a new departure in our theatre life.

Arthur Miller

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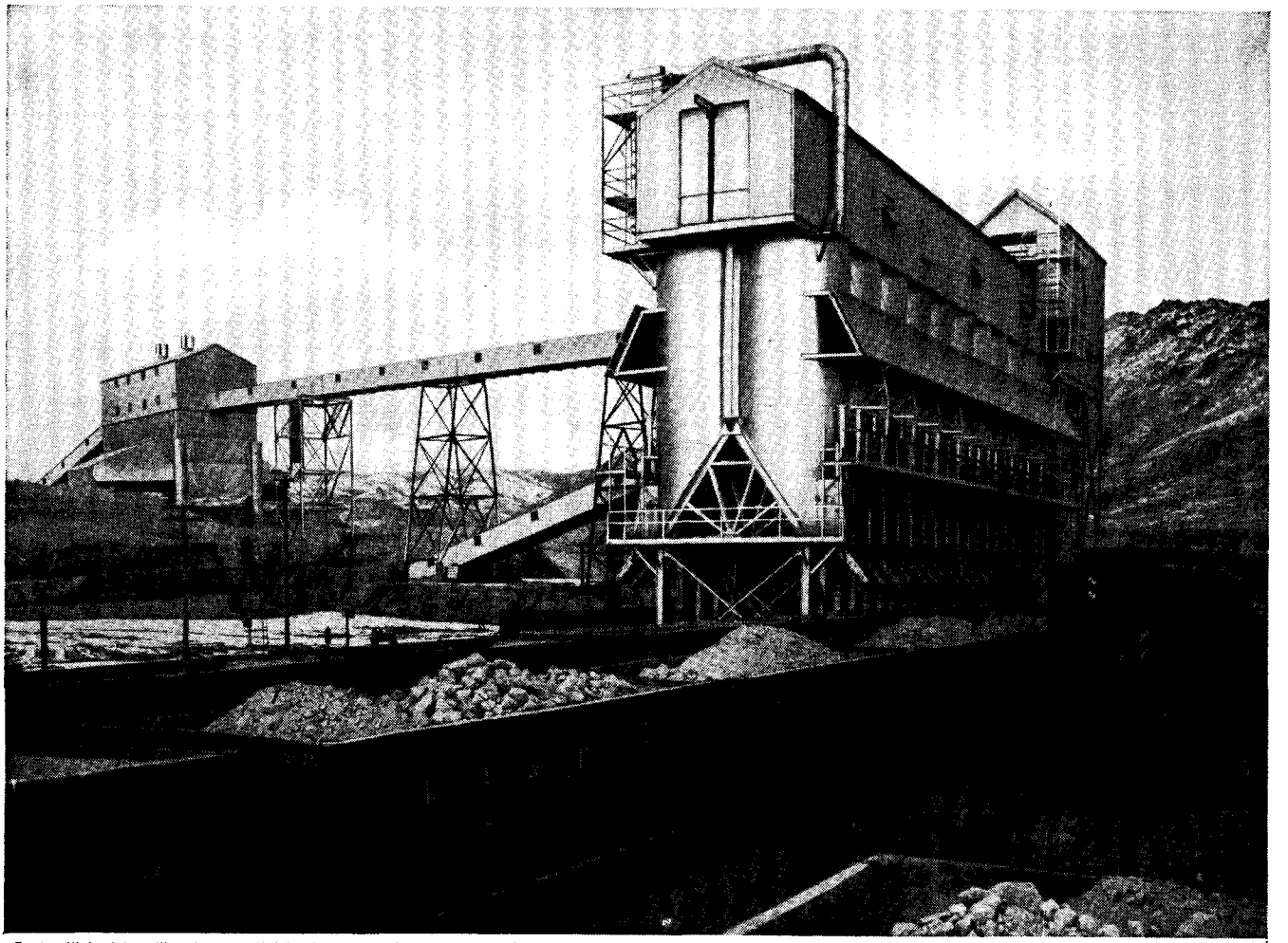

Fast, efficient handling is essential to the economic processing of low-grade ore. This new conveyor hauls ore out of the Berkeley Pit at the rate of 33 tons a minute.

How new methods yield new treasure from "the richest hill on earth"

From Anaconda's famous Butte Hill in Montana has come more than *three billion dollars* of mineral wealth — copper, zinc, manganese, lead, silver and gold. Its fabulous output of copper — more than has been produced by any other district in the world — has given impetus to hundreds of new products and new jobs, and contributed to progress in many fields.

The ever-increasing demand for copper is a perpetual challenge to mining engineers who must devise ways and means to handle larger quantities of lower grade ores with ever-higher efficiency. An example of how these challenges are being met by Anaconda is seen at Berkeley Pit, at the eastern end of "the richest hill on earth" in Butte. Here, by open-pit methods, Anaconda is obtaining low-grade copper ores that could not be economically mined by conventional underground methods.

These ores occur beneath 250 feet of waste overburden, two tons of which must be removed for each ton of ore recovered. And more than *150 tons* of ore must be hauled and processed to produce *a single ton* of copper.

Newest advanced facility at Berkeley Pit is the conveyor system shown above. Six separate belt conveyors provide a flexible flow of ore from the primary crusher in the Pit to storage and loading bins. The system is now moving more than 28,000 tons of ore a day, and is designed to handle substantially larger tonnages.

The new facilities at Berkeley Pit are just a part of the program in which Anaconda is continually applying more than 60 years' experience, not only to the development of new copper sources, but to meeting the expanding needs of industry for more and better products in the entire nonferrous metal field.

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Saturday Review

MAY 16, 1959

MEASURING THE MYSTIQUE OF DE GAULLE

Although the U.S. is the only Allied country that has never made war on France, her chief of state tends to distrust us. Why? The answer may be found in ***"The War Memoirs of Charles de Gaulle: Unity 1942-1944"*** *(Simon & Schuster. 362 pp. $6), a document of the utmost historical, political, and literary importance. In the following essay review David Schoenbrun, Paris correspondent for CBS News, subjects it to penetrating analysis. Moreover, he has persuaded the French President to respond, as an author, to questions provoked by the book—and, in résumé, Mr. Schoenbrun has turned up a trump card for our own Government in dealing with this enigmatic giant of a man.*

By DAVID SCHOENBRUN

IN THE spring of 1939, when Europe was teetering on the brink of war, two obscure Army officers were preparing themselves for a destiny that would make them immortal, while changing forever the historic roles of their respective nations in world affairs. One, an American major, was as unaware of his personal destiny as his country was unprepared for world leadership. The other, a French colonel, had long been convinced that it was his destiny to save the heritage of greatness that his country was in the process of losing.

In this spring of 1959, Europe is again teetering on the brink, and the two soldiers are faced with a new destiny. They have a rendezvous this summer on the summit. The major is now President of the United States, the colonel is President of the Republic of France. It is more than ever important to understand these two men, their ideals and their ideas, their prejudices and passions, their motives and objectives, the means they use to attain their ends and the relationship between them.

Dwight D. Eisenhower is not difficult to understand. He is a familiar American type, as frank and open as the fields of Kansas that he roamed as a boy. Everyone instinctively "likes Ike," not only in America but around the world.

Charles André Joseph Marie de Gaulle is not easy to understand. He is aloof and dour, as closed to public view as the gloomy iron-shuttered houses of northern France, where he was raised. People instinctively respect him. He would be appalled at anything so plebeian as being "liked" and he would not tolerate being "understood." In his view the true leader is above the crowd,

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—Bettmann Archive.

General de Gaulle shaking hands with General Eisenhower, in London, July 14, 1942.

"You were originally described to me," [Eisenhower] said, "in an unfavorable sense. Today, I realize that that judgment was in error. For the coming battle, I shall need not only the cooperation of your forces, but still more the assistance of your officials and the moral support of the French people. I must have your assistance, and I have come to ask you for it." "Splendid!" I replied. "You are a man! For you know how to say, 'I was wrong.'"

—From "The War Memoirs of Charles de Gaulle."

enveloped in clouds of mystery. "What is familiar is not respected," de Gaulle has written. More than twenty years ago, in his essay on war and politics, "Le Fil de l'Epée," de Gaulle commented that "prestige cannot be maintained without mystery." Silence and solitude are the price of leadership, the "misery of superior men." De Gaulle has deliberately practised the mystique of leadership, the mystery of grandeur.

FORTUNATELY for those who must understand de Gaulle, he has several times betrayed himself. Charles de Gaulle, man of letters, has lifted the veil from General de Gaulle, soldier-statesman, and has given us in his superb literary works penetrating insights into the man who plays so important a role in world affairs today. The two volumes of his memoirs are a literary masterpiece that would deserve to be read for themselves, even if they did not provide the essential clues to solve *"le cas de Gaulle."* The first volume—"The Call"—sketches in his childhood and then begins the narrative of his leadership with his famous call to resistance on June 18, 1940. The second volume, "Unity 1942-44," now available in an excellent English-language translation by Richard Howard, begins in the spring of 1942 and takes us on through the liberation of Paris.

The austerity of the prose, the economy of words, the classic beauty of the images call to mind the finest passages of Caesar's Commentaries and the works of Livy. Generations of French schoolboys and scholars of French around the world will use these pages as a model text. Generations of present and future historians will read and weigh every word of these revelations. When a man says as little as de Gaulle normally says about himself in the conduct of his office, then what he writes becomes doubly important. And when that man is de Gaulle it becomes imperative to understand him, because of the role he plays in his country and the role his country plays in the world.

At present, and for the foreseeable future, French progress, stability, and unity depend upon Charles de Gaulle. No one, not even his severest critics in France or abroad, can propose an alternative to him. He stands between France and disaster. But France is a vital radius in three concentric circles of the world: the Eur-African, European, and Atlantic communities. So it might be said that France stands between us and disaster, or that a disaster for France is a disaster for all of France's allies. It is, therefore, of the highest importance to penetrate the mystery of Charles de Gaulle.

Why did de Gaulle withdraw the French fleet from NATO in March of this year? Why does he refuse to allow America to stockpile atomic weapons in France to build missile launching-pads on his territory? What is behind his secret correspondence with Eisenhower on the need for an Anglo-American-French coördinating system for global strategy? What kind of man is hidden behind the cloak of the statesman?

These questions and many more are being asked urgently as the date for East-West negotiations approaches. The general public and the statesmen of the world are trying to find the answers. Few realize that the vital clues can be found in the writings of Charles de Gaulle. In his memoirs he sets down his ideas and concepts with clarity and precision. The events he wrote about took place in the Forties but the memoirs were written in the Fifties. The only question left open is this: are these concepts still valid today? If they are, then the memoirs become not only a literary treat and a useful guide but a basic handbook on de Gaulle.

I HAD the rare privilege and honor of discussing the memoirs with de Gaulle himself about a month ago. The President of the French Republic, like the American President, by tradition does not give interviews. However, Charles de Gaulle did agree to discuss them with me as an author.

When I asked him whether the memoirs were still valid or whether his ideas had changed since returning to power, he smiled and replied, "I have not changed my fundamental views. The only change, you might say, is that I have become more indulgent of others."

Since de Gaulle confirms the fact that his memoirs speak for him today, on "fundamentals," we can read-

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ily begin to find the answers to the questions being asked.

Why did he withdraw the French fleet from NATO? What is his basic view on this issue? We have only to turn to the last page of chapter two and read:

> France, without a great Navy, could not remain France. But this Navy had to be hers. It depends upon the governing powers to form it, to inspire it, to employ it as an instrument of national interest.

In view of this fundamental principle it is not surprising that in March of this year de Gaulle announced the withdrawal of the French Mediterranean Fleet units from NATO command, in order to insure in time of war the maintenance of north-south communications between France and Algeria. This is consistent with his view of the national interest and the role of the Navy. He assumes that his allies, too, use their armed forces for their national interests. This is the traditional form of a military alliance, in de Gaulle's view: a coalition of interests for common defense, subject to national imperatives.

DE GAULLE holds no truck with the new NATO principle of an integrated, single command. Anyone who read his memoirs would know that he could not accept this concept. He has always argued that men will only fight under their own flag. He was a determined opponent of the EDC scheme for integrated, international forces and tends to confuse this with the NATO concept of integrated headquarters. Supreme Commander Lauris Norstad has tried to explain this and insists that NATO respects the national uniform, flag, and field command. The integration would take place at higher command echelons in the interests of speed. In the missile age, with Paris only minutes from Moscow, there is no time for consultation, no time to disagree, indeed no time to agree. Decisions must be taken instantly according to a prearranged war plan.

De Gaulle either does not understand this or, more likely, rejects it for his own reasons. It is hard to believe that the prophet of mechanized warfare, who criticized his own High Command thirty years ago for being earth-bound, in old concepts of trench warfare, would today himself be earth-bound and unable to comprehend the new time-space factor. But de Gaulle, the French nationalist, cannot accept a theory which puts France into a subordinate position. The Supreme Commander is an American, the top naval commander in the Mediterranean is British. How could de Gaulle leave his Navy under their command?

Suspicion of Allied motives is a recurrent theme throughout the memoirs. On the very first page he says that if France did not actively participate in her own liberation she would pass into a "permanent coma" and "from a servitude imposed by her enemies she would decline to a subordination to her allies." He concluded that "against the enemy, despite the Allies, regardless of terrible dissensions, I would have to constitute around myself the unity of lacerated France."

Charles de Gaulle regards foe and friend alike with deep suspicion. He has reason to, from personal experience and from the lessons of history he has learned so well. The history of the world is a story of rival, jealous, predatory nationalisms, from the tribe to the nation-state. This may be deplored but it at least should be understood. It means that the NATO authorities must be very sensitive to any plan that might provoke de Gaulle's deep-rooted mistrust and fierce pride. In this respect the memoirs should be required reading for every officer or official who must deal with the de Gaulle regime.

The essentials of his thinking and character may be found in three broad areas, all of which are fully covered in the memoirs: de Gaulle's view of France, and her place in the world; de Gaulle's view of the world; finally—perhaps most importantly and certainly the most fascinating revelation—de Gaulle's view of himself, in a few rare but illuminating glimpses of his heart and soul and mind.

On the very first page of the opening tome he described France as "the princess of the fairy tales, or as the Madonna of the frescoes—fated to an exalted and exceptional destiny." De Gaulle said he could not imagine a mediocre France. The divisive individualism of her peoples could only be maintained and French genius harnessed by "vast enterprises." France, he said, must "aim high and stand straight. . . . In short, in my view, France cannot be France without greatness."

THIS is the essence of de Gaulle: France cannot be France without greatness, which means a Navy and an Army serving the national interests and a "universal vocation," a mission in the world, and equality with others. France must be a first-rank power. This is what is behind his secret letter to Eisenhower, proposing an Anglo-American-French directorate of NATO and coordination of global strategy.

America and Britain have atomic arsenals and exchange atomic and defense secrets. They confer frequently and relatively easily, as English-speaking cousins. De Gaulle cannot but resent this. He feels left out, excluded from the top club, relegated to the position of a slightly larger Belgium. This he cannot abide and he will not rest until it is corrected, at least in appearance and with sufficient measure of reality to save his honor as well as his face.

He experienced this exclusion from Anglo-American councils in the last war and reacted even more violently. At one point, at a critical moment of the Italian campaign, he informed the Allies that he would pull all French troops out of the line, where they were fighting valiantly, unless Eisenhower agreed to his own plan for the liberation of France. De Gaulle insisted upon a landing in the south

IT WAS SPRING in Paris, and the other day David Schoenbrun was standing on a leafy Seine embankment, telling American audiences about the beautiful city where for the past decade he has been CBS bureau chief. For this Manhattan-born political commentator (who, with his somber, high-crowned hat and neat black mustache, looked as Gallic as de Gaulle) it was an unusually lyrical assignment. Trained for military intelligence and accredited to the Free French government in Algiers, Schoenbrun lived closely with the events described by the General, whom he has known for fourteen years. He fought in the ranks of the French First Army as an American combat correspondent, and was in the vanguard to reach the Rhine after the breakthrough at Belford. His expertise in covering the rise and fall of the governments of France won him the Croix de Guerre in 1948. In 1952 he received the Legion d'Honneur, and four years later the American Overseas Press Club lauded Schoenbrun for providing the best radio reporting from abroad. His book, "As France Goes," was published by Harper in 1957. Yet, despite his having dogged French affairs since 1943, Schoenbrun writes that in the de Gaulle memoirs, "I have myself found revelations and understanding that I had never before suspected." —ROCHELLE GIRSON.

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of France, in addition to the north, and also demanded that a French division be given the exclusive assignment of liberating Paris. He delivered an ultimatum to the High Command, to the effect that he would pull his troops out of Italy unless this plan was endorsed. He meant it and they knew he did and gave in to him.

De Gaulle does not bluff. He is perfectly prepared to cut off his nose to spite an adversary's face, if need be. He is prepared to die for what he believes. He wrote at one point: "Fighting France would not play their game; if it must disappear it preferred to do so honorably." And he counts upon the fact that the men he is dealing with are sober, reasonable men, more reasonable than himself. His formula is to make the other fellow believe that it will cost less to give de Gaulle what he wants than it would cost not to give it to him. The fact that he might miscalculate and that he might be risking disaster for France would not stop him for, as he said in the first volume, "I have the instinctive impression that Providence has created France for complete success or exemplary disasters." It is, therefore, of no avail to speak of disaster to de Gaulle. He expects it and accepts it as the counterpart to complete success. What he will never settle for is comfortable mediocrity. This is the key to his view of France, and all his actions must be interpreted with this key in mind.

THIS acceptance of an evil as well as a happy destiny, this all-or-nothing spirit, gave him the strength to carry him over all obstacles, to triumph over all odds. There is no more inspiring story in history or fiction than the story of Charles de Gaulle against the great powers in the last war. He defied such terrible-tempered titans as Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin, and won out every time. When Stalin warned him not to turn over to the London Government-in-exile the Polish gold that had been entrusted to the French Government before the fall of France, he immediately turned over the gold and informed Ambassador Bogomolov coldly that "I did not see in what capacity the Soviet Union was interfering in a matter that concerned only Poland and France."

In the case of Roosevelt and Churchill, he refused to answer their summonses or their invitations. He forced them to recognize him as the government of France when they wanted to withhold such recognition. He accepted their arms for the forces he raised but then dictated to them the conditions under which his forces could be used, although he knew perfectly well that they could cut off his supplies and wreck his forces at will. But he also knew that they needed and wanted those forces and were prepared to pay the price of granting his political demands.

De Gaulle was as tough and ruthless in dealing with his French compatriots as with his allies. He had set himself the task of restoring France as a belligerent, "to prevent her subversion, to restore a destiny that depended on herself alone." That meant independence of her allies and unity at home. By unity he meant the restoration to power of the traditional forces of law and order. He was determined to prevent Communist subversion of France. He knew the Communists had heavily infiltrated the Resistance networks and he knew that even among non-Communist elements there were many radical and revolutionary forces loose in the Resistance. He had no compunctions about crushing them, even though the Resistance had helped bring him to power. He expressed his policy on the Resistance frankly: "I found in it, at the crucial moment, a valuable instrument in the struggle against the enemy and, in relation to the Allies, an essential prop for my policy of independence and unity." For de Gaulle the Resistance was, thus, an instrument and a prop for his objectives, to be smashed and discarded when it no longer served its purpose.

At the liberation of Paris he snubbed the Resistance delegates who were waiting for him at the Hotel de Ville. Before paying his respects to the Resistance fighters, he stopped off to review and honor the Paris police, even though that corps had made little if any contribution to the Resistance. Then he broke up the COMAC Resistance committees and ordered the incorporation of the FFI into the ranks of the regular Army.

De Gaulle describes these actions in detail and without apology. He omits only one important fact, which is revealed in Eisenhower's memoirs. Although he said he wanted a French division to liberate Paris he also asked Eisenhower to send additional American divisions to give him cover. He even asked Eisenhower to make an appearance at the reviewing stand, apparently because he feared an uprising and wanted a show of strength and Allied solidarity with him. Despite his fierce pride and independence he was a realist and knew how to ask for help when he needed it.

His omission of this "detail" is a revelation of his complex. Of all the foes or friends of France, de Gaulle most resents the power of the United States. He seems to have a love-hate feeling about America, like that of a proud, patrician grandfather who is outraged by a brash, young grandson, who has grown richer and more successful and has begun to tell "the old man" that he does not know how to run the factory that founded the family fortune. Not only does the grandfather resent the impertinent criticism, but he instinctively dislikes the strange new world, the changed manners and mores of the young generation.

DE GAULLE first saw this new generation in 1942-1944, when he watched America take over the leadership of the democratic world, which France had led only a short time before. De Gaulle, who had been a soldier under Foch in 1914-1918, who had watched the tiger of France, Clemenceau, lead his country to triumph as the great man of the West, cannot easily adjust to this new world. If one understands this, then de Gaulle's actions today become comprehensible. His mind and spirit were formed by nineteenth-century parents, on ancient principles. He lives uncomfortably in the world of the mid-twentieth century.

The great change in de Gaulle's world, brought about by the Second World War, was the emergence of America as the "new star" of the West. As de Gaulle put it: "It must be said that if America, the new star of world history, believed herself in a position to direct the French nation, the European states, after centuries of experience, had no such illusions." Throughout the memoirs this is a recurrent theme: America's "will to dominate," the predatory nature of the new American power.

De Gaulle's view of America will doubtless come as a shock to most American readers, although it will not surprise those of us who lived through the period 1942-1944 in London, Algiers, and Paris. I must admit that if any man ever had a right to be bitter about America it is probably Charles de Gaulle. President Roosevelt and his chief "trouble-shooter" Robert Murphy were dedicated to the mission of frustrating de Gaulle's ambitions and of settling postwar politics without the interference of the "troublesome French."

The particular hostility between de Gaulle and the Roosevelt Administration was only part of the cause of his feelings about America. De Gaulle is a European. He thinks always in terms of 1,500 years of European history. He refers to America as a "new star" but does not so refer to Soviet Russia. For him the Soviet

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Union does not exist as such. He thinks of Russia, and Russia is not a new star. Russia is an old, familiar European, sometimes an ally, sometimes an adversary, but always a European. He has no illusions about Soviet imperialism nor about Communism, and de Gaulle is an implacable foe of both. But, in a curious way, he does not resent them. Russia is his peer, as in England. France has fought England throughout the ages and England is a friendly enemy. De Gaulle speaks constantly of our "splendid, traditional ally, England." Historically, this is almost absurd. England has always been a faithful rival, often an enemy, and only very recently, in modern times, a splendid ally. And then only in times of joint peril.

The only splendid, traditional ally France has ever had, the only country that never made war on France, which was always on the side of France in war, which has helped France in almost every disaster, is the United States of America. But one must read the de Gaulle memoirs with a magnifying glass to find an acknowledgment of this historic verity. Only twice, in a brief conversation with Eisenhower and a longer one with Roosevelt, did de Gaulle say that "France has been, is, and always will be the ally of the United States." And even then it was said in a tone of reproach as he criticized them for anti-de Gaulle policies. De Gaulle is sparse in his praise of America and only rarely forgiving, whereas he finds Christian charity in his heart for all other adversaries, for England, Russia, and Germany, even for Pétain and Laval.

The reason is evident in the memoirs and in the character of de Gaulle himself. He could understand the imperial rivalry of Britain, which was historically familiar and impersonal. But the American rivalry was neither familiar nor impersonal. Americans ridiculed de Gaulle, and he writes with bitterness about Wendell Willkie, who told malicious anecdotes about de Gaulle thinking he was Napoleon or Louis XIV, just as Roosevelt told anecdotes about de Gaulle behaving like Joan of Arc. These men were not merely rivals of France; they were trying to block and humiliate de Gaulle himself, as well as France, in his view, and he would be less than human if he did not resent this deeply. Above all, America was a young nation, with only some 150 years, not 1,500 years, of history, and de Gaulle regarded America as an impertinent, disrespectful, and ungrateful upstart.

De Gaulle reminded both Roosevelt and Eisenhower many times that France had been the leader of the democratic alliance in the First World War, had armed and trained the green young American Army, and he upbraided them for forgetting that and treating him and the French as inferiors. De Gaulle knows that his country's security is dependent upon American power but he means to impose what he feels is his superior knowledge and experience. And de Gaulle does not doubt that the long history of France has given him and fellow Frenchmen a clearer view of European and world politics than that of new leaders of the West so recently emerged from provincial isolationism.

What, then, is the truth about de Gaulle? How does he see himself?

He makes only one historical reference in the book, in this respect, and then not so much of himself as of the character of his government, which he describes as *"sans peur et sans reproche,"* evoking the image of the Chevalier Bayard, which, of all the images attributed to de Gaulle, is perhaps the most accurate and most fair. He, too, is fearless and, in the moral sense, beyond reproach. Like Bayard, who stood on the bridge alone and fought off 200 enemy soldiers, de Gaulle fought almost as alone against even greater odds. But the Bayard reference was an indirect allusion. The only direct reference that he makes to himself is functional rather than historic. He says, of his difficulties: "I saw myself as a navigator enveloped by a heavy squall, certain that if he keeps his course the horizon will clear."

This is the reference which counts for an understanding of de Gaulle's character and working methods. It would be a tragic error to pay heed to the stories that paint him as a dreamer or a megalomaniac. He is an eminently sane, courageous man and must be dealt with on that premise. He is a navigator, captain of the ship of state, not a man on horseback. Like any captain of a ship he brooks no challenge to his authority. De Gaulle is an autocrat. Here again it would be an error to think of him as a dictator. He is a dictator only in the classic Roman sense of the word, a Consul, to whom the people turn to entrust to him the Republic in times of peril, with full powers. De Gaulle does not govern—the by-play of parliamentary politics is distasteful to his personality and

—Pix.

Casablanca, January, 1943. General Giraud, President Roosevelt, General de Gaulle, Prime Minister Churchill.

"Will you at least agree," [Roosevelt] said, "to being photographed beside me and the British Prime Minister, along with General Giraud?"

"Of course," I answered, "for I have the highest regard for this great soldier."

"Will you go so far as to shake General Giraud's hand before the camera?" the President cried.

My answer, in English, was, "I shall do that for you."

Then Mr. Roosevelt, delighted, had himself carried into the garden, where four chairs had been prepared beforehand, with innumerable cameras trained on them and several rows of reporters lined up with their pencils poised. The four actors put on their smiles. The agreed-upon gestures were made. Everything went off perfectly!

—From "The War Memoirs of Charles de Gaulle."

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principles—he rules. But he rules for the people and the nation. His is a government of de Gaulle, by de Gaulle, but for France, with respect for human liberties.

He is a shrewd and cunning negotiator, and gives us some glimpses of his methods. Describing a crucial meeting with Giraud, in the presence of Eisenhower, knowing there would be a fight about control, he wrote, "I purposely arrived last and spoke first." He understood the value of the first impression, of the need to establish psychological superiority at the outset of a negotiation. Anyone dealing with him today would be well advised to keep that in mind.

HE WAS arrogant, not only by temperament, but by design, hoping to make the other man lose his temper and thus lose control of the situation. He had the impudence to say to Eisenhower at that meeting, "If you wish to address a request to me concerning your province, be assured that I am disposed beforehand to give you satisfaction, on condition, of course, that it is compatible with the interests in my charge." This is surely one of the most arrogant statements in history: a man who held no legal office, who had a divided command with another general, who had almost no troops and no arms of his own, condescending to grant a request by the Supreme Commander of one of the most powerful armed forces ever assembled, while attaching conditions to his grant.

—Paris-Match.

Paris, November, 1958—Bygones bygone, de Gaulle honors Sir Winston Churchill.

It would have been grotesque if de Gaulle really believed what he said and if he did not have the saving grace to know how unreal it was. But he did. He gives us a rare glimpse of himself looking into the mirror, seeing himself through the eyes of others:

> These men had to overcome an astonishment that was, in fact, quite comprehensible: this chief of state, without a constitution, without electors, without a capital, who spoke in the name of France; this officer wearing so few stars, whose country's ministers, generals, admirals, and ambassadors considered his orders as indisputable; this Frenchman condemned to death by the "legal" government, vilified by many prominent men, opposed in battle by a part of his own troops and before whom the flags dipped—he could not fail to amaze the conventional spirit of the British and American military men.

No one could give a better description of how absurd de Gaulle must have seemed than de Gaulle himself in this good-natured and revealing passage. For de Gaulle is a fair-minded man and able to see things as they seem to others, which is a very rare gift. It is accompanied by the gift of humor, too, not a genial humor, but a typically French biting wit. Two anecdotes, that he tells with evident relish, illustrate his wit. One concerns Robert Murphy, who had told him in Morocco that only 10 per cent of the French in Algeria were Gaullists. A few months later in Algiers, addressing an enormous multitude of half a million people shouting his name, de Gaulle suddenly turned to Murphy, standing behind him on the balcony, and said, "What do you think of my 10 per cent now?"

His farewell word to Anthony Eden was in the best de Gaulle manner. He had gone to thank Eden for the hospitality of Britain, on the eve of transferring his headquarters to Algiers. Eden, after a few polite words, smilingly said that he would not soon forget de Gaulle for, of all the allied governments-in-exile that had taken refuge in London, the Free French were the most difficult. De Gaulle drily replied, "I don't doubt it. France is a great power."

Only de Gaulle could have referred to his closest allies, on whom the liberation of his country depended, as "foreign powers," and only de Gaulle could have characterized the normal security arrangements for two wartime chiefs of government as "odious." It is an obsession with him. No detail is too trivial to merit his attention when it concerns national "presence."

He described his arrival in Algiers in contrast to Anfa: "The garde mobile presented arms; a band played the 'Marseillaise'; the automobiles were French." He derived keen satisfaction merely by looking at French automobiles and took it as a sign that "Fighting France, and thereby France itself, had been making progress in North Africa." He carries this almost to the point of fanaticism. At official balls of the Republic only French food, wines, and liquors are served. One can have brandy but not whisky as the guest of Charles de Gaulle.

THIS is the major complex and weakness of this strong and strong-minded man. And it is significant that it is not a personal weakness. He is not personally vain. He remarks, without sensitivity, on his physique and cheerfully acknowledges that "I myself had neither the physique nor the taste for those attitudes and gestures that charm the public." He is vain for France, not for de Gaulle. He noted with asperity at one point that Roosevelt did not understand that de Gaulle was egotistical for France and not for himself.

The most extraordinary manifestation of this special relationship, this oneness, yet dualism, is found in his frequent references to himself in the third person: General de Gaulle thought this; de Gaulle did thus; people cheered de Gaulle.

Students of French affairs and

(*Continued on page* 34)

Mr. Churchill then attacked me in a bitter and highly emotional tone. When I pointed out that the establishment of a British-controlled administration in Madagascar would constitute an interference with the rights of France, he exclaimed furiously: "You claim to be France! You are not France! I do not recognize you as France!" Then, still as vehemently: "France! Where is France now? Of course I don't deny that General de Gaulle and his followers are an important and honorable part of the French people, but certainly another authority besides his could be found which would also have its value."

—From "The War Memoirs of Charles de Gaulle."

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Footnotes on the Twenties

By Granville Hicks

IN THE foreword to **"Joy Ride"** (Putnam, $3.95) Dwight Taylor says: "I suppose it has always been slightly disconcerting for a person who has been part of a certain period in history, and lived into another, to find out with what easy generalizations the new one views his own." To people today, he continues, mention of the Twenties suggests "the flapper, the bootlegger, the torch singer, the gangster, and the college boy in the raccoon coat." His aim, he tells us, is to "get beneath the skin," but the title of his book indicates that he has not tried to go very deep, and what have the publishers put on the jacket but a picture of a couple dancing the Charleston?

As a matter of fact, the book doesn't have enough to tell us about the Twenties either to confirm or to challenge the conventional view. It contains sketches of Harold Ross, Elinor Wylie, Heywood Broun, Charles Lindbergh, Somerset Maugham, Theodore Dreiser, and Scott Fitzgerald. All of these persons certainly lived in the Twenties, and a couple of them are to be reckoned among the decade's legendary figures, but Taylor's anecdotes, often amusing enough in themselves, fail to throw a dazzling light on the decade. He comes closer to suggesting the quality of the period in some sketches that seem to lie somewhere between fact and fiction, but even these are both superficial and literary.

A very different sort of book is Harold Loeb's **"The Way It Was"** (Criterion, $5.95), which solidly documents one phase of the Twenties. In 1921 Loeb went to Europe to publish an experimental magazine called *Broom*. He lived abroad for four or five years, and during much of that time he was struggling to keep *Broom* alive. He tells why he did it and how he did it and what happened to him while he was doing it. Malcolm Cowley gave a general account of the literary expatriates in "Exile's Return." Loeb tells his own story fully and earnestly and with an obvious effort to justify the title he has chosen.

Loeb's father was a well-to-do stock broker, and his mother belonged to the wealthy Guggenheims. Even as a boy he revolted against Loeb-Guggenheim standards and developed a social conscience. After being graduated from Princeton in 1913, he worked as a day laborer in Saskatchewan, and later was employed by a Guggenheim uncle. Meanwhile he had made some literary friends, and when World War I ended, he bought a partnership in a book shop. Two years later he sold his interest in the store, and decided to use the proceeds to found a magazine.

"I envisaged the new magazine," he explains, "as something more than a vehicle of expression. By giving voice to the wise and the sensitive, the daring and the imaginative, it could also, I hoped, bring 'the good life' a little nearer." He comments: "Yes, I was naïve and more than a little presumptuous." Naïve, presumptuous, and very solemn, but all the more representative by virtue of these qualities. For the Twenties was a period of high convictions as well as low brawls. *Broom* was only one of many little magazines, each founded in the belief that it would change the world.

Loeb decided to have the magazine printed in Rome, and he chose Alfred Kreymborg as his editorial associate and Nathaniel Shaw as American editor. The beginning, of course, was exciting. There was the search for contributors, first in New York and then in Paris, and Loeb dutifully describes the famous persons he encountered. In Paris, naturally, he acquired a mistress. Finally he went to Italy to launch his venture.

Then his trouble started. He had difficulties with the printer, and copies were delayed on their way to New York. He quarreled with Kreymborg, and, on the advice of his backers in the United States, he dismissed Shaw. From the start he got on badly with Lola Ridge, Shaw's successor. Inevitably his money ran out before he had expected it to; there was a constant struggle for funds.

But *Broom* staggered on. Printing operations were transferred from Italy to Germany, and at the last the magazine was published in New York. Matthew Josephson joined the editorial staff, and although he and Loeb eventually quarreled, his efforts are praised. So its life was prolonged for a time, but the editors gave up when the Post Office suppressed the issue of January 1924. "I thought," Loeb records, "I had ceased to care what happened to it; yet its end, so often postponed, was another blow."

Merely as the story of *Broom*, "The Way It Was" has considerable interest, but the book is likely to figure in literary history for quite a different reason. While Loeb was living in Paris during *Broom*'s last days, he became acquainted with Ernest Hemingway, then unknown as a writer, played tennis and boxed with him, and tried to help him get his stories published. A little later he met and fell in love with a young Englishwoman, Duff Twitchell, and spent some time with her at St.-Jean-de-Luz. Thereafter he was in Pamplona for the bullfights with a party that included Hemingway, his wife, Donald Ogden Stewart, Bill Smith, as well as Lady Duff and Pat Swazey, to whom she was attached.

All this must sound familiar to anyone who remembers Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises." It has often been said that Loeb was the original of Robert Cohn in that novel, and Loeb now makes it clear that the rumor was correct. But his account of what went on in Pamplona is different in many respects from the account in the novel. In particular, as one might expect, Harold Loeb comes off considerably better in this report than Cohn does in Hemingway's fiction. Nevertheless, in spite of Loeb's obvious desire to defend himself, I am inclined to put a good deal of confidence in his account. To be sure, he is writing about something that happened a long time ago, something on which he must frequently have brooded, but I believe he is trying to be honest.

Loeb's story raises both ethical and literary problems. Most of the characters in "The Sun Also Rises" could be and were identified with persons living in Paris in the early Twenties, and Harold Loeb, as the original of Robert Cohn, had good reason to feel that he was unfairly treated. On the other hand, although Hemingway kept closer to facts than novelists usually do, what is great in the book came there by way of his imagination. For instance, Loeb tells us: "Next morning Hem and Hadley, Bill Smith and Don Stewart trailed in. They had not caught a fish. The construction of a reservoir had 'played hell with' the trout stream." They had not caught a fish! That is the "fact" behind the great fishing scene, the finest scene in the novel! The harsh truth is that "facts" don't really matter, that Hemingway's injustice to Loeb is important only to Loeb and a few others, whereas the achievement of his imagination in "The Sun Also Rises" is important to all of us.

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Peerless Notes on Royal Subject

***"Saint-Simon at Versailles," translated by Lucy Norton** (Harper. 336 pp. $6), is a pungent selection from some forty volumes by the Boswell of the court of Louis XIV. Albert Guérard, professor emeritus, and until last year lecturer in the humanities at Stanford, has written many books on French history and culture. Among them are "The Life and Death of an Ideal" and "France: A Modern History."*

By Albert Guérard

Saint-Simon . . . "a Winchell with ducal coronet."

PERSONALITY, style, destiny: in every respect the Memoirs of Saint-Simon are baffling. The duke and peer (and how fiercely proud he was of the title!) started taking notes before he was twenty, in 1694. He did not turn them into a fevered and chaotic narrative until 1740-50. He died in 1755, and until 1829 the enormous document was accessible only to a few. That moment was the height of French romanticism. The violent contrasts, the uncontrolled passion, the crude vividness of the pictures, the very roughness of the style, the pitiless realistic light thrown upon the decorum of the Grand Monarch's court: all these came as a revelation, and appealed to the readers of Victor Hugo and Alexander Dumas. For a while, the Memoirs balanced in popularity the romances of Walter Scott. A rare case of posthumous glory. Agrippa d'Aubigné, for instance, deserved such a resurrection, but remains a phantom; Saint-Simon is flesh and blood and quivering nerves.

Yet his position among the great in French literature is hard to define. It is at the same time unassailable and precarious. Few—I am not among those happy few—have read from beginning to end the formidable edition of Boislisle and Lecestre—forty-odd volumes, which required half a century of labor. There is a wasteland of minute dreary details. The writing is so uneven as to be at times almost unintelligible. But in selections—there are excellent ones in French—Saint-Simon is richly rewarding.

The present volume is an admirable introduction. It gives a well-focused picture of court life under Louis XIV. It is eminently readable—almost to excess. The very capable translator, Lucy Norton, warns us that Saint-Simon is untranslatable. She had to smooth him out and tone him down. She has deftly corrected his lordly contempt for academic rules. She has acted a little like Scott Moncrieff, who thought the English reader would not stomach such a cryptic title as "In Quest of Wasted Time," or such a precious one as "In the Shadow of Girls in Bloom." Her Saint-Simon, tamed into propriety, is still Saint-Simon; but some of the unique tang is gone.

Saint-Simon's Memoirs do not deal with the truly glorious period of the reign, from 1661 to 1672, but with the last twenty years, a somber and angry twilight: splendor struggling with impoverishment; the ghost of glory unforgotten in defeat; gorgeous amours subdued into morganatic domesticity; the joy of life darkened by bigoted piety. The king's egotism, his absolute faith in the divine character of his power and even of his caprices, seemed to deepen with the gloom of the concluding two decades.

Saint-Simon had one unique gift: a marvelous capacity for hatred. He hated most those who challenged the surviving privileges of the old feudal aristocracy. He fully agreed with his ill-fated hero, the Duc de Bourgogne, Louis XIV's grandson: "The debasement of the nobility was odious to him, for he thought it intolerable that all should be considered equal." A prophet of the past, he resented the rise of the "vile bourgeoisie": capacity as a substitute for noble blood. He abominated the royal bastards, the children of Madame de Montespan, and most of all, Madame de Maintenon, the upstart, the schemer, the *de facto* queen, who had been the governess of the bastards, and worked steadily in their interest. The climax of the story is their discomfiture, and Saint-Simon's vicarious triumph. A bastard, the Duc de Maine, had by Louis XIV's last will and testament been given an authority greater than that of the nominal regent. But the High Court of Paris, the *Parlement,* quashed that will and reduced the Duc de Maine to impotence.

SAINT-SIMON resented no less the growing power of the financiers. He gnashed his teeth when at Marly he saw the king "prostitute his majesty" to court the banker Samuel Bernard. But the king was not alone

—*Bettmann.*

Louis XIV at end of reign . . . "a majestic and conscientious mediocrity."

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in seeking Mammon's favor. Madame de Grignan, with exquisite courtesy, justified the misalliance of her son by "the necessity of manuring even the best soil." Saint-Simon's wife was the daughter of Marshal de Lorges, and the Marshal had "fertilized his lands" by marrying the daughter of a financier. Saint-Simon was shrewd and even sharp about the contract: 400,000 livres cash down, living expenses at court and with the army.

The degradation of the nobility was the result of court life. The highest in the land were reduced to a condition of servile parasitism. They were ruined by conspicuous waste: at a time when France was starving, the futile maneuvers at Compiègne were another Camp of the Cloth of Gold. Debarred from all healthy activities, economic or political, their sole interest was the scramble for honors and lucrative favors. Their chief sport was backbiting and scandal, without which, Saint-Simon avers, they would have been bored to death. He himself, a Walter Winchell with a ducal coronet, bribed valets to scoop spicy news. Versailles was like Balzac's Paris: a basketful of crabs. Stench was kept down by heavy scent. Such was, after a brief moment of delusive serenity and magnificence, that Utopia which Mr. T. S. Eliot is holding up to our admiration: monarchical, classical, Catholic. Mr. Eliot is—literally—from Missouri; so—figuratively—am I.

Nancy Mitford, in her remarkable introduction, ascribes this degradation of the aristocracy, rotting in a gilded cage, to a deep-laid policy of Louis XIV. Seared by the memory of the nobles' rebellion, the *Fronde*, he deliberately kept them under his watchful eyes. It did work that way. But Louis, a majestic and conscientious mediocrity, was incapable of such a far-seeing purpose. What he wanted first of all was to increase his glory with a vast choir of worshippers. Then, as he was not a morose Philip II, but a generous and courteous host, he liked to surround himself with congenial companions, and to entertain them right royally. The aristocracy captive at Versailles? Say rather that the king became the prisoner of the aristocracy. It created a screen between himself and his people. Hence the Revolution.

Saint-Simon had political ideas, which he attempted to carry out under the Regency. But the essential value of his Memoirs is the vividness of the episodes, and the cruel sharpness of the portraits. As an etcher of multitudinous unforgettable characters, Saint-Simon bears comparison with Shakespeare, Balzac, and Proust. Indeed a goodly company.

Life on America's Left Bank

"The Improper Bohemians," by Allen Churchill *(Dutton. 349 pp. $5), recalls the "heyday" of Greenwich Village—according to the author, the years from 1912-1930. Memories of that era are sweet to Ben Ray Redman, who as a young man cronied with many of the yeasty denizens there.*

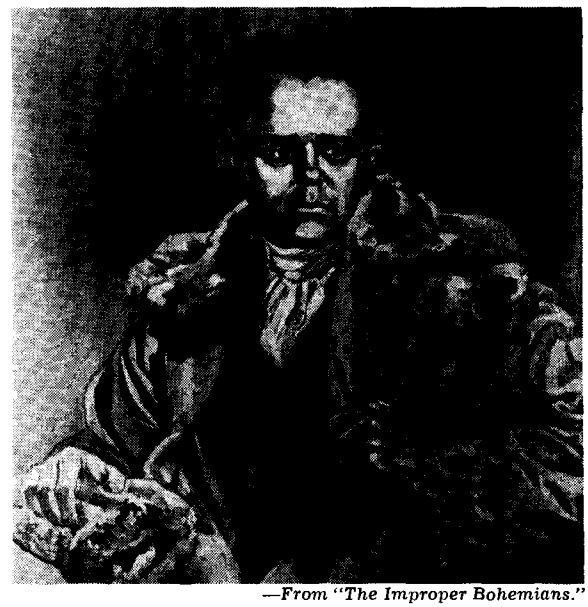
By Ben Ray Redman

"BLISS was it in that dawn to be alive, But to be young was very heaven!" No doubt there are a number of aging men and women living today who would happily borrow Wordsworth's famous words to describe their youthful years in Greenwich Village. But memory, as we all know, is a trickster; and we must remember, too, that the Village was "a state of mind." When I first knew it in 1914 I was told that it was not what it used to be. The cynical, half-true answer is the hackneyed one: "It never was." But Allen Churchill, who is not cynical, believes that the Village enjoyed a "heyday" that lasted from 1912 to 1930. "The Improper Bohemians" is a history of that era.

The first portion of this history is dominated by three figures —Mabel Dodge, who came to 23 Fifth Avenue in 1912, to become the hostess-with-the-mostest south of Fourteenth Street; Max Eastman, "the sleepy Adonis" of the *Masses*, the Socialist magazine that numbered among its angels Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Adolph Lewisohn, and Amos Pinchot, thereby disproving the myth that American plutocrats began to work both sides of the political street only after the Bolshevik revolution; and, finally, Jack Reed, "the wonder boy" who turned from poetry to Marx, from love and luxury provided by Mrs. Dodge to tempestuous love and happiness with Louise Bryant, and who came to rest beside the Kremlin wall.

From the Dodge "Evenings," the sedition trial of Eastman and his associates, and Reed's fiery career, Mr. Churchill moves on to the first tourist invasion of the Village, the founding of the *Little Review*, and the symbiotic rise of Eugene O'Neill and the Provincetown Players under the enthusiastic guidance of George Cram Cook. Then came Prohibition and the flight to Paris led by Harold Stearns; but Edna St. Vincent Millay was already burning her candle at both ends. After paying his respects to this now legendary lady, the historian describes Ernest Boyd's famous clash with the 1924 'esthetes," the antics of the "millionaire playboy" Robert Clairmont, the loves and deaths that made Maxwell Bodenheim notorious, the Depression years, and the Village of today. From first to last he charts the changing ethos of America's Left Bank, while introducing his readers to a huge cast of characters that includes famous and unsuccessful artists in all mediums, reformers, eccentrics, and plain bums.

We are told that Mr. Churchill has lived in the Village, but apparently he is too young to have known its "golden age" personally. His information comes from survivors of the period, some fifty retrospective books, and magazine articles. These sources vary in reliability, and the historian himself sometimes becomes confused: *e.g.* on page 242, he is wrong about the founding of *Broom*, but right on



—From "The Improper Bohemians."

John Reed, "the wonder boy, who turned from poetry to Marx."

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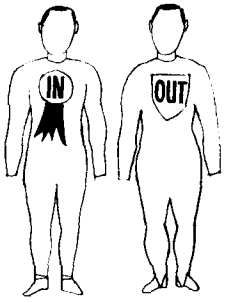
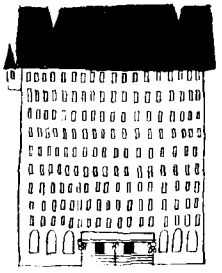
"THE IN AND OUT BOOK," by Robert Benton and Harvey Schmidt (Viking, $1.95), with an introduction by Russell Lynes, is a zany, witty, and altogether invaluable guide for categorizers, labelers, pigeon holers—in fact, for today's man.

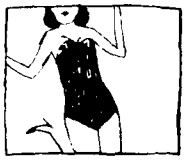


There are two kinds of people in this world: IN and OUT.

A thing can be IN for three reasons:

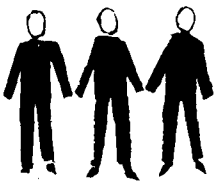


a. Because it is so classic and great. Example: the PlazaHotel.



b. Because it is so obscure. Example: Veda Ann Borg movies.

c. Because it is so far OUT even the OUT people won't touch it. Example: Tchaikowsky.



Seeing Greta Garbo in Bloomingdale's basement is OUT.

page 280. He is too free with "beautiful" when describing Village girls, and the suggestion that there was any resemblance between Valentino and Bodenheim—whose black teeth, separated by wide gaps, could hardly hold his pipe—is absurd. The Washington Square Players and the *Dial* merited more than mere mention. The characters brought to life are few—Jig Cook being the liveliest of the lot. Persons quoted are too seldom identified; the index, which omits many names found in the text, is deplorable.

Facts and legends are here in abundance, and some sound judgments, but the feel and smell of the Village are missing.

Tiny Folk of the Stingy Gods

"The Harmless People," by Elizabeth Marshall Thomas *(Knopf. 266 pp. $4.75), tells of two years spent in a Stone Age culture with the Gikwe and Kung tribes of the African Bushmen. Explorer Hassoldt Davis, who has knocked about all over the Dark Continent, is the author of "World Without a Roof" and "Sorcerers' Village."*

By Hassoldt Davis

ODDLY and fortunately, we have had two excellent books in the last few months about the African Bushman. The first was by Laurens van der Post, "The Lost World of the Kalahari," the second the one under review. Previously there had been little but scientific treatises on this most primitive of African peoples, nude, yellow-skinned, tiny, mighty hunters, the descendants of the great artists of the caves.

Mr. van der Post has written eloquently of meeting very few Bushmen, but Mrs. Thomas contends that there are between thirty and fifty thousand still. She studied two of their tribes, the Gikwe and the Kung, for the Peabody Museum of Harvard during two years in their desolate land, and came to know them as individuals: the proud and beautiful Ungka, who could spit between her teeth; Crooked Kwi, the honey hunter; Gai of the trances.

Harmless these people were; since the days of the Basuto persecutions they have lived in a bitter, arid area which no one else would want, and "their hold on life is too tenuous to permit quarreling among themselves." Everything they possess is shared, even the poor body of a grub for the poisoning of arrows, the roots which for nine months of the year supply their only water, the secret tsama melons, the ants in their death flight across the dusty winds. They have no fixed abode, but move as the game does across the Kalahari, dependent mostly on the meager nourishment of wild vines, as they have no notion of agriculture; a garden would be an anchor to them, as would any formal village, even a stable hut. A group of families living within shouting distance is their "werf," the shade of a thorny tree their individual "scherm."

Yet — luxury being comparative — they seem to thrive in a supermarket of a desert, with no desire for what the stingy gods have not furnished there. They laugh as the hyena laughs, dance as the bush fire waltzes across the plains, chase their women with the ardor of the giant giraffe courting his mate. And sometimes, when they are very happy, they will wantonly burn a *whole* log.

More primitive than the Australian aborigines, these daft little people enchanted the author, as she must have them, for they gave her the confidences of their family lives and told her of their animistic religion. Even the rains were male and female, depending upon whether they were destructive or creative respectively. Their god, Pishiboro, had an elephant wife who was very good to eat.

Though Mrs. Thomas makes no claim as an ethnologist, her book is perhaps more informative than many a sterner one, because of her respect and affection for her small subjects. Her writing has the soft and graceful swirling of the wind in their dust.

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FICTION

Painful Beauty of the Visible World

"The Temple of the Golden Pavilion," by Yukio Mishima; *translated by Ivan Morris with an introduction by Nancy Wilson Ross (Knopf. 262 pp. $4), reveals the torment of a Zen acolyte who, plagued by his temple's beauty, is committed to its destruction. Howard Hibbett, who teaches Japanese literature at Harvard University, is the author of the forthcoming study "The Floating World in Japanese Fiction."*

By Howard Hibbett

IN JULY 1950 a slight, exquisitely graceful building known as the Kinkakuji, or "Temple of the Golden Pavilion," was destroyed by arson. After five and a half centuries of precarious tranquility, this Japanese national treasure had come to seem the embodiment of fragile but indestructible beauty. Its burning was the most violent symbolic act of the postwar revolt against traditional values. Nothing has more deeply shocked the esthetic and historical piety of the Japanese; nor has the sense of loss been much diminished by the dazzling reproduction, completed five years later, of that time-dimmed pavilion where the Shogun Yoshimitsu meditated and indulged his elegant tastes. And this extraordinary crime, worthy of a Doctor Mabuse, was committed by a student monk, a Zen acolyte in training at the temple. What could have been his motive?

It is the confession of such a character that Yukio Mishima, the most obviously talented of the younger Japanese writers, has given us in his rich and disturbing novel. Mizoguchi, the ugly, stammering acolyte, neglects his studies, alienates his superior, and fails with women. Except for a startling self-awareness ("the acts which I perform in my real life are inclined to end as faithful copies of what is in my imagination"), he displays the symptoms of an exemplary neurotic. But his confession is not simply a document for a naturalistic case history. Indeed, the morbid sexual incidents that one expects in such accounts have here a curiously artificial air: the re-enactment of a voyeurist episode may be "strange karma" but it is familiar literary fantasy.

The strength of the novel lies rather in the radical insolubility of the problems with which Mizoguchi is tormented: the conflicts between love and hate, reality and illusion, the freedom of Zen selflessness and the prison of the flesh. At the heart of these problems is the paradoxical wisdom of the Zen *kōan*, a wisdom exploited, if not perverted, by Mishima, much as he used the haunting themes of the medieval Nō drama in his ironic "Five Modern Nō Plays."

Yet even the eloquence of Kashiwagi, the hero's bitter friend, cannot exorcise the painful beauty—however illusory—of the visible world. That beauty has of course its pervasive, complex symbol in the endlessly changing aspects of the "Golden Temple." In sunlight or darkness, at all seasons, its lovely image shines through the book.

> Above the Golden Temple that existed in the darkness I could

—TOKYO.

YUKIO MISHIMA at thirty-four is Japan's most prolific, gifted, and successful young author—a man quick with an idea, writing of the present for his contemporaries but well read in the classics of his own and Western culture. By his choice we met at one of Tokyo's best French restaurants for the cocktail hour. He had warned that his busy writing and engagement schedule would permit him exactly one hour for the interview.

Mr. Mishima has a knack for giving significance and depth to current events. "The Temple of the Golden Pavilion" is based on a true incident a few years back when a crazed religious apprentice burned down the famous Kinkakuji in Kyoto City. "I went to Kyoto," the author said, "and studied the police documents on the case. I read everything the man said about himself, but my own ideas are 80 per cent of the book. The man's character defect made him jealous of beauty.

"I wanted to see the inside of Buddhist life and joined a temple. The life was hard, inconvenient, and uncomfortable. In 'The Golden Pavilion' I have tried to mirror life in general as it was in the immediate postwar years—greedy, selfish, confused, and depressing.

"I never really studied Zen," he said, "beyond reading a few texts on the subject. I just watched the priests in their habitat. Zen is very difficult even for us Japanese, so it is rather funny to see Americans taking up Zen."

He recalled that when he visited the University of Michigan the professors spent the entire lunch talking about Zen Buddhism. Mr. Mishima, who likes to send his ideas swimming upstream, thought that "Zen might be harder for professors who study it than for Beatniks who just fool with it. Zen," he observed, "is spiritual action and inner contemplation. In some ways Americans and Zen are poles apart, yet, in another sense, Americans have the frontier spirit and therefore should be able to comprehend Zen."

Mr. Mishima admires the precise construction and sensuality of the works of Tennessee Williams and Garcia Lorca. His oft-repeated philosophy is that the world is not what it is, but what it seems. However, he traces his literary roots back to ancient Japanese Nō plays rather than to Mr. Williams. "The Nō dramas," he noted, "are a combination of the metaphysical and the sensual. I add a third ingredient, the political aspect."

Every time Mr. Mishima wets his brush he earns yen. His industriousness and earnings are amazing. He works till five A.M. and sleeps till one P.M. Mishima has written seventeen plays, ten novels, fifty short stories. Right now he is alternating between two weekly magazine columns and putting the finishing touches on his next novel, "House of Kyoko."

"I want to write for the theatre and for the reading public," he said, "not scripts for radio, television or the movies. I don't want to have a department store. I want to run a small shop."

—RAY FALK.

Mr. Falk is the Far Eastern correspondent for North American Newspaper Alliance and the American Broadcasting Company, with headquarters in Japan.

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still vividly see the Golden Temple of my vision. . . . The eaves were illuminated by the pond's reflection and the flickering of the water reflected itself uncertainly against them. When the Golden Temple reflected the evening sun or shone in the moon, it was the light of the water that made the entire structure look as if it were mysteriously floating along and flapping its wings. The strong bonds of the temple's form were loosened by the reflection of the quivering water, and at such moments the Golden Temple seemed to be constructed of materials like wind and water and flame that are constantly in motion.

"The Temple of the Golden Pavilion" is Yukio Mishima's fourth book to appear in the United States, and the finest of his many novels. More successfully than before, he has conveyed a sense of troubled depths beneath the surface brilliance of his fiction. One leaves the book with a new respect for his powers as a serious writer.

After Dunkirk, the Real Battle

"The Charioteer," by Mary Renault *(Pantheon. 347 pp. $4.50), is the story of a sensitive young Englishman's search to find his place in the world of homosexuality. Hubert Saal, who is a contributing editor at* Town and Country *magazine, has written articles and reviews of modern fiction.*

By Hubert Saal

THIS is one of several novels that Mary Renault wrote before either "The Last of the Wine" or "The King Must Die." Unlike them, "The Charioteer" has a contemporary setting. But the world into which Miss Renault guides us is as alien and as insular as any evocation of ancient or archaic Greece.

It is the shadowy world of the homosexual, at once familiar and strange, like a hall of mirrors in which the reflections are subtly distorted. Beyond the flashlight of Miss Renault's attention we are aware of much unseen, much unspoken. It is a world of heightened sensibility and rare delicacy, so much so that heterosexual intrusions invariably strike a vulgar note, like an American entering a Japanese garden.

Miss Renault's hero is Laurie Odell, a young English soldier recuperating along with other Dunkirk wounded in a British hospital early in World War II. Odell is a homosexual. This is the story of his attempt to reconcile his homosexuality with his high standards of moral conduct and personal relationships. Odell stands on a middle ground between ordinary men, with whom he cannot help feeling self-conscious and suspicious, and the extreme homosexual fringe, who repel him—but towards whom in his loneliness he is inexorably driven. His struggle is to keep his homosexuality a fact of life rather than *the* fact of life.

Tribute must be paid Miss Renault for remarkable literary talents. Her prose, at its best, is dazzling, her perceptions sharp and original, her dialogue natural to the ear. But she has succeeded better than she knows, or perhaps differently from what she intended. She has peopled her world with the hypersensitive, the bloodless, and the self-obsessed. Her characters are vivid, but they are exotics. Their untiring delicacy becomes, like a steady diet of English lady writers, tiresome—and the intrusion of some good old-fashioned heterosexual vulgarity welcome.

Miss Renault asks more of us than we can give. As well as sympathy she demands identification. But Odell's world is so alien that its conflicts are internecine; we watch bemused, like anthropologists at a native fertility rite that seems to bear some faint connection to our culture. Miss Renault makes it very clear that the homosexuality of her characters is not simply a matter of unorthodox sexual impulses but the woof and warp of their being. They are spiritually effeminate; they bathe in sentimentality. Shyly they hide behind the impersonal pronoun: "One" is always feeling this or that. The wilting of a flower affects them as much as the death of a man. Odell, in love with a young medical orderly, wonders "sometimes, secretly, whether it was possible that they had met in a former life." And Miss Renault's lush prose, too often equatorial rather than temperate, drips a heavily metered accompaniment.

WE yearn for an end to the brilliant talk, the sensitive analysis, the shadow boxing, and for them to get on with it, get on with the war, ambition, love, sex, the business of life. But Miss Renault's thin-skinned gallery is largely interested in testing their nerve ends. Mired in the involutions of their aberration, these exquisites sit enraptured as they listen to each other read Plato's "Phaedrus" aloud as if it were derring-do.

Nor is there any real conflict. Odell makes abundantly clear that homosexuality is *the* fact of his life: it governs him entirely. It is not only society that rejects Odell, but he who rejects society.

"L'Age d'Airain," Bronze by Auguste Rodin.

SURVEYING THE FIELD, from the works of anonymous artists in sixth-century B.C. Greece to such renowned moderns as Marino Marini and Henry Moore, **"Masterpieces of European Sculpture"** (Abrams, $15), traces the path of sculpture through the centuries. Oxford art historian Eric Newton provides the notations to Martin Hürlimann's photographs.

"Bärbele," Sandstone by Nicholas Gerhaert of Leyden.

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Man and Mushrooms

"Command the Morning," by Pearl S. Buck *(John Day. 317 pp. $4.50), probes into the lives of atomic physicists who are confronted by the moral questions surrounding the bomb. Eleazar Lipsky, formerly an assistant district attorney, is a novelist, whose most recent book is "The Scientists."*

By Eleazar Lipsky

IN LAURA FERMI'S account of her life with Enrico Fermi, "Atoms in the Family," there appears a photograph of Fermi waiting to receive the Nobel Prize for science in 1933 at Stockholm. In that same picture, there also appears Pearl Buck, waiting to receive the prize for literature. The scientist seems unimpressed by the occasion, but Mrs. Buck appears tense and deeply affected.

Perhaps it was this encounter that first aroused Mrs. Buck's interest in science, for Fermi looms large in her latest novel, "Command the Morning," which deals with the human side of the quest for nuclear energy. Her concern for the problem is well known. She has spent many days at Oak Ridge, and Los Alamos, she has studied atomic physics from textbooks and talked with the wives as well as the men who developed the first sustained nuclear chain reaction and the bomb dropped on Japan.

Inevitably Mrs. Buck has turned her interest in nuclear physics to play and novel form. Closely following the historical facts, she deals here with the special problems—emotional and domestic and moral — which arise when the arts of peace are turned to war. The central characters are fictitious, but actual scientists and political figures appear under their own names, or thinly disguised, to express contrasting views regarding the central moral issue: whether or not to develop and drop the bomb. Against this larger story, Mrs. Buck describes marriage strains and unhappy love affairs leading to the decision of her protagonist, a woman scientist, to return to her birthplace in India and the ways of peace. It is a solution not open to everyone.

Of course, all this is not really a scientific problem at all, except in the central sense that the quest for knowledge calls for an initial choice of the field of exploration. Once the scientific process has begun, the remaining problems, moral and political, are those common to humanity. Properly speaking, no scientist either dropped the bomb or made the decision: It was a soldier who executed an order of the political and military head of the nation. All those who supported or approved that order shared the responsibility. The bomb is merely one example of the more generalized problem of our times.

Mrs. Buck is earnest and intelligent and her science is accurate. The crucial episodes showing the explosion of the first bomb are charged with excitement. But, through no fault of hers, the science fails to support the human story. The atomic blast over New Mexico seems to destroy by overexposure the more truly significant, but (in this context) petty problems of the scientists. That one scientist should see in that first blinding explosion the resolution of a problem in marital infidelity is inappropriate to say the least.

It is not true (as a leading critic has suggested in these pages) that the novel of science should deal only with the "big bang" to achieve contemporary significance, for the proper field of the novel is humanity, and the cosmic stage may be too large for its dwarfed actors. It is all a matter of scale. For all the author's intellectual discipline and technical accuracy, one cannot say that this novel reaches its goals, or that it satisfies the appetite for greater insight into the matter.

Modern-Day Exodus

"Goodbye, Columbus," by Philip Roth *(Houghton Mifflin. 298 pp. $3.75), is a collection of stories that explores the particular milieu of middle-class Jewish suburbia.* SR's *critic, Arnold Dolin, who writes frequently about the short story form, was associated with* discovery *magazine.*

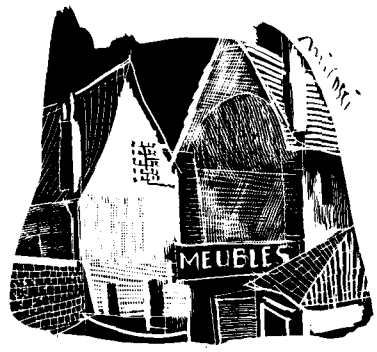
By Arnold Dolin

IT'S NOT far from Newark to Short Hills—or from the Bronx to Westchester—but the gap is sometimes unbridgeable, no matter how steep a toll one is prepared to pay. It is about the middle-class Jewish residents of both these worlds that Philip Roth writes in his first book, "Goodbye, Columbus," which contains a novella and five short stories.

Anyone who read these stories when they first appeared in *The New Yorker*, *Commentary*, and *The Paris Review* has probably not forgotten their passion and vitality. In awarding a Literary Fellowship to the twenty-six-year-old author, Houghton Mifflin has given deserved recognition to a brilliant new talent.

Philip Roth surveys the role of the Jew in modern American society with keen perception. Underlying his stories is the Jews' centuries-old tragic sense of life, leavened with warmth and humor, and with compassion. There are no excesses of sentimentality or bitterness: his characters cannot be typed as either Molly Goldbergs or Sammy Glicks.

If there is any doubt in my mind, it concerns the validity of these stories



for the non-Jewish, or even the non-Eastern, reader. For so much depends on a familiarity with the peculiarly parochial surroundings and the subtle speech inflections. This is particularly true of the title novella, which chronicles the summer romance between Neil Klugman of Newark and Brenda Patimkin of Short Hills. Brenda's family has made the perilous jump to opulent suburbia, with its well-stocked basement freezers and its streets lined with "sporting-goods trees" (or so they appear, since golf and baseball equipment practically obscure the foliage). The bump in Brenda's nose has been fixed, and her father can heal any emotional crisis in her life with a new coat from Bonwit's.

Brenda and Neil meet in the golden sunlight of the Green Lane Country Club, surrounded by women "with their Cuban heels and boned-up breasts, their knuckle-sized rings, their straw hats, which resembled immense wicker pizza plates." The affair is ardently pursued through richly comic and deeply touching scenes—until Neil's dream of paradise is inevitably lost. But for the reader who lacks the proper frame of reference to recognize the deftness with which this milieu has been observed, there may be left only a sensitively rendered theme and some engaging characters that do not quite justify the story's length.

However, Roth's two finest stories do transcend this narrowly circumscribed area. Both are reminiscent of Bernard Malamud in their concern with the modern Jew's responsibility to his heritage and his guilt in ignoring it. Can he be assimilated into the American culture and still re-

(*Continued on page* 66)

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The Desensitization of Twentieth-Century Man

IT HAPPENED at the Stamford, Connecticut, railroad station. It was Sunday evening, at about ten P.M. Some two dozen persons, among them several young men in uniform, were waiting for the express to New York.

The door to the waiting room flew open. A woman, shrieking hysterically, burst in the room. She was pursued by a man just a few steps behind her. The woman screamed that the man was trying to kill her and cried out for the people to save her. I was standing nearest the door. The woman grabbed me, still shrieking. I tried to protect her behind me. The man tried to sweep me aside to get at her. He rushed at me, caught the woman's wrist with one hand, tore her loose and pulled her through the doorway. The woman fell to the ground and was dragged by the wrist just outside the waiting room. I tried to free her wrist. The man broke off, grabbed the woman's pocketbook, and fled on foot.

We carried the woman inside the waiting room, sat her down, then telephoned the police. The woman's eye was badly cut; she was moaning. I looked around the room. Except for three or four persons who now came up to her, the people in the room seemed unconcerned. The young men in uniform were still standing in the same place, chatting among themselves as before. I am not sure which was greater, the shock of the attack that had just occurred or the shock caused by the apparent detachment and unconcern of the other people, especially the men in uniform.

The next morning, I read in the newspaper of another attack. This one was carried out in broad daylight on a young boy by a gang of teen-agers. Here, too, a number of people stood around and watched.

It would be possible, I suppose, to take the view that these are isolated instances, and that it would be a serious error to read into these cases anything beyond the fact that the bystanders were probably paralyzed by the suddenness of the violence. Yet I am not so sure. I am not sure that these instances may not actually be the product of something far deeper. What is happening, I believe, is that the natural reactions of the individual against violence are being blunted. The individual is being desensitized by living history. He is developing new reflexes and new responses that tend to slow up the moral imagination and relieve him of essential indignation over impersonal hurt. He is becoming casual about brutality. He makes his adjustments to the commonplace, and nothing is more commonplace in our age than the ease with which life can be smashed or shattered. The range of the violence sweeps from the personal to the impersonal, from the amusements of the crowd to the policies of nations. It is in the air, quite literally. It has lost the sting of surprise. We have made our peace with violence.

No idea could be more untrue than that there is no connection between what is happening in the world and the behavior of the individual. Society does not exist apart from the individual. It transfers its apprehensions or its hopes, its fatigue or its vitality, its ennui or its dreams, its sickness or its spirituality to the people who are part of it. Can the individual be expected to retain the purity of his responses, particularly a sensitivity to the fragility of life, when society itself seems to measure its worth in terms of its ability to create and possess instruments of violence that could expunge civilization as easily as it once took to destroy a village? Does it have no effect on an individual to live in an age that has already known two world wars; that has seen hundreds of cities ripped apart by dynamite tumbling down from the heavens; that has witnessed whole nations stolen or destroyed; that has seen millions of people exterminated in gas chambers or other mass means; that has seen governments compete with one another to make weapons which, even in the testing, have put death into the air?

To repeat, the causative range is all the way from petty amusements to the proclamations of nations. We are horrified that teen-age boys should make or steal lethal weapons and then proceed to use them on living creatures; but where is the sense of horror or outrage at the cheapness of human life that is exploited throughout the day or night on television? It is almost impossible to see television for fifteen minutes without seeing people beaten or shot or punched or kicked or jabbed. It is also almost impossible to pick up a newspaper without finding someone in a position of power, here or elsewhere, threatening to use nuclear explosives unless someone else becomes more sensible.

The young killers don't read the newspapers, true. They don't have to. If they read at all, they read the picture-story pulps that dispense brutality as casually as a vending machine its peanuts. In any case, the heart of the matter is that the young killers do not live in the world of their own. They belong to the larger world. They may magnify and intensify the imperfections of the larger world but they do not invent them.

The desensitization of twentieth-century man is more than a danger to the common safety. It represents the loss or impairment of the noblest faculty of human life—the ability to be aware both of suffering and beauty; the ability to share sorrow and create hope; the ability to think and respond beyond one's wants. There are some things we have no right ever to get used to. One of these most certainly is brutality. The other is the irrational. Both brutality and the irrational have now come together and are moving towards a dominant pattern. If the pattern is to be resisted and changed, a special effort must be made. A very special effort.

—N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

NOT JUST HEADS

THANK YOU VERY much for your publication of Herbert Brucker's article "Is the Press Writing Its Obituary?" (*SR* April 25). "Spading the background for every relevant fact, revealing as much as possible of the truth"—this is what we are *all* wanting, not the headlines and the brief notices on TV and radio. And we especially liked the conclusion —we *want* the papers "to ferret out the truth and give it to the public" and courageously and knowledgeably serve the people.

ELIZABETH J. HENDEL.

New Haven, Conn.

RESOLVED CONTROVERSY

YOU ARE TO be congratulated on Herbert Brucker's article.

A majority of competent journalistic craftsmen will agree, I suspect, that the newspaper must: "1. Rethink its mission . . .; 2. Modernize its editorial methods . . .; 3. Revive the underlying moral purpose of journalism."

Let us hope that Brucker has resolved, once and for all, a fatuous controversy that has raged over "interpretive reporting." He says:

"The analytical report should not be attempted by anyone who has not been disciplined in objective reporting, in learning to keep his opinions out of what he is writing . . ." Properly equipped, we may delve "beyond the superficial and attributable into underlying causes and meanings."

This is no repudiation of the historic truth that what we know as the "fact" is the basic ingredient of our American civilization. (Any doubter wishing to explore this thesis will find a convenient starting point in Thorstein Veblen's "Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution.")

Editors and professors may then mark it down that interpretive reporting worthy of the name is, as Herbert Brucker says, "merely thorough reporting."

Another of Brucker's services, of course, is the reminder that "even today" the papers that "ferret out the truth and tell it to the people . . . most courageously and knowledgeably . . . tend to be the ones that make the most money."

This inspires the hopeful thought that there is probably nothing wrong with American newspapers that sufficient courage on the part of a sufficient number of editors won't cure.

WAYNE JORDAN.

Lorain, O.

A MASTERPIECE

SR SCORED a gigantic triumph in the journalism field for the excellent, timely article: "Is the Press Writing Its Obituary?" Herbert Brucker has given your readers true facts about the modern-day newspapers. It is regrettable and shocking that times have changed the finest medium of news and advertising, the newspaper . . . but what hasn't time changed even in the last decade?

Thanks again for *SR*'s publication of this masterpiece.

JOHN L. GAMBLE.

Morristown, Tenn.

"I've been to see Schweitzer in Lambarene, Buber in Jerusalem, Pasternak in Moscow—but I don't know a soul in New York."

MORE COURAGE

PRAISE IS DUE Herbert Brucker for his perceptive and cogent excursion into the ills that plague the modern newspaper. Brucker rightly concludes that it is the power of truth which can alone save today's journalism.

However, the prevailing scene of monopolistic journals usurping this very truth for partisan ends and catering to the emotional strain of society seriously brings into question whether the newspapers can do the job or not.

One merely needs to look at the papers of the nation's most populous cities—with some notable exceptions—to see how far journalism in this country has moved from being "a keeper of moral values."

We need less puzzles and advice to the lovelorn and more courageous columns devoted to the ills that plague mankind in a world increasingly given to hate, fear and bigotry.

HERMAN S. WOLK.

Omaha, Neb.

TEAMSTER-TONED

IT APPEARED TO be somewhat beneath the dignity of *SR* to include the Teamster-toned article "The Inarticulate Professor" in its April 18th issue. I felt the article not only degrading to your publication, but to the teaching profession.

Long enough, as Professor Hovey indicates, we have been pursuing education as a "marketable commodity." Long enough we have been emphasizing extraneous results as the real benefits of educational pursuit. Long enough we have been giving attention to the exchange value of a degree, while recognizing the pursuit of this degree as a necessary evil.

It all leads one to wonder if there is a really intrinsic value in education per se—something beyond the material benefits which come with its possession. If college professors are ready to organize to demand higher salaries, and collectively insist on respect from the masses —and if one of the leading literary publications in the country is willing to sanction this appeal—I wonder.

JAMES J. OVERHOLT.

South Bend, Ind.

STRUCK HOME

THE ARTICLE "The Inarticulate Professor" regarding the role of the teacher struck home to me because even as an elementary-school teacher I have felt great frustration over what teachers are permitted to do or not to do to better their lot.

PHYLLIS CRITTENDEN.

Rochester, N.Y.

GREAT SCOTT

GREAT SCOTT! WHAT *is* the matter with your letter writers in the April 25th issue? Is Hemingway, whose work we all admire, a sacred cow who must never be exposed?

Who are these naïve bleeding hearts? Why do they read the *SR*?

Don't they know that lives of great men often remind us of ourselves? Or, is it too painful?

R. F. YOUNG.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

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De Gaulle

Continued from page 24

biographers of de Gaulle have long been intrigued by this and have speculated on its meaning. Some have argued that this is the royal form of address. Others insist that when he says "de Gaulle" he means France and when he means de Gaulle himself he says "I." The best authority, of course, is de Gaulle and I asked him if he would explain this stylistic puzzle so that the record could be set straight. This was his reply:

"There were two reasons for this. One, purely for purposes of style. It is repetitive and immodest always to be saying 'I' or 'me.' For style alone I chose, according to the rhythm of the sentence and the context, to say 'de Gaulle' in some places. However, the more important reason was my discovery that there was a person, named de Gaulle, who existed in other people's minds and was really a separate personality from myself.

"I MADE this discovery at Douala, which was my first contact with the French people since my call to resistance. I landed there after the expedition to Dakar had failed. There were thousands of people and they began to shout, 'De Gaulle, de Gaulle, de Gaulle!' I was taken aback. Until then, in London, my contacts had all been personal and individual, with ministers, attachés, soldiers, etc. But here was the people, the voice of the crowds. And I suddenly realized for the first time what a heavy burden I bore, what a responsibility I had to all these people who were counting upon a man named de Gaulle to liberate them, to give them back their freedom and independence. I realized then that General de Gaulle had become a living legend, that they had formed a certain image of him, that they expected many things of him, that they thought of him behaving in a certain way.

"From that day on I knew I would have to reckon with this man, this General de Gaulle. I became almost his prisoner. Before I made a speech or reached a major decision I had to ask myself: 'Will de Gaulle approve this? Is this the way people expect de Gaulle to act? Is this right for de Gaulle and the role he plays?' There were many things I would have liked to do but could not for it would not have been fitting for General de Gaulle."

I asked the author why he referred so often to 1,500 years of French history, whereas many authorities talk of 2,000 years. He replied:

> For me the history of France begins with Clovis, who was chosen king by the tribe of the Franks, who gave their name to France. Before Clovis we have the Gallo-Roman and Gallic prehistory of France. Perhaps the deciding factor for me is that Clovis was the first king to be baptized a Christian. Mine is a Christian country and I count the history of France from the accession of a Christian king, who bore the name of the Franks.

I told de Gaulle that I was struck by one fact above all else: he does not have a kind word to say about any American, with one exception: Dwight D. Eisenhower. He has only kind words to say of him, refers to him continually as "that great and good soldier," "that fair-minded man," etc. I asked him whether my impression was correct that he not only respected but also had friendly feelings for the American President and wartime leader, despite the many clashes they inevitably had. It seemed to me that he always excused Eisenhower and put the blame on Roosevelt. This was de Gaulle's reply:

> Your impression was quite correct. Eisenhower was not to blame. It was Roosevelt and his advisors. But let me also correct somewhat the impression I have given on my feelings about Roosevelt. I was often angry, yes. But I considered him and consider now that he was one of the great men of the world, one of the great Presidents of history. In my next volume I have written about his funeral and the effect of his death upon the people. I hope to correct the impression some have that my personal quarrels affected my great respect and admiration for this man.
>
> As for Eisenhower, you are correct there too. I like him very much. He is a good man and a kind man. Yes, I have a real affection for him and nothing but the friendliest memories of this valiant comrade-in-arms.

I said: "Mr. President, I am sure that Eisenhower feels the same way about you. And I sometimes think that you do not realize just how many Americans remember the glorious wartime image of the Free French and General de Gaulle and that you may not completely understand the tremendous reservoir of good will, even of great love there is in America for your country. It seems to me that you might well make a visit to America. You have not been there since 1945. And you do have a standing invitation to go. Might we expect you soon?"

De Gaulle smiled broadly and replied, "I have heard rumors about the possibility of a summit conference this year, so perhaps I will be seeing my old friend Eisenhower."

I said: "They will be pleased to receive you in Washington, I'm sure."

De Gaulle cocked his head on one side, thought for a moment and then said, "I did not say we would meet in Washington."

The statement, typically enigmatic, did not mean that he was not going to Washington. It merely left it open. I did not press the point. When de Gaulle is sibylline it means he does not want to answer. Moreover, I sensed that I had climbed up on high ground, had departed from the happy valley of authors to the summit of politics, which was a forbidden zone, I had been warned. I backtracked with a question about volume three, which is eagerly awaited and overdue.

De Gaulle, relaxed again, said, "I have written six of the seven chapters, all but the last. The book takes us from the liberation of Paris through the post-liberation government and my resignation in January 1946. I have been trying to finish it but it is hard to find time to write about my resignation in 1946 now that I am back in office in 1959."

I said good-bye with heartfelt thanks. It had been a most rewarding and important conversation. His remarks about Eisenhower confirmed an impression I had long held that a personal meeting between the two men would be a great success and is vitally needed in view of the state of French-American relations and the need for Allied unity at this moment.

THESE two soldiers are as unlike as two men could possibly be. One is a product of Protestant, rural America, the other a product of Catholic, urban France; one an outgoing pragmatist, the other an introverted and romantic intellectual. They are as different as a jigger of Bourbon whiskey and a glass of old Burgundy. One relaxes on a golf course, the other with a history book or a walk in a forest. And yet the Eisenhower charm, honesty, and forthrightness touched a spark in Charles de Gaulle. It is a spark well worth fanning, an asset to be used. De Gaulle might not agree with Eisenhower but he trusts him and feels kindly towards him. This is an opportunity not to be missed.

These old soldiers have no time for memoirs now. But if they can only get together and solve the many complex problems that affect their nations in common, then they will be able to close their books of history with the gratitude and affection of all free men everywhere.

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Saturday Review
MAY 16, 1959

PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE FINE ARTS

THE purpose of this special issue is to serve the cause of photography as a fine art.

Saturday Review has been concerned for many years with creative expression and with the development of the great responses that give vital nourishment to the arts. In the past twenty years, the editors have become increasingly aware of the place earned by photography in the national culture. This is manifested not only by the millions of Americans who have taken a strong participative interest in photography but by the increasing number of books dealing with creative photography.

The central feature of this issue is a special selection of fine photographs in color and in black-and-white, chosen by a panel of distinguished art authorities. The editors and the judges emphasize that they do not offer these photographs as the "greatest" taken in this country or elsewhere. It is obviously impossible to set up any selection machinery procedures that could competently serve that purpose. What the judges have done is to choose a number of outstanding photographs from among a wide range of nominations as examples of fine art.

The filtering process was elaborate but not cumbersome. Magazines like *Life, Look, The Saturday Evening Post, Vogue,* and *Holiday* went through hundreds of thousands of photographs for the preliminary selections. New York's Museum of Modern Art, the picture library at Columbia University, advertising agencies, industrial picture libraries and other comparable sources also submitted photographs from their own wide collections.

In one of the articles that follow, Jerome Beatty discusses the formation of the judging panel and the development of yardsticks used in the actual selection. It is possible, indeed likely, that for every photograph that appears in this special selection, there are many equally worthy ones that were not brought to the attention of the judges. What the judges have done, however, is to designate eighty-five photographs by fifty-five photographers that qualify as fine art and that deserve to be included in the special exhibition opening at The Metropolitan Museum of Art and that will be shown later at museums and galleries across the country. Twenty-one of those eighty-five photographs are reproduced in this issue.

The editors of *Saturday Review* join the judges in stressing that their selection represents perhaps little more than a first hesitant step in the direction of a serious and sustained effort for the widest possible acceptance of fine photography as fine art. More particularly, the editors hope that great photographs may have a permanent place in the leading galleries in the world, along with great paintings, pieces of sculpture, and the graphic arts. The leadership of The Metropolitan Museum of Art in this connection is therefore deeply gratifying to the editors.

IT IS self-evident, of course, that the perspective of time, and not just the approbation of judges, will determine whether these photographs deserve lasting recognition.

One final word: There exists today an inadequate place for photography in the field of art education. But such a tradition may now be in the making. Once the machinery for winnowing and evaluating photography is established, a major lack will be met, the museum director will have specific sources at his command. Meanwhile, the creative photographer will have a wider outlet.

To be sure, there has been a serious problem in creating such machinery, involving as it does the periodic collection and evaluation of new (or old) photographs. But there are happy indications that it is now possible to do part of the job, at least, on a systematic basis.

The editors are eager to acknowledge the leadership and direction of Ivan Dmitri, artist and photographer, in the preparation of this special section. Mr. Dmitri will continue to guide the future development of the project, "Photography in the Fine Arts," of which he is director.

So far as *SR* is concerned, we are hopeful that this issue may become an annual affair. It would please us if this particular issue were regarded as a useful start.

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—*Photographs by Leo Stashin.*

A moment of reflection during the judging in the Manhattan studios of Ivan Dmitri.

THE PHOTOGRAPHS AND THE JUDGES

By JAMES J. RORIMER, *Director of The Metropolitan Museum of Art; Chairman, Advisory Committee of Photography in the Fine Arts.*

LITERARY uses of the word, or concept, "photography," unlike painting, sculpture, paper, or textile, have not yet entered the International Encyclopedia of Prose and Poetical Quotations; The Dictionary of Thoughts and Familiar Quotations. Nevertheless, photography, whether black-and-white or color, has become so eloquent an art in man's creative power to express himself that we at The Metropolitan Museum of Art are happy to share in *Saturday Review*'s endeavor to look broadly at the proposition, "Photography as an Art."

Some things just happen and others are planned. The choosing of a twelve-man jury, with two alternates for the unforeseen, seems to have come about in an orderly but unpremeditated fashion. Although the advisory committee was hand-picked, there were no inclusive or exclusive conditions of choice. The advisory committee, which was to serve as the jury of final selection, foregathered one afternoon in the studios of Ivan Dmitri to choose those photographs, from a group of 438 nominated from the work of 258 photographers, that we judged to have attained the level of fine art. There were no rules of conduct nor definition of duties beyond those given us in advance of the first and only meeting in which all jurors were present. We were as free as any twelve members of a jury whose only instructions were, "Bring in a verdict."

I had been chosen as the foreman, probably in an effort to keep peace among our motley, yet not so antagonistic, group of protagonists in their individualistic thinking about what is a photograph and what is art. We were seated, except for a few who would not sit at first, in amphitheatrical style around a big desk with a recording machine and gavel. The tapping of the gavel was a necessary preliminary never again to be required once each juror was asked to keep looking at photographs and handing them to his neighbor. We were to indicate in writing the code number of the photographs, one by one, which we individually would like to see selected for the *Saturday Review*-sponsored project, Photography in the Fine Arts. It neither was necessary, nor would it have been possible, to establish with this group of judges a series of rules for selection. Each of us chose according to his own likes and preferences as to subject matter, moods, and techniques.

Even the most critical among us agreed that, irrespective of our own preferences for the one-, two-, three-, or five-man jury, there was great merit in this system of judging, which resulted in a representative choice by a majority vote. In only one case did all twelve jurors vote for one picture. Here is a tabulated breakdown of the actual voting:

1	photograph	received	12 votes
6	photographs	"	11 "
4	"	"	10 "
8	"	"	9 "
8	"	"	8 "
23	"	"	7 "
35	"	"	6 "

Total: 85 photographs (30 color, 55 black-and-white) by 55 photographers.

While unanimity could not be expected in the selections, it is interesting to note the absence of the strictly sentimental, the optimum in technical proficiency, and the photographic "accident" among the final selections.

Photographic recording for publications has made possible the dissemination of information about man and nature with ever-increasing exactitude. Photographs are usually far superior for illustration to the engravings and woodcuts of the painstaking publisher of pre-photo days. Cataloguing, microfilming, lantern slides, technical studies, and television programs continue to improve with better photographic methods.

Science has influenced the form and content of twentieth-century art. Much of the perception of the modern scientist—atoms, electrons, and electronic waves—is measured and used in concepts beyond the rationalization of the eyes, the ears, and fingertips. Sight, hearing, and touch in varying degrees of sensitivity contribute to the creative impulses of the artist's mind. The striving for new relationships accounts for much of the artistic production of our own time. As an artist searches for new forms, their analysis and synthesis, and the juxtaposition of component parts, he discovers superb arrangements of colors and textures never dreamed of by artists in the past.

Perhaps I can best sum up my own point of view by quoting Martin Johnson, the noted explorer and big-game photographer, who a decade ago wrote in his lecture on scientific criteria in the communication of feeling by the imaginative arts:

> When a picture or a sculpture or a poem has been constructed with free use of the imagination it will probably be stigmatized as fantasy; the critic in using this term may be either contemptuous or enthusiastic, but his intention will go astray unless he has cleared his mind with regard to the traditional antagonisms between the fantastic and the real.

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THE PHOTOGRAPHS VIEWED AS PICTURES

By ALFRED FRANKFURTER, *who is the widely respected art critic and historian, and editor of* Art News. *Dr. Frankfurter has, upon request, informally appraised the photographs assembled for the exhibition at The Metropolitan Museum of Art (twenty-one of which are reproduced in this issue of* SR*).*

PHOTOGRAPHY today is, of course, no longer the isolated phenomenon it was a century ago when it began and quickly shared a direct exchange of influences with painting. Now it has developed into, in fact, a popular art practiced by millions of people; we think of it as an entirely separate art, for all its being pictorial, from those of painting and of drawing. Yet there remain indivisible bonds between these forms. The difficulty in finding a solid parallel between them may come from the fact that the camera has by now been so highly perfected mechanically. It has gone on to color photography and X-Rays, to motion pictures, to stroboscopic and micro-photography—to such an extent that we sometimes think of it as a scientific instrument, like a microscope or a telescope, both of which themselves, incidentally, are also accessories to the camera.

However, a relationship seems to exist not so much between photography and painting as with the processes of printmaking—etching, engraving, lithography, silk-screen, linoleum cuts—all the means devised over centuries to allow an artist to draw an original on some sort of a plate or block, and then to use that block for the printing of manifold reproductions. Here is perhaps the closest possible analogy of pictorial art before the 1850s to photography. Yet the difference is, of course, that the artist must still use his hand to *make* the block instead of working through a machine which, with the predictability of optical, mathematical and other scientific measurements, will also record an image.

The printmaker obviously has in many ways an entirely different function from that of the painter. This is indicated nowhere better than by those painters who were also printmakers, since the time of Mantegna and Dürer in the Renaissance. Such painter-printmakers have incised the subjects and styles they considered best suited to either medium. From those fifteenth century beginnings, up through Daumier, the signal difference between the simultaneous painter-printmaker's two fields was that his paintings were executed in color and his prints in black-and-white. Yet since Degas's and Toulouse-Lautrec's colored monotypes and colored lithographs, we see this had resulted from only a mechanical inhibition. Thus in the painter, whose major concern is with color, also using a colored medium for manifold printmaking, there seems a still closer analogy with the manifold pictures of the photographer.

Now, let us take the painter-printmaker like Lautrec, like Degas, like Bonnard, like Braque and like hundreds of others who have worked in both oil and in the various processes of printmaking—lithography, and many other forms. What does he tell us of the differences between these two mediums? To utter a great generality, the difference seems to be expressed chiefly in the *topicality* and *immediacy* of the print medium when it is used by an artist who also paints. In other words, apart from the greater endurance of oil paintings through their permanence of colors, and that they are generally bigger in scale than prints, the difference lies in the choice of subject matter. The print somehow becomes something to be recorded as of the moment, as of the hour, as of the day it is recorded; where the oil painting, it has always seemed to me, might have happened on any other day, at any other time. Thus the print is a work of art which is not merely a "slice of life," it is also a thin slice of time.

Here, perhaps, we begin to come close to what the photographer tries to do. The precise instants of history captured by the camera may be among its greatest contributions to visual imagery. The instant of history as it has been lived—the supreme moment of a battle, the face of a victorious statesman—is a "decisive moment" (to borrow the title of a great photographer's book), not to be confused with a snapshot. The exact instant can be found in the most studied picture—for which hours, in fact days, of preparation can be made. The photographer may set up his camera for days in readiness for the moment he wishes to record, but it is still *that moment* which he records and which he brings to life and commemorates.

This is hard to define in words, and it comes out better in pictorial examples; yet its mention allows us to arrive at something of a point of view—at least, it allows me to arrive at a point of view—from which to evaluate photographs. When I first looked at these hundreds of photographs at the time the exhibition began, I did not, of course, begin with such a doctrine in advance. It comes out of a reconstruction *after* the fact, because after I had made my selections I wondered what it was that had made me choose some and definitely not others. Then I realized I had chosen those pictures

Alfred Frankfurter at work as one of the judges.

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The judges earnestly debate a point of aesthetics while evaluating the fine art of photography and photography as a fine art.

which not only seemed the best composed ones and technically the best *photographs* (embodying the same characteristics that make a good picture very much as they make a good photograph) but above all those which made an instant *live*. These were, of course, by no means only beautiful moments; there were tragic ones, there were historic ones, there were deeply moving ones. But they were all moments which somehow have been *made to stay*.

To achieve the enduring image of this exact instant, it once seemed to many art critics, the photographer had the obvious advantage of a facile mechanical tool instead of the blood and sweat involved with easel, brush, and canvas. Yet nowadays it has become clear to me that this easy mechanical advantage turns out to be not an advantage but a handicap. It is evidenced by the pictures in this exhibition, where, in a way, the photographers of the best of these pictures, seem to have *wrestled* with their medium, just as have painters, writers, composers, indeed performing musicians too. The analogy with music is perhaps the best one. The greatest pianist makes you forget he is at a piano. He creates sounds, he literally *masters* the instrument—an Artur Rubinstein, a Vladimir Horowitz, seem somehow to turn the piano into a sort of mechanical wonder which, in becoming a literal physical extension of the artist, has been brought far beyond its physical limitations. This seems no less true of the great photographer. Not only, however, does he overcome these physical boundaries and go beyond them; in some ways he literally fights them. The good photographer excels not *because* he has a marvelous mechanical tool as his device, but *in spite* of the fact he has such a device. He must always try to force it beyond its limitations, because it must catch images it is incapable of seeing alone except for a kind of super-human, almost titanic will on the part of the man who uses this instrument, exactly as a great surgeon must go beyond the limitations of X-Ray and scalpel

Now, let us see what the pictures here seem to say, judging them purely as visual experiences. For convenience, I have assembled them into several easy-going classifications. Like all classifications, these are elastic, and they must not be taken as any kind of aesthetic or historical definition. They are simply pulled together in order to discuss as groups some of the general pictorial tendencies in this exhibition, and there might be several other equally valid methods of grouping these pictures

The first category seems to have decided itself because it is the one

(*Continued on page* 54)

EDITOR'S NOTE: We call the reader's attention to the outcome of a prolonged editorial controversy involving the cover of this week's issue. The word "Photography" was too long to be compressed on one line and still retain any prominence. Syllabically, the word is divided:

PHO-TOG-RAPH-Y

Observing the syllabical amenities, this would have meant that our cover text would read:

PHOTOG-
RAPHY
in the
FINE ARTS

Aesthetically, the top line was an abomination. "PHOTOG-" is palpably inartistic and therefore grimly inconsistent with the subject matter it represents. Grammatically, however, "PHOTO-" is incorrect. Several staff members argued that it was more important to be grammatical than aesthetic. The present cover makes it clear which way the issue was decided.

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THE FULFILLMENT OF AN IDEA

By JEROME BEATTY, Jr.

ONE CLEAR crisp afternoon in January 1959 a group of men and women filled the spacious office studio of professional photographer Ivan Dmitri in midtown Manhattan. They included such eminent personalities as the curator of prints of the Museum of the City of New York, an art critic of *The New York Times*, a noted art collector, and the art director of *Vogue* magazine, along with efficient and knowledgeable aides and technicians upon whom they depended for advice, support, and assistance. The group was being addressed by James J. Rorimer, director of The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

"We are gathered here to study these 438 photographs and to give our opinions of them as examples of fine art," he said. "They are not to be judged on the basis of whether or not these are the greatest photographs of our time. I should think that any one of you would have your own criteria for judging pictures, and any discussion among us as to what the criteria would be could cause us difficulties that even this little gadget [pointing to the gavel in his hand] couldn't help us with. The idea is to go through this collection of photographs and choose what we as individuals like best without expressing why to the next fellow. I think I could sit here for many months with any one of you deciding why this or that photograph qualified better as art. We want to know what this group as individuals have to say collectively."

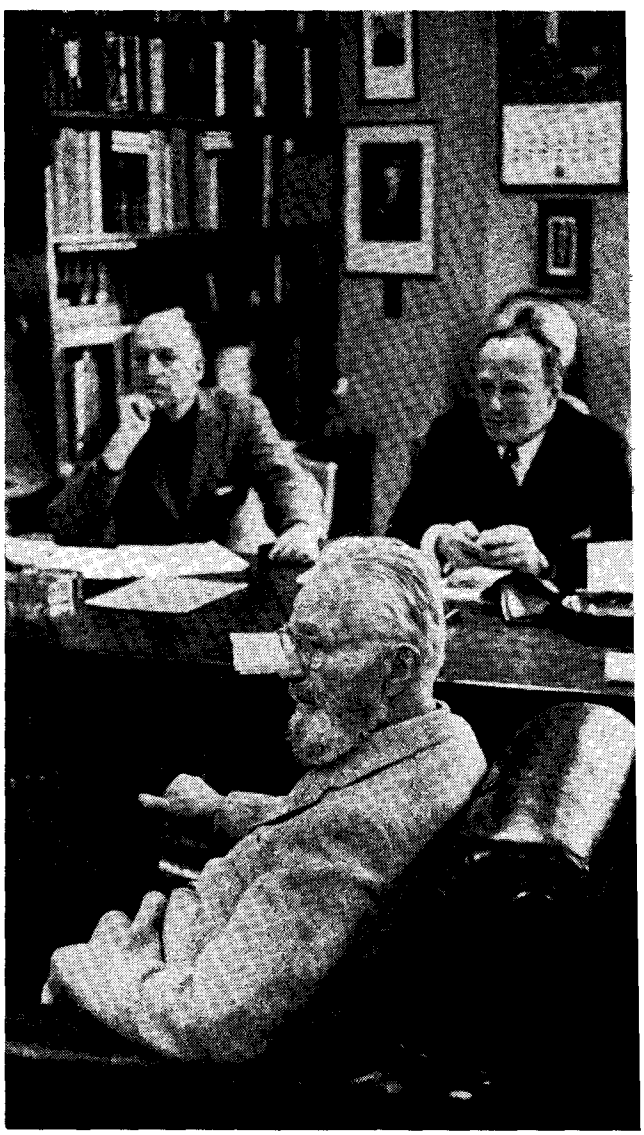
Fourteen of these people were, and are, the members of The National Advisory Committee of Photography in the Fine Arts, of which Rorimer is chairman, and Dmitri director of the project. The others: Frank Baker, senior art director, McCann-Erickson; Dr. Alfred Frankfurter, editor, *Art News;* Joyce C. Hall, president of Hallmark Cards and art patron; Bartlett H. Hayes, Jr., director, Addison Gallery of American Art, Andover, Massachusetts; Bryan Holme, editor, Studio Books; Alexander Liberman, art director, *Vogue*; Stanley Marcus of Dallas, Texas, the famous merchant and art collector; Grace Mayer, curator, Museum of the City of New York; A. Hyatt Mayor, curator of prints, The Metropolitan Museum of Art; Beaumont Newhall, director, George Eastman House, Rochester, New York; Aline B. Saarinen, associate art critic, *The New York Times*; Dorothy Seiberling, art editor, *Life* magazine, and Edward Steichen, director of the Department of Photography, The Museum of Modern Art, New York City.

One remarkable feature of this gathering was that it occurred at all. Here were many individualists, representing a number of institutions and levels of enterprise, with differences as well as concurrences of opinion. The second unusual aspect was that these people were about to spend the entire afternoon in the judging of photographs. The immediate result of the devotion of time and effort of these individuals to Photography in the Fine Arts is the epochal exhibit which is now to be seen at The Metropolitan Museum of Art. The eventual result and implications of what PFA has done is something we can't visualize now, except to understand that the potential is limitless.

Now, by what right did art critics and collectors and outstanding proponents of fine arts find themselves studying some 400 photographs, with a view to recommending that certain items hang in a museum of art, in the same building with a Raphael which, perhaps, these critics have admired and praised? Is it possible that a cab driver in Tucson, Arizona, may rightfully dream that a photograph he makes will end up on the wall of a museum? Are pictures made with a camera worthy of serious artistic consideration and preservation in the collection of a museum?

These, of course, are merely typical of myriad controversial questions that have been tossed back and forth among art lovers and photograph lovers over the years, in and out of museums, galleries, and shows until it appeared that no one knew exactly where objectivity left off and pure bias began. It was some twenty years ago that Albert Reese of the Kennedy Galleries, New York City, wrote:

> Now that photography has attained its place in the sun the question naturally arises whether



Edward Steichen, front, Ivan Dmitri, and James J. Rorimer, left and right at desk, concentrate on a picture being judged.

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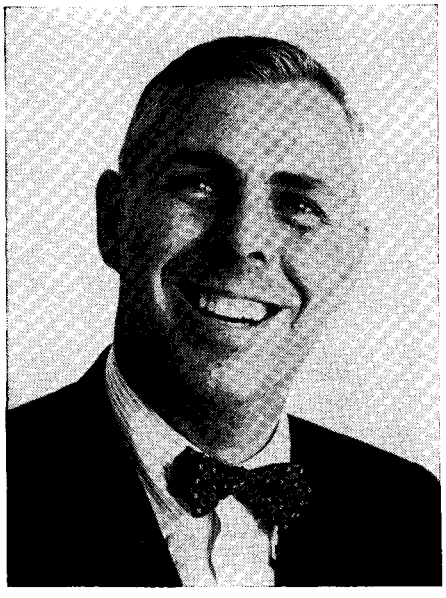
Alexander Liberman, art director, Vogue *magazine, New York City.*

Dorothy Seiberling, art editor, Life *magazine, New York City.*

Joyce C. Hall, president of Hallmark Cards and art patron, Kansas City, Mo.



Frank Baker, senior art director, McCann-Erickson, New York City.

it can be called an art. It is very possible that at one time or another every art has thus been called into question . . . To make an image, to paint a picture, to convert sound into music is an act of imagination that unless sanctified by tradition is apt to irritate one's neighbors . . .

Today, contemporary photographs are hanging as works of art in The Metropolitan Museum of Art. But it took a little time. "The main trouble," Dmitri explains, "was that there was no filtering process by which a majority of good photographs could find their way as do contemporary paintings into the Museums' permanent collections. Any selection of photographs was usually made by one man, or else contained the work of one man. In the art world the constant sifting by the art dealers and galleries, for instance, which even with its defects is a democratic way to find new work and promising artists, had no counterpart in the field of the camera. The method by which the pictures in the current PFA-*Saturday Review* exhibit were chosen, however, shows how it can be done."

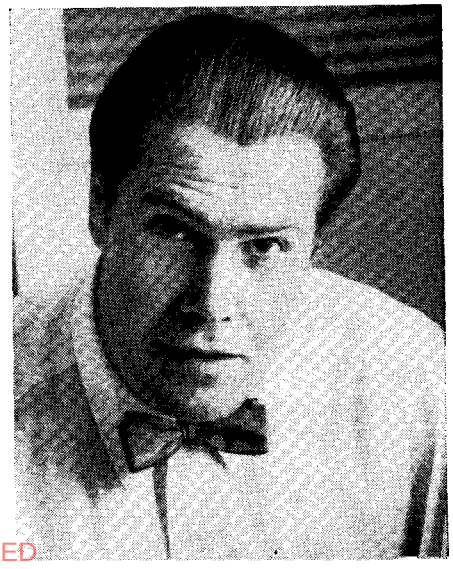
Last year the TRADE WINDS column of *SR* carried a few paragraphs describing Dmitri's feeling that photographs should be collected and displayed by museums. A response solicited from such institutions throughout the country indicated agreement that shows Dmitri was on the right track—but how could he help implement a growing interest in photography? He decided to launch Photography in the Fine Arts, and dropped all his commercial work. However, he has acted in a purely executive capacity; none of his pictures have figured in the project at all, nor did he participate in the judging.

"We approached magazines, both

Bartlett H. Hayes, Jr., director, Addison Gallery of American Art, Andover, Mass.

Grace Mayer, curator, Museum of the City of New York.

Bryan Holme, editor, Studio Books, New York City.



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James J. Rorimer, director, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

Dr. Alfred Frankfurter, editor, Art News, *New York City.*

A. Hyatt Mayor, curator of prints, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

popular and specialized," Dmitri reports. "We went to industrial libraries, advertising agencies, the Pulitzer Prize Committee's resources at Columbia University, art schools, agents, art directors, and other authorities in the field of photography. We asked for nominations for great photographs, pictures that seemed to suit the requirements for which we were asking. As a result, we eventually assembled 438 photographs—197 color, 241 black-and-white. Each of them had evoked or communicated an idea, a mood, or an emotion; each had been created with artistic integrity and had an aesthetic appeal—in the opinion, of course, of those who had chosen them."

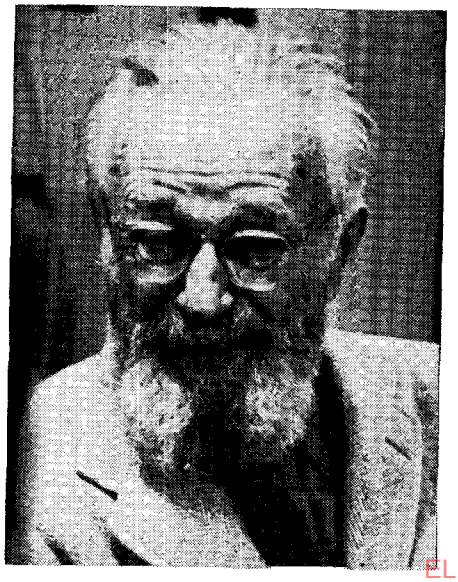
One effective way of describing the significance of these pictures would be to let Doris O'Neil, chief of the picture collection of *Life* magazine, tell how they arived at the 100 nominations of that publication:

"The photographs submitted by *Life* for this judging were selected by means of a review of all photographs that have appeared in *Life* magazine. The total number of these photographs now, twenty-three years since Volume I, Number 1, is approximately 175,000.

"While the photographs varied widely in many respects, there were several qualities they had in common. They all said something of importance, something basic and real. Sometimes this was in the abstract beauty of a still life, sometimes in the mood of a landscape, or, most frequently, in the swiftly moving field of human emotions. In many of these photographs it was a matter of the photographer instantly recognizing a scene for what was in it, and then waiting before he chose his picture for that fraction of a second, the photographic moment of truth, when all the elements in a picture were at their maximum expressiveness. In

Beaumont Newhall, director, George Eastman House, Rochester, N. Y.

Edward Steichen, director, Dept. of Photography, Museum of Modern Art, New York.



Aline B. Saarinen, associate art critic, The New York Times, *New York City.*

Stanley Marcus, president, Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Texas.

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all of these photographs the visual elements combine for a total effect that is unusually satisfying to look at. In all of them the photographer creatively expressed what he felt and saw, using to the fullest the capacities of this medium.

"Using these elements as a standard, about 900 photographs were selected from the 175,000. Since the original goal was to select the outstanding fifty, several reviews of the 900 were necessary. But no amount of reviewing reduced the number much below eighty. *Life*'s assistant art director, Margit Varga, reviewed the 900 and added another two dozen to the eighty. So, after further review with other *Life* editors, we solved the problem by submitting two groups of fifty each. Each of these photographs, we feel, expresses better than words the definition of art as created by photography."

This was typical of the travail and serious consideration that all groups expended in their selection of pictures for the judging. In the meantime, Mr. Rorimer and The Metropolitan Museum became interested in the project. The remaining question was: "Who is to judge which of 438 photographs shall be chosen for the exhibit?" After much discussion, it was finally concluded that the nominations should be evaluated by a group of leaders in thought from different fields of artistic endeavor, those who represent present-day thinking and whose opinions are respected. The Advisory Committee was the result.

The final judging occurred January 23, 1959. Each member through his own individual taste and judgment appraised each photograph and cast his votes only for those he felt worthy on the basis of his own philosophy of values and the requirements of fine art. It was decided that only those photographs which received a majority were to form the final selection. Some pictures received no votes; some received many. From the 438 nominations, eighty-five received a majority. The split was fifty-five black-and-white and thirty color. The pictures selected were made by fifty-five different photographers. And perhaps one of the most heartening and meaningful results was that one of the final choices is a photograph by an amateur, the Rev. Kenneth W. Tyler of Cleveland, Ohio, which had won a prize in a national contest. It was nominated for Photography in the Fine Arts by a large photo-supply manufacturer.

Now, just what do these pictures represent? As spokesman for the Advisory Committee, Dmitri said, "Let it be clearly understood, and repeatedly stressed, these are not the greatest photographs of this or any time. These are some of the fine photographs that are, however, representative of the outstanding work being done today by contemporary photographers. As some members of the Advisory Committee felt constrained to say, there is no precise way to assemble in one place the greatest of anything—paintings, photographs, or doodles. This exhibit is no more than it purports to be."

Every museum will be watching this experiment. The Metropolitan has now set aside a gallery not far from the main hall as its permanent "Photographic Exhibition Gallery." It is planned that the photographs in this first exhibition will become part and parcel of the permanent collections of The Metropolitan Museum of Art. It should give encouragement and impetus to the search for and selection of more fine photographs, for this as well as other museums. In Minneapolis, Boston, New Orleans, and San Francisco, similar interest has been shown.

It is Dmitri's intention that the project become an incorporated, nonprofit organization called "The Institute for Photography in the Fine Arts," which will stimulate and offer concrete aid to all groups who become interested in the movement. The function will be to ferret out, collect, and recommend fine pictures, as an art dealer would do in the case of paintings or etchings. Whether the present stir and the future consequences will answer the question "What is art?" is something we won't take up here. In fact, the controversial aspects in the field of art are not expected to diminish. All we know is that many experts are now talking about photography and fine art in the same breath. As Joyce Hall, one of the country's foremost art patrons and a member of the Advisory Committee, said when he had finished his judging: he would have to give careful thought to revision of his yardstick for fine art. Allen F. Hurlburt, art director of *Look* magazine, described his feelings this way:

"I am not quite sure how you define art in the case of photography. If the classic work of Daumier, Goya, and Breughel, in reporting the world of their times, is art, then perhaps a photographer's work can also be considered as art. Our photographers are primarily reporters and rarely make conscious effort toward artistic achievement. However, I feel that the essence of art exists in the very nature of their talents and our requirements."

Louis F. V. Mercier, picture editor of *Holiday* magazine, declares:

"It is perhaps wrong to equate photography as a whole with the media of great art. But I think that some photographs are worth a place in a museum by virtue of the universal appeal of their subject matter, of the appreciation they inspire, of the degree of cultivation to which they appeal, of the skill of the photographer with his tools and of that of himself which he imposes on his subject."

Fred W. Bartlett, chairman of the Board of Directors, Socony Mobil Oil Company, Inc., believes that "when we seek to tell the story of our business through pictures, the objective is to produce a photograph which is

(*Continued on page* 57)

I now believe that the most important function of photography is as a direct communications medium, but with this, stress the importance of the photographer as an artist as a prerequisite in the further and greater development of photography in this function. — EDWARD STEICHEN, DIRECTOR, DEPARTMENT OF PHOTOGRAPHY, THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART.

It has been a long time coming, but the project for Photography in the Fine Arts has finally made it happen—the recognition of creative photography as an art to be hung in museums side by side with examples of great painting and sculpture. That is where great photographs rightfully belong. —BRYAN HOLME, EDITOR, STUDIO BOOKS.

For a long time, many people have been aware that, in the hands of an artist, photography is an art and, moreover, an art peculiar to and wholly appropriate to our time.—ALINE B. SAARINEN, ASSOCIATE ART CRITIC, THE NEW YORK TIMES.

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PHILLIP HARRINGTON: Siesta, Rome

ANSEL ADAMS: Mission, Ranchos de Taos, New Mexico

LEO LIONNI: East Indians Dyeing Mats

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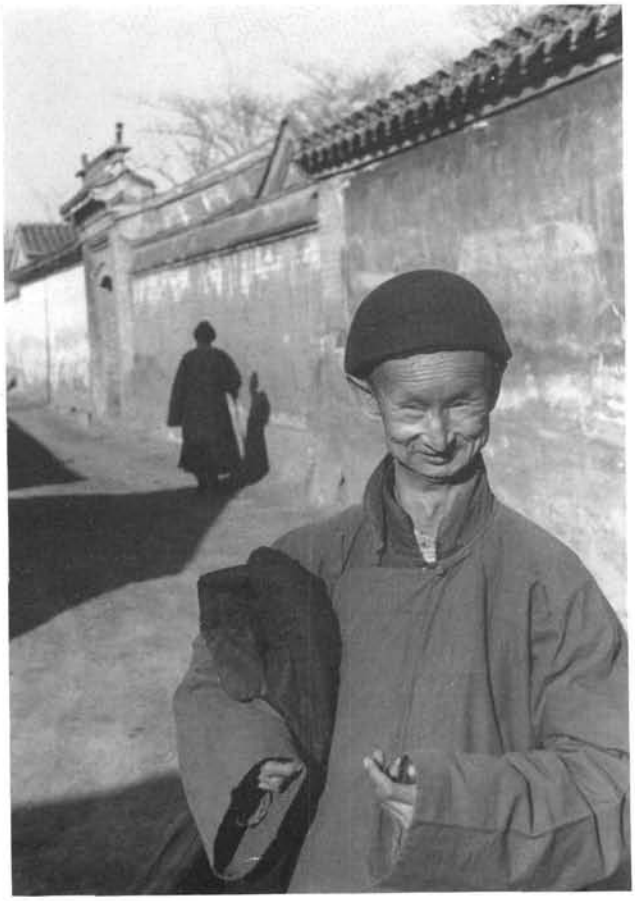

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON:
Eunuch of the Imperial Court, Peking

REV. KENNETH W. TYLER: Robin in Snow Storm

WERNER BISCHOF: Snow Scene, Japan

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JOHN VACHON: Poland

BOB SANDBERG: Sick Friend

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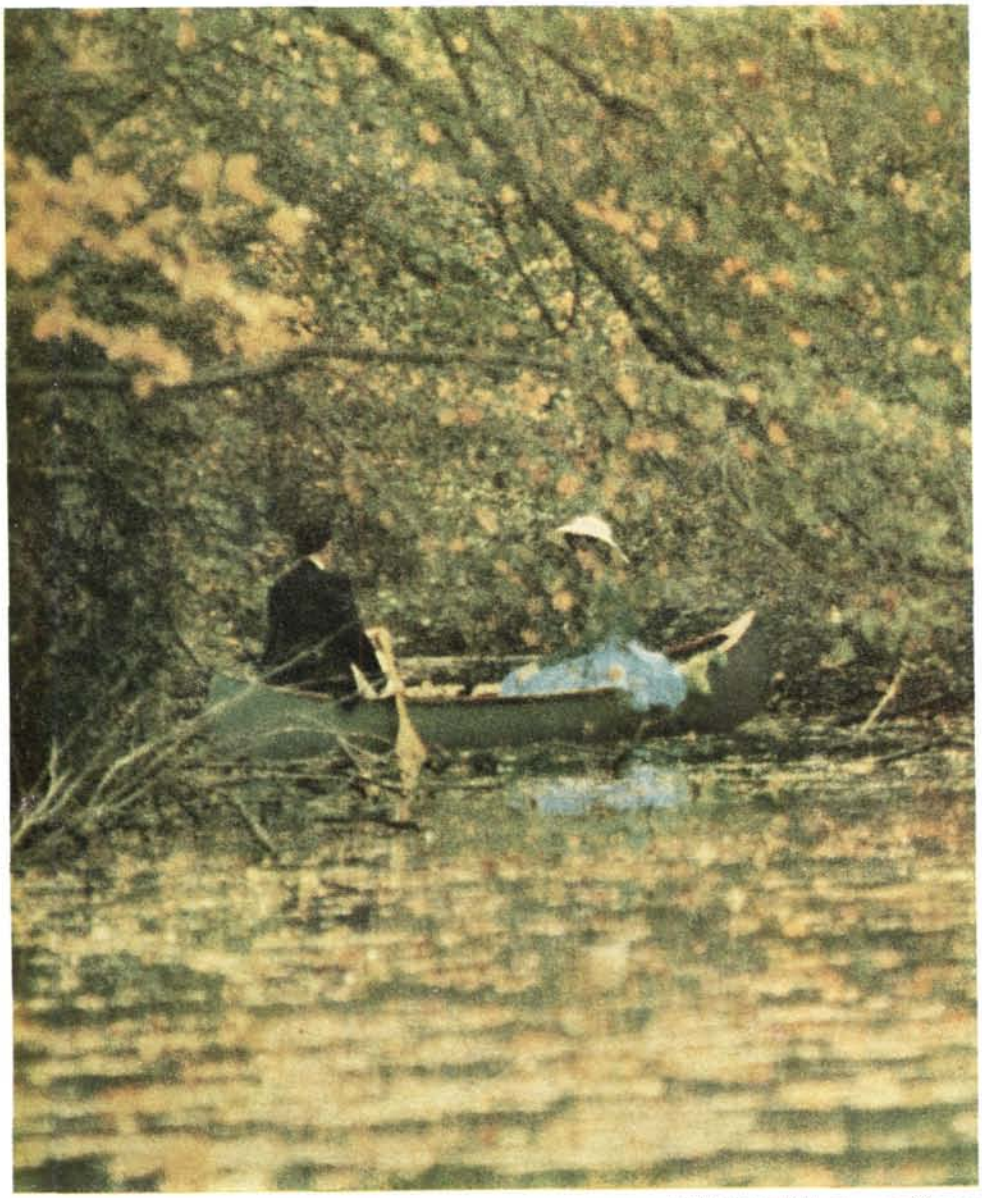
JOHN R. WELLS: Urban Pest



IRVING PENN: Two In Canoe

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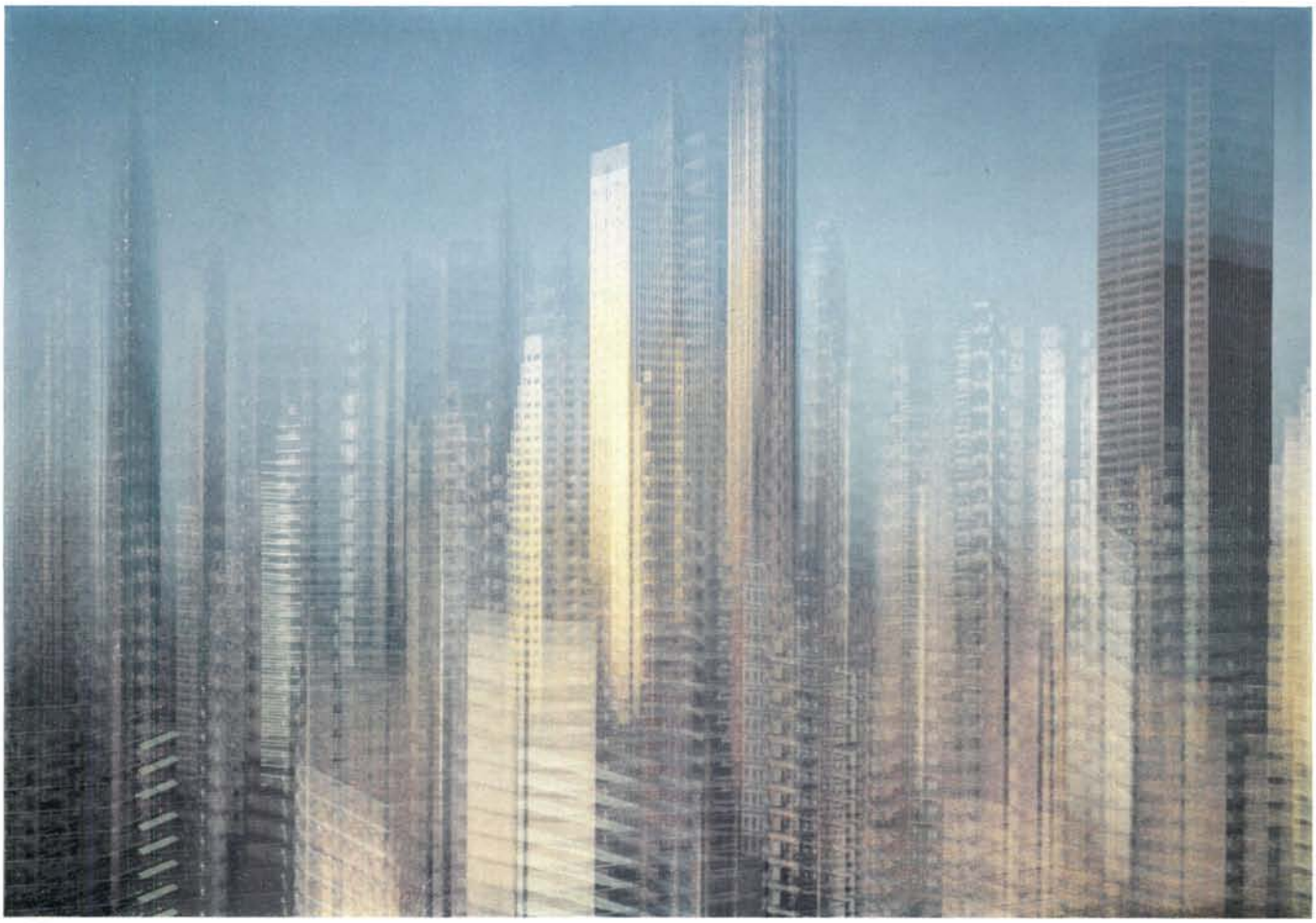

H. LANDSHOFF: Manhattan

ALFRED EISENSTAEDT: Coptic Vicar, Ethiopia

GJON MILI: Mozart's Birthplace, Salzburg

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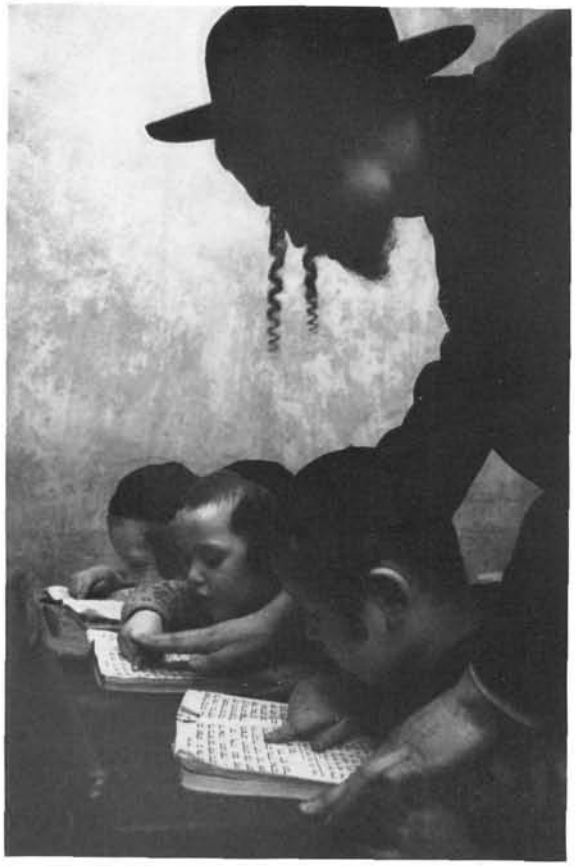
DAVID SEYMOUR: The Blackboard



CORNELL CAPA: Talmudic Scholars

ROBERT CAPA: D-Day

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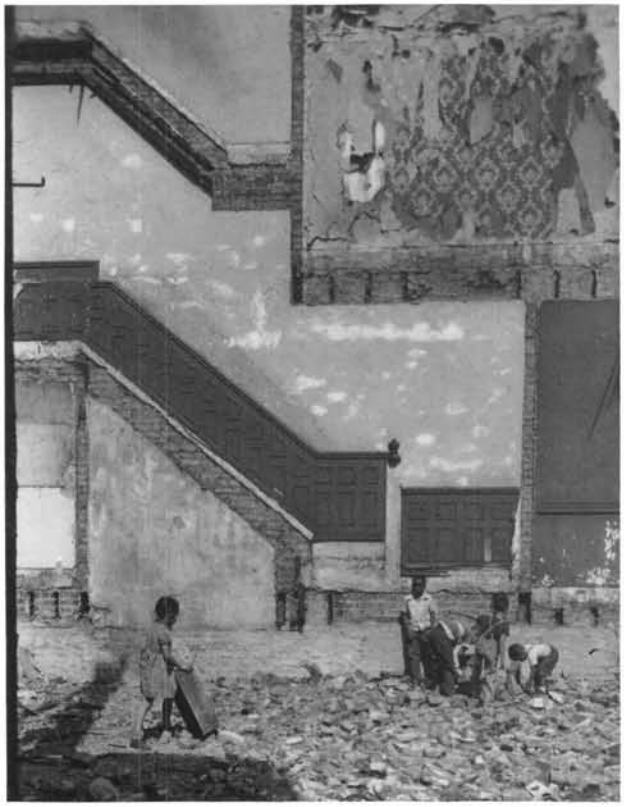
ELLIOT ERWITT: Street Scene



BOB LERNER: Texture

LEONARD McCOMBE: Farm Kitchen, Mexico

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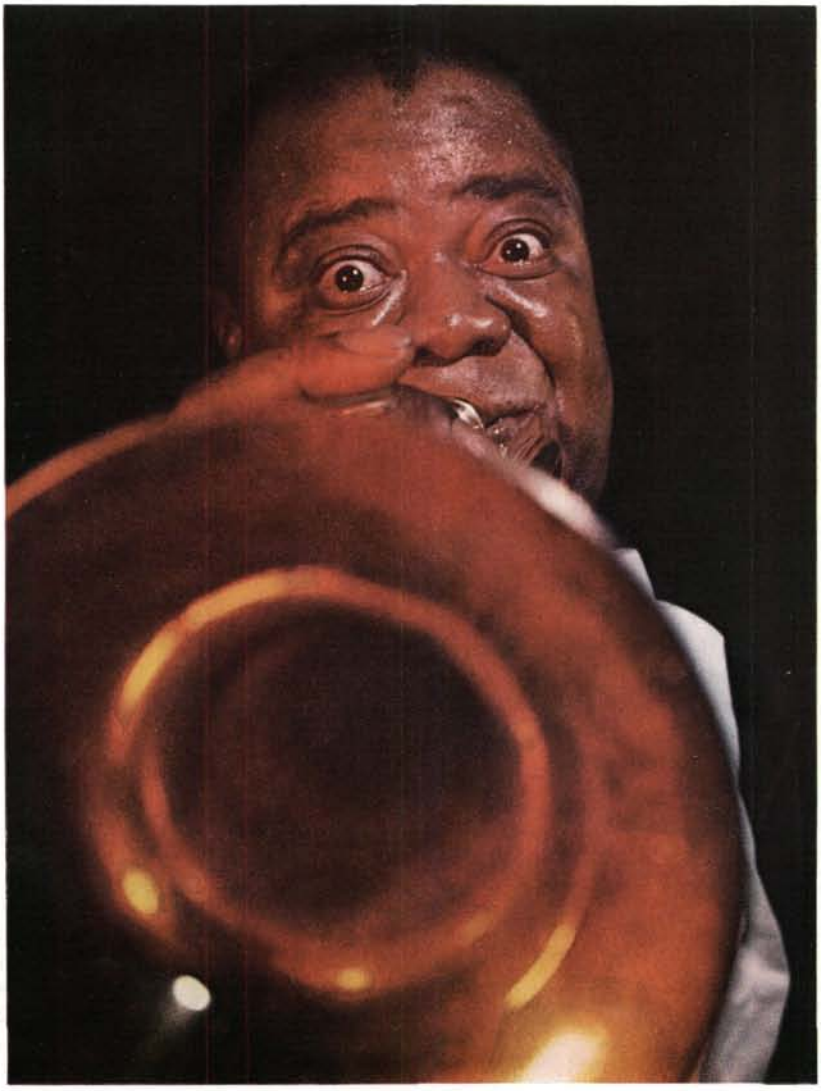
HOWARD SOCHUREK: High Altitude Flight



ELIOT ELISOFON: Satchmo

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THE PICTURES VIEWED AS PHOTOGRAPHS

By JOSEPH V. NOBLE

IN 1839 M. Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre invented photography. Daguerreotypes caught and retained on their silvery mirrored surfaces, miniature scenes and portraits with an amazing wealth of detail. The contemporary painters of portrait miniatures instinctively knew that they could not compete with this miracle process which recorded the exact likeness of the subject. Thus, from its birth, photography has competed with the older arts. Daguerre himself was a painter of considerable fame in the specialized field of the diorama. It was in the hope of simplifying the herculean task of painting these huge canvases that he turned his attention to chemical experiments in an effort to capture and make permanent the elusive image cast by a lens.

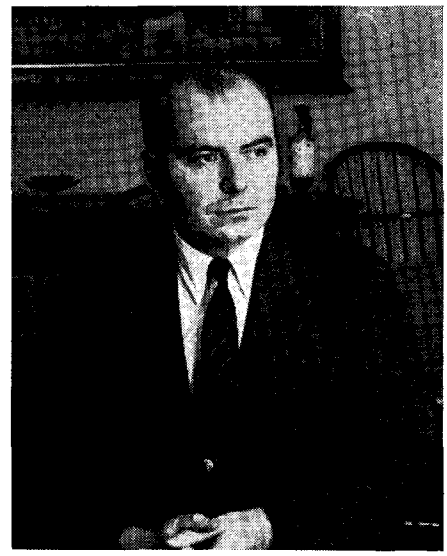
Scientists and artists had for centuries observed the realistic miniature inverted image formed by a lens and artists had long used the camera-obscura as an aid in sketching. The image cast by the camera-obscura lens was in color but Daguerre's process recorded it in black and white. I suppose that the public, who eagerly sat for portraits executed in this marvelous new process, expected that color photography would be the next invention and that it would follow shortly. In the meantime, while waiting for color to be developed, the daguerreotypes could be tinted by hand. Many portraits boasted pink spots on the cheeks of the subjects, and a gold ring for the third finger of the left hand could be added at the sitter's request. Ironically, it was almost a hundred years before a practical color process appeared that was to have widespread usage.

Although photography was invented by an artist and was designed to aid the artist, it soon usurped a substantial part of the artist's domain. Portraiture immediately passed almost exclusively to the camera. With quick, accurate, and inexpensive photographic reproductions available, the itinerant portrait artist passed into the same limbo that would swallow many a musician when the phonograph record performed the same function for music in the twentieth century.

Economic competition always brings about a reprisal and some artists, feeling the loss of certain types of work and revenue, leveled strong criticisms against their new rival. They accused it of being mechanical, unfeeling, uninterpretive, and when words failed them—of being too photographic.

Photography, born of the older arts, has often been denied the definition of being an art itself. This is a strange paradox, similar to that of being born on Mount Olympus and then being hurled out of the sacred area as the Greek god Hephaestus was cast down to the earth by his mother, Hera, when she discovered that he was lame. Hephaestus was later brought back to the abode of the gods, and perhaps this is what is happening to photography today.

Photography was hailed as an art form at its birth but relatively few early photographs were works of art. Among the earliest are the amazing portraits made by David Octavius Hill, a Scotch portrait painter who turned to photography in 1843, initially to help him in his work on a monstrous painting of 474 clergymen.



—Sidney Waintrob.

Joseph V. Noble is the Operating Administrator of The Metropolitan Museum of Art, and one of his responsibilities is that of supervising the photographic studio of the Museum. He has long been interested in photography as an art form and began exhibiting in photographic salons when he was sixteen. In 1948 he received the Venice Film Festival award for the motion picture, "Photography in Science." Before joining the Museum in 1956 he was the executive vice-president of Film Counselors, Inc.

Knowing little of technical processes, he collaborated with the chemist Robert Adamson and proved that an artist behind the camera could produce a work of art. The personality of each of his subjects projects itself so clearly in his photographic portraits that one feels that the true identity of the subject has been laid bare by the camera lens. No doubt portraits of this type inspired Nathaniel Hawthorne to include in his novel "The House of the Seven Gables," a young photographer whose portraits of a certain dignified old gentleman showed him to be the evil person he really was.

MANY improvements were made in the photographic process and by the time of the Civil War, photography was ready to win another victory over the other graphic arts. Artists had long depicted historical events to the credit and honor of the side they represented.

Mathew Brady's monumental series of the Civil War whetted the public's appetite for news photographs, a hunger which still cannot be satisfied, even by the huge photo-editorial magazines of today. One graphic artist competing against the camera during the Civil War was Winslow Homer, who produced a marvelous series of drawings of various battle and camp scenes.

Perhaps even he felt the influence of the camera, for many of his compositions have a photographic quality and his framing of a subject often echoes the cropping of a photograph.

Photography made steady but rather prosaic progress in the hands of the professionals until the advent of the dry plate process near the end of the nineteenth century. Until that time the equipment was so expensive and cumbersome that it attracted only a few venturesome amateurs. The dry plate process allowed the amateur to enter the field, and amateurs fortun-

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ately rushed in where professionals feared to tread. The results were amazing; pictorial photography was born. Landscapes, still lifes, and nudes poured forth in an ever increasing flood, influencing the work of the professionals who were hard pressed to keep up with the innovations.

The photographers wanted to create art so they imitated painting. George Inness was a favorite painter to copy, but his soft misty paintings were a far cry from the sharp image normally created by the camera. Diffusion discs were invented, tripods were kicked during exposure, a photographer could even spit on his lens; the results were soft and misty. My father's camera, vintage 1889, which I inherited, is equipped with a snap-on diffusion disc to be placed over the lens. The camera bears the nameplate "Tele Photo Cyco Poco," which means that its double extension bellows will permit a telephoto photograph. The "Cyco" refers to its portability; it used a four-inch by five-inch glass photographic dry plate, making the equipment compact enough to be strapped on the rear luggage carrier of a bicycle. "Poco" refers to a now defunct manufacturing company.

With the advent of increased interest, several photographic magazines appeared, of which by far the most important was *Camera Work*, edited and published by Alfred Stieglitz between 1903 and 1917. His influence on the photographic world is unequaled—he shaped its trends for over fifty years. Stieglitz was an outstanding photographer himself who guided numerous men into photographic careers. In addition to photographic activities, he helped to launch many now famous modern painters and graphic artists.

I am convinced that Photography is one of the Fine Arts. A great photograph is as much a part of aesthetic experience as a masterpiece of painting, sculpture, printmaking, music, poetry or prose. It is not the medium that counts, but the measure of creativity.—GRACE MAYER, CURATOR OF PRINTS, MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Interest in photography as an art form waned between World War I and the middle of the depression. Then two inventions revitalized it. The first was the invention of the miniature camera, a small camera with a huge lens capable of taking pictures under poor light conditions on 35 mm. film. Indoors, at night, in the theatre—the era of the candid photo had arrived and the day of the stilted posed picture was over. High-speed pictures with the action frozen by the new camera were the rage. Today we take these techniques for granted but in the late Thirties they seemed almost unbelievable.

Then came color; color for the miniature camera. Not the expensive cumbersome color processes that only the professional could afford, but color for everyone. The amateur pushed the button and the processing company did the rest. The color film could be projected life size on the screen, reproductions could be made in magazines, or paper prints could be produced for exhibitions. It seemed as if the millennium were here for photography. Again the amateurs and the camera clubs led the way. Among them were many artists, doctors, lawyers, and professional people, who found in photography the challenge of mastering a technical process and attempted to create works of art by means of it. The international photographic salons had thousands of exhibitors, and every photographer was his own artist.

World War II put an end to this renaissance of photography. The war stimulated scientific photography and photo reporting but not photography as an art form.

One of the problems has been pointed out by the artists' complaints that photography was "too literal, too photographic." Modern art today is largely abstract or at least highly interpretive. How can photography compete on these terms? This is a vexing problem that I raised with Alfred Stieglitz over twenty years ago.

It is easier to see the answer now, and I believe it is apparent in the exhibition, Photography in the Fine Arts. The camera can be used in an interpretive manner to transcend the limitations of literalism. Foreshortening of perspective by the choice of the focal length of the lens; emphasis by the selection of the camera angle; deliberate diffusion, blurring or movement; montage, or the juxtaposition of picture elements; shadowgrams and light patterns; as well as many other techniques, are means with which a creative artist may interpret a subject photographically.

However attractive and valid these approaches may be, it seems to me that the birthright of photography rests on the very quality which most amazed the world at the time of its invention 120 years ago: its rendition of reality. Texture, perspective, movement, form, color, and emotion can be recorded in a fraction of a second—and more accurately than by any other process.

As a photograph records reality it is accepted as a representation of truth; it possesses the rare quality of creditability. Great photographs capitalize on these inherent advantages of the medium.

The creativeness of photography is a subject which has always interested me tremendously. The right of a photograph to be hung in a gallery alongside a painting of proven merit is an interesting exploration. That photography can be creative is a proven fact. What the photograph must establish is its capability to "wear well" over a period of time.

Since "wearability" is an important ingredient in any creative effort, the true worthiness of our selection can only be judged in retrospect.

The greatness in paintings is the ability to endure, to fascinate, and re-fascinate generations of minds. Can the camera, with its inherent immediacy, create works of lasting interest? I believe it can and does. Only time will tell.—FRANK BAKER, SENIOR ART DIRECTOR, MCCANN-ERICKSON.

The project of considering photography as an art strikes me as a very logical one. When I was asked to examine the pictures you exhibited as art, I found myself seeing new values in them that I had never before seen in photographs. The photographer who brings the same intense, personal creativity to his work that the painter or sculptor does should merit serious recognition from our art museums.—JOYCE C. HALL, PRESIDENT, HALLMARK CARDS, KANSAS CITY.

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PHOTOGRAPHY:

ART—TECHNIQUES—TOOLS

By IVAN DMITRI, *who first achieved eminence as a contemporary master of etching. His work is represented in the H. O. Havemeyer Collection at The Metropolitan Museum of Art, and in the print collections of other great museums throughout the world. Now a leading professional photographer, he is director of the "Photography in the Fine Arts" project.*

As anyone who has ever delved into serious picture-taking—or etching, as I did originally—is well aware, there is a strange and wonderful fascination about the tools of the trade. This appeal stems from the fact that as the worker becomes ever more alert to the creative capabilities of his equipment and materials, he yearns for additional equipment with even greater potential as a means of more certain self-expression.

Actually, the basic tools of photography, like those of etching, lithography, or oil painting, are relatively simple. These tools fall into two general classes. First, there is the "mechanical," which in addition to cameras and other equipment should also include film, paper, and chemicals, because, like cameras, these have certain fixed limitations within which the photographer must work. Secondly, come the variables, such as the nature and source of light, the manipulative skill of the photographer at certain stages in the picture-creating process and, finally, that most important of all photographic abilities, the photographer's "eye" for pictures, which unerringly leads the photographer to the right viewpoint, at the right time, for the right creative effect.

Truly creative workers in the photographic arts may specialize in one or another of the available tools to achieve specific effects. Edward Weston, the great California photographer, for instance, chose an 8- by 10-inch view camera as the instrument which most precisely enabled him to capture on film all the beauties of Point Lobos, Death Valley, and the California Desert he loved so well. As a result of this choice, he did not find it necessary to "enlarge" his pictures, preferring instead to make what the trade calls "contact" prints, by placing his negative directly in contact with a sheet of photographic paper and exposing both to light. Watching him at work in his darkroom, one could see the loving care he expended on each print. His hands would dodge deftly in and out of the light, striking his printing frame in order to control more precisely the effect on each print. In this sense Weston perhaps represented the epitome of the photographer who, like an etcher, wipes his plate with care so as to control each minute gradation of tone in the final print.

In contrast to Weston, Henri Cartier-Bresson, for example, has chosen to work with equipment that today is practically the mark of the magazine photo-journalist—the 35 mm. camera. Such a camera is small (with a negative only 1 by 1½ inches), highly compact, extremely precise, and well suited for Cartier-Bresson's passion for the "exact instant." This enables him to arrest a moment in time and to capture the feeling of such subjects as an emaciated eunuch at the outskirts of the old Imperial Court at Peking or an Easter Sunday morning in Harlem.

Between these extremes in camera size lie a host of other instruments which have equally great artistic potentials. For example, the simplest of beginners' cameras, utilized within the limits of its capabilities, has a fabulous potential for creative achievement. So, too, have the widely popular twin-lens reflex cameras which were first introduced in Europe and have now spread round the world.

The extraordinary thing about cameras, however, is that the field never remains still for very long. No matter what the creative worker's personal choice of equipment may be, chances are that there will be some innovation or improvement introduced within the next twelve months. During the past year, for example, the automatic age has come to photography, and manufacturers are equipping cameras with built-in electric exposure meters which—in some instances—will even automatically pre-set the shutter to the proper aperture for existing light conditions.

Photographic workers who do their own processing immediately move into another area where tremendous creative control is constantly at hand. In fact, it is possible to create, in effect, a "picture" in the darkroom by any of several means without a camera at all. And it is possible to produce a wide variety of effects or "pictures" from the same photographic negative or transparency by means of varied darkroom control procedures. These procedures range from possible variations in the time and temperature of development which will affect the density and contrast of the negative, to the choice of a specific grade and contrast in photographic papers which may determine the tone and feeling of the finished print. A really great photographer is almost always an expert darkroom technician as well, because the act of print-making with its many possible variations and controls is, in many ways, as creative as the act of arranging the composition, lighting the subject, or taking the picture.

Light, of course, is the basic tool of all photographers. In the studio, light may be easily controlled and its delicate nuances and variations utilized to achieve specific effects. Edward Steichen, the dean of American photographers, once made 1,000 different exposures of a single cup and saucer in order to learn more about lighting and methods of controlling it. Still in the same pursuit Steichen recently made more than 1,000 pictures of a

Ever since the day in 1839 when the National Academy of Design in New York elected Daguerre their first honorary member, there has been an increasing recognition of creative potential of photography. We no longer need to debate the question "Is photography an art?" We need only define what kind of art it is. More importantly, we need to find and encourage the few who use the camera as artists. It is the privilege of museums to serve this function.—BEAUMONT NEWHALL, DIRECTOR, GEORGE EASTMAN HOUSE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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flowering bush growing outside the window of his home in Connecticut. Here again, many variations in light are as fascinating to him as the changes of season and the reactions of the bush to wind, sun and rain.

Specific types of light have become almost the trademark of certain photographers. John Rawlings, for instance, has brought his photography to new heights by utilizing the all-encompassing indirect natural light from a skylight atop his studio. Gjon Mili, on the other hand, has utilized the rapid repetition of stroboscopic flash illumination to create new patterns of form and motion which are beautiful and intriguing works of art. Still other photographers create different effects by deliberate over-exposure to light, or under-exposure to such an extent that practically no image is registered on the emulsion at all.

It is in the utilization of the many creative skills allied with photography that today's workers are most successfully testing the limits of artistic achievement in this field. Deliberate camera movement during exposure, for example, is now realized to have high potential for artistic expression, although at one time any experimentation along these lines would have been roundly denounced. This technique brings to the photographic print a new sense of motion and fluidity which can be as thrilling as any impressionistic painting. Along with deliberate camera movement, experiments have been conducted with controlled double-exposures, special soft or diffused focus effects—such as those used so successfully by Irving Penn in his beautiful study "Two In a Canoe," and other variations of standard photographic technique. These may indicate that photographers, like painters, are now moving into an age of nonrepresentationalism and pure design.

The chances that this is true are, however, rather remote, because the fundamental characteristic of photography is still its uncompromising representationalism. Of one thing and one thing only can we be completely certain—photography is a fluid and developing art.

This project should assist both photographers and collectors to a better understanding of those factors by which photographs may rightfully be classed as fine arts.—STANLEY MARCUS, PRESIDENT, NEIMAN-MARCUS, DALLAS.

Viewed as Pictures

Continued from page 38

with which photography began; it is also the one which, incidentally, has the greatest links to painting and drawing—namely, that of portraiture. Here we may call portraiture a specific likeness of a specific person, as against simply a figure piece of an anonymous person. The portraits in this exhibition begin with one of Sir Winston Churchill, a famous picture by Yousuf Karsh, which might be called a symbol of the present and the past. It represents present and past both in terms of the distinguished statesman who is the subject, and in terms of portraiture which was the first function of photography and in many ways still remains a major function (although photography, of course, has gone far beyond it). This picture gives me, above all, a sense of precisely that unforgettable immediacy of the presence of Churchill, fixing that minute in time when this great man of the twentieth century looked exactly as he does here, a kind of historical record which no history book of coming centuries can afford to neglect. Another portrait here represents one of the greatest painters of our time, if not indeed the greatest, glimpsed at the intimate moment of a man who has somehow impressed his personality on the world almost as much as he has his art. That is the portrait of Picasso by David Douglas Duncan. Picasso is engaged in finishing up one of those marvelous Mediterranean fish caught in Provence—and showing him as full of the vitality and of life this extraordinary septuagenarian still manifests in his own works of art. We are bound to know him better for this likeness because in it he accidentally associates himself with primitive Mediterranean culture, and its images of people eating, as we know them from early vases and still see them on primitive Majorcan plates. Through this photograph we have really entered into a kind of acquaintanceship with one of the great men of our time.

This is hardly less true of the extraordinary portrait of Nehru by Karsh, nor of the deeply moving one by David Seymour, of Toscanini at the piano beside the death masks of Verdi and Wagner. Somehow Toscanini's own respect and veneration for music is conveyed in this picture as in few other images, except those we carry in our memory of him on the podium before an orchestra. Next we come to one of the great folk musicians of our time, Mr. Louis Armstrong by Eliot Elisofon—here, too, the camera deals with old methods of portraiture but introduces into it entirely new methods of composition, of foreshortening, yet also interpreting a personality almost better than if we sat in a room with this classic interpreter of jazz. Eliot Elisofon's striking "Roddy McDowall" and Frederick Sommer's surrealist portrait of Max Ernst illustrate other directions in photographic portraiture.

Finally, there is an astonishing likeness of one of the great literary creators of our time, Ezra Pound by Richard Avedon. Oddly, this portrait is even more than of simply Ezra Pound himself and a commemoration of his creative days. It becomes a classic image of the Tragic Poet through the centuries since the blind Homer. Few of us could look at this man's likeness without being aware that a vast tragedy had occurred in his life.

Next, we come to another of the themes early photographers took from painting, namely the so-called genre or anecdotal picture—really the "slice of life" not in its sordid moments but that type of "slice of life" painted by the Dutch "little" masters in the seventeenth century, by English painters in the eighteenth, by the academicians of all nations in the nineteenth century. W. Eugene Smith's "Woman Weaving" and the scene of horses at a Roman fountain by Phillip Harrington; that remarkable amateur photograph of "Robin in Snow Storm" by the Rev. Kenneth W. Tyler; the people waiting for a bus in the snowy street in "Urban Pest" by John R. Wells; the clown on rainy circus grounds by Bruce Davidson; the picture of the "Mexican Farm Kitchen" by Leonard McCombe; the pigeon hovering over the cobbles in Elliott Erwitt's "Street Scene;" Roy de Carava's "Man on Subway Stairs;" Duncan's "Moslem Women at Prayer," "Easter Sunday in Harlem" by Henri Cartier-Bresson; Bob Sandberg's "Sick Friend," and "Talmudic Scholars" by Cornell Capa; even the underwater picture of children swimming in "Water Babies" by Maurice Terrell or the religious ritual by Takahiro Ono—all of these deal with the immortal subject matter of story-telling pictures. They tell their stories wonderfully, they use the camera somehow for verisimilitude to prove that this really *is* a slice of life as it is lived. I cannot say that this is my favorite type of photograph, but I must admit that it is one which moves enormous numbers of people. The great exhibition of "The Family of Man" at the Museum of Modern Art, though also spiced with some tragic pictures, was composed mostly

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of this kind of photography and has had an enormous success in every country of the world in which it has traveled. It represents a simple bond between peoples of all nations as they see others like themselves caught in every-day occupations.

Out of this sweet story-telling, photographers also have, of course, made more moving images which are not merely story-telling. The extraordinary reclining figure on a hot day seen through a screen in a color photograph ("Summer Sleep" by Irving Penn); the same photographer's "Moroccan Children;" the stirring image of the old praying man by Leo Stashin; the picture of a devout man in the country ("Blue Ridge Mountain Postmaster" by Arthur Rothstein); the stark "Doorway of the Church" by Dorothea Lang; the scene inside the store ("Two for a Penny" by Michael Anguti), almost like a Vuillard or a Bonnard in its Intimist view of life—all these seem to me to go a step beyond pure story-telling. With "Maneuvers of Turkish Cavalry" by David Douglas Duncan, a quite remarkable picture which seems at once like a nineteenth-century painting of a battle and also like a modern photograph of an army, we enter on a new kind of penetration; not the battle scene sketched by reporters at the front but the truth-bearing witnesses of carnage and of bloodshed and of human misery. Yet it is still a picture of the rather colorful and glorious side of war. It is a quick step from it to "D-Day" by Robert Capa and "American Casualties, New Guinea" by George Strock, with its dead GIs on the beach. It shows the heights to which the camera can rise, not in any planned way but simply as an awful witness. So, too, the extraordinary Communist youth in East Berlin by N. R. Farbman, looking so hideously like the Nazis of only fifteen years ago; the tragical Negro ("Harlem Gang Leader" by Gordon Parks); the sad faces in "Playground in Spain" by Henri Cartier-Bresson; the shadowy figures in Ray K. Metzker's "Children Playing;" "Chicago" by John Vachon; Werner Bischof's "Indonesian Children on Mat;" and again Robert Capa's "Italian Mothers at Mass Funeral of Their Sons"—all of these show us life as we would hardly ever encounter it ourselves. Masterfully, and somehow with much less action, the great Cartier-Bresson "Eunuch of the Imperial Court, Peking" stands also as does the first portrait here as an example of past and present. Finally the "Spanish Wake" by W. Eugene Smith, has the moving quality of an Italian or Spanish primitive painting—less spiritual, perhaps, but more full of actuality.

Again there is the drama in Elliott Erwitt's "Baby, Cat and Mother;" in Jerry Cooke's "Ohio Insane Asylum;" David Seymour's "The Blackboard;" Ben Shahn's "Destitute Woman;" Steven Trefonides' "Dying Woman;" and in the extraordinary scenes of the Spanish Civil War by Cartier-Bresson and in "Oklahoma Dust Storm" by Arthur Rothstein; in John Vachon's "Poland," of Polish refugees on the march. These, it seems to me, tell of tragedy to a degree which is characterized by the line of Donne's from which Hemingway took the title of his book, "Ask not for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee."

No mention of technique so far because, in the first place, I know very little about photographic techniques and I am not often deeply impressed by them alone. As a critic of pictures, I remain impressed more by what the picture says to me and what it makes me feel. These that now follow represent a sort of natural forward step from the story-telling photographs. They are the pictures in which there are indeed stories told. Every one has a theme or an idea, often even an anecdote. Yet they seem to carry the story-telling picture into another realm where painting has also taken the story-telling picture. This might be characterized again by comparison with Bonnard and Vuillard, the so-called Intimist artists who painted close-by subjective views of their immediate surroundings and of the people and houses they visited and saw daily. These photographs are typified by Irving Penn's "Two in a Canoe," which like an Impressionist painting or those of Bonnard and Vuillard, shows two anonymous people in a way suggesting a romantic association; nevertheless, they are incorporated within nature, and at the same time, the whole picture becomes a kind of all-over pattern that determines the style. In painting, this style is one in which the subject or the anecdote becomes more the excuse than the reason for the picture, because of the artist's stylistic concentration on its subjective aspects. Clearly, the minds of some photographers, either independently or influenced by painters, have caught something of the same feeling. It is seen, in a way, in Bob Lerner's "Texture," and in Ernst Haas's "Conversation on Third Avenue," where the shadows become a pattern of their own; the "Bullfight" by Haas, where the blurred images of speed have been allowed to make a pattern for themselves; in the lovely landscape of reeds in water by Andreas Feininger, where again the pattern triumphs over the subject itself and adds to the sentimental quality; in the figure in a boat "Seine Rowboat" by Irving Penn where an exaggeration of natural

Each photograph was individually studied and judged.

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color and of reflections in the water have somehow tended to emphasize, as they do in Expressionist painting, qualities of movement and of emotional association. Sometimes this concentration on pattern and on the subjective aspects of items in the picture are used to form not merely pictures in which there is pattern for its own sake but also as accessories to a figure or an element of the picture—as they are in Alfred Eisenstaedt's "Coptic Vicar, Ethiopia" or in Irving Penn's "Country Kitchen" or in Leo Lionni's "East Indians Dyeing Mats."

This leads to another type of photograph where the *texture* of the picture becomes the subject matter—treated not in any Intimist way but with a deliberate use of bold patterns, as in Feininger's "Intersecting Walls at GM's Technical Center," where simply the walls of modern industrial architecture form what appears at first glance to be an abstract pattern. It is odd how closely this parallels one of the oldest forms of interior photography as in Gjon Mili's "Mozart's Birthplace, Salzburg," which has as another parallel the most abstract kind of closeup of interior-exterior, as in Mark Kauffman's "Platero and I." Perhaps one of the most interesting of these, at first glance a kind of abstract pattern, and at second glance as specific as any picture by a Magic Realist, is Phillip Harrington's "Siesta, Rome."

This kind of pattern-photography goes from small scale, subjective views of surfaces like Lucien Clergue's "Nu de la Mer No. 1" and Shirley Burden's "Dead Bird," to great wide scale views in a way which seems to indicate that the camera nowadays is rather ahead of a great deal of painting. Emil Kessel; the almost completely abstract view of Ansel Adams's "Mission, Ranchos de Taos, New Mexico"—all indicate how photographers have become as obsessed with making semi-abstract forms out of natural forms as indeed painters have become. It is interesting that few of the photographs chosen for this exhibition represent a phase of photography that had a great influence on abstract painting, namely the macro-photographs or enormously enlarged photographs of plant forms and animal forms which began to be made in Germany in the 1920s. Many of these macro-photographs of the veins of a leaf or the patterns of a tree bark, influenced painters' vision and still do, and are responsible for what appears to us in painting to be completely abstract. Consider for example, Gustav Schenk's "Microscopic Study of a Drop of Water."

Now the textural photograph is not necessarily always the creation of abstract form. It often uses a device as clearly modern as the architecture and the towns it photographs, like the view of Park Avenue (H. Landshoff's "1,404 Windows to Wash"); or even more in those marvelous multiple-exposure pictures, "Manhattan by Day" and "City at Night" also by Landshoff, and Harry Callahan's "Chicago Loop." Here they have utilized, as painters have come to do in modern art, some of the accidents of their medium as well as the precision with which one could photograph the modern architecture and other miracles of modern towns illuminated at night. But in picking one form or another to emphasize it must not be thought that all photograph-views of what we used to call landscapes and what, beginning with the eighteenth century painters like Canaletto and Guardi, were called town-scapes as well, are realistic or even mechanistic or semi-abstract.

There is still an entire school of lyrical landscape photography, just as there was one of lyrical landscape painting from Corot through the Impressionists to the death of Renoir in the early part of the twentieth century. But these lyrical landscapist-photographers, it seems to me, use a lens so much more capable of rendering distance and of suggesting a kind of image beyond the image, that they have a classification all by themselves and must not necessarily be ranked with painters. Just as the double-exposure pictures of the city which are mentioned a few paragraphs above represent a typical example of the artist triumphing over his medium, so I think the same is true of Dmitri Kessel's "Yangtze River," an extraordinary view down a great Chinese canyon. The photographer must have had an exciting airplane ride while he was photographing the mist rising from the depths of this Chinese landscape and made it look, in the end, very much like the paintings on a Chinese scroll of the Sung school. It is interesting that another Oriental influence is at work on the picture by Werner Bischof of the Japanese snow scene where the curious snowscape has added some of the pale texture we associate with Japanese monochrome painting and scrolls; and the photographer, also influenced by the art of the country he was photographing, has somehow given it that curiously continuous horizontal movement in composition which we are aware of in Oriental

A. Hyatt Mayor, member of the Advisory Committee, and Curator of Prints under whose aegis the exhibition will be presented at The Metropolitan Museum of Art. He has long been an enthusiastic critic of the fine art of photography. During past years he has published a number of lively and discerning articles on the subject.

How much longer will the destructive question, 'Is photography an art?' be asked. To ask it implies a separation of photography from the mainstream of visual art. Photography is just as much an art as any of the other human endeavors to seek out truth and out of it create the tangible record of man's growth as a sensitive, thinking being.

The extra sensitivity of camera and of film has given new scope to the creative man, that exceptional human being who is more sensitive, more attuned, and more able to respond tellingly to the infinite wealth of impulses that his environment and his time emit.—ALEXANDER LIBERMAN, ART DIRECTOR, VOGUE.

Schulthess's view of "The Bridge" made into a sort of mechanistic pattern; the extraordinarily handsome dusk view of Ernst Haas's Venetian gondolas; the ingenious way of using the foreground as a determinator of the picture "Skyline of Johannesburg" by Haas; the quite amazing night photograph of Rio de Janeiro by Dmitri

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scrolls that are often unrolled only eighteen or twenty inches at a time. This is equally true of Takeichi Hotta's "Fall" and the quite lyrical landscape in Dmitri Kessel's "1265 Battlefield, Evesham, England;" and another misty cityscape of a romantic sort, Yale Joel's "Fog, New York;" in the almost Whistler-like view of Emil Schulthess's "Golden Gate Bridge;" and finally in the romanticization of a purely mechanical scene by Ernst Haas of a racing car going around a speedway. This example leads us, however, from pure landscape into a kind of imagery and vision for which we have only the camera to thank. Even this picture is more than an image that could have been retained on the human retina, but we go far beyond it when we come to the group of scientific pictures in the exhibition—Howard Sochurek's "High Altitude Flight," which is moving so fast that it seems almost a miracle one could have photographed it and yet retain the passing moment of sunset; equally

George Silk's "Jet Fighters Over Thule Air Force Base" with its catching of the almost incredible patterns of jet fighters which make a picture that the mind of man could not have anticipated even as recently as fifteen years ago; and finally "Nebulosity in Monoceros" by the Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories, which is really a vision of which not even the greatest minds of the last 5,000 years could have dreamt, namely the view of a galaxy taken through the Mt. Palomar telescope, creating patterns such as the human eye may have briefly seen in a telescope and yet never composed into a whole picture, which would have been shouted down forty or fifty years ago.

In conclusion, I suppose it would be in order to confess that these have not only been random remarks made by an art critic who has momentarily found himself confronted with a group of carefully selected photographs, but that of course this selection itself has had to be an informal one. I do not think I would have had the temerity to confront an exhibition of all the best photographs made in the world within the last five or ten years, granting that such an exhibition could have been organized even given two or three years of preparatory work. After all, the choice of photographs is not an exact science, and this exhibition was organized as an expression of interest and good will rather than one of exact and precise study. I have no doubt that there have been important photographs left out from the original group of four hundred or five hundred, from which the jury made its choices, and hence even more from the present selection by the jury. But I think that a first attempt like this ought to be informal. It ought to have enough mistakes in it to teach lessons for the future, and I am hoping that it will turn up men of whom few could possibly have known and pictures of which fewer were aware. My own position has been a bit like that of the farmer who goes out to collect the eggs in the morning. He may feel himself a critic toward the hens, but it will make no difference since he has to take what he finds and may but hope for more and better in the future, taking every step he can to encourage the production of eggs. That really is what this exhibition ought to do: to encourage the making and future exhibition of as many distinguished photographs as possible.

Fulfillment

Continued from page 42

meaningful. When this is done superbly well," he said, "the result can be art."

An additional professional viewpoint was expressed by Kenneth Stuart, art editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*, who said, "Naturally I feel that museums should have regular photographic exhibits and permanent photographic collections. I'm looking forward to the first exhibit. It will help our museums bring to us the language and voice of photography."

Bartlett H. Hayes, Jr., director of the Addison Gallery of Art at Andover, told his fellow members on the Advisory Council, "The importance of this particular project is to see that an aesthetic sensitivity can be achieved through the medium of the camera, conceived as a tool having the same importance as a brush or a chisel, and that the essence of any art form is the control of the mind and the sensitivity of the individual who works with the medium, rather than the fact that it is a brush or a camera with a lens and a shutter and a time speed of a certain formula that goes with it."

Carl J. Weinhardt, Jr., Associate Curator of Prints at The Metropolitan Museum of Art, said:

"Before photography came into existence, the vital roles of visual communication and the dissemination of knowledge were carried by the traditional graphic arts—engraving, woodcutting, etc. Photography, just like the earlier medium, has produced masters whose work clearly transcends the level of reportage. To collect and preserve the work of such photographers is a logical extension of the function of a museum's print department."

So, here we are, with the walls of a respected art museum on Fifth Avenue supporting art that has been produced, partially at least, by a chemical process. This will provide an education for the participants as well as the observers. If art is a mirror, there will by all means be reflection here.

Photo Credits in *SR* Portfolio—Pages 43 through 50

Reading across pages, then down:

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THE PHOTOGRAPHERS & THE PHOTOGRAPHS

There follows in alphabetical order a complete list of the fifty-five photographers and the eighty-five examples of their work selected by the Advisory Committee of the "Photography in the Fine Arts" project for the exhibition now on display at The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. The numbers before each listing correspond to the numbers by which the photographs are designated in the actual exhibition at the museum.

ADAMS, Ansel.
*1) Mission, Ranchos de Taos, New Mexico

ANGUTI, Michael.
2) Two for a Penny

AVEDON, Richard.
3) Ezra Pound

BISCHOF, Werner.
4) Snow Scene, Japan
5) Two Indonesian Children on Mat

BURDEN, Shirley C.
6) Dead Bird

CALLAHAN, Harry.
7) Chicago Loop

CAPA, Cornell.
8) Talmudic Scholars

CAPA, Robert.
9) D-Day
10) Italian Mothers Mourn Sons

CARTIER-BRESSON, Henri.
11) Child in Valencia
12) Children Playing, Seville
13) Eunuch of the Imperial Court, Peking
14) Playground in Spain
15) Easter Sunday in Harlem

CLERGUE, Lucien.
16) Nu de la Mer No. 1

COOKE, Jerry.
17) Ohio Insane Asylum

DAVIDSON, Bruce.
18) Clown and Circus Tent

DE CARAVA, Roy.
19) Man on Subway Stairs

DUNCAN, David Douglas.
*20) Moslem Women at Prayer
21) Picasso and Fishbone
22) Maneuvers of Turkish Cavalry

EISENSTAEDT, Alfred.
*23) Coptic Vicar, Ethiopia

ELISOFON, Eliot.
*24) Satchmo
*25) Clown, Roddy McDowall

ERWITT, Elliott.
26) Baby, Cat and Mother
27) Street Scene

FARBMAN, N. R.
28) Communist Marchers, East Germany

FEININGER, Andreas
*29) Little Bay, de Noquet, Michigan
*30) Intersecting Walls at GM's Technical Center

FRANK, Robert.
31) Mary and Andrea

HAAS, Ernst.
*32) Conversation on Third Avenue
*33) Bullfight
*34) Johannesburg Skyline
*35) Venice, Gondolas in Blue Fog
*36) Sports Car Race

HARRINGTON, Phillip.
*37) Siesta, Rome
*38) Fountain, Rome

HOTTA, Takeichi.
39) Fall, Japan

JOEL, Yale.
40) Fog, New York

KARSH, Yousuf.
41) Churchill
42) Nehru

KAUFFMAN, Mark.
*43) Platero and I

KESSEL, Dmitri.
*44) Rio at Night
45) Yangtze River
*46) 1265 Battlefield, Evesham, England

LANDSHOFF, H.
*47) Manhattan
*48) City at Night
*49) 1,404 Windows to Wash

LANGE, Dorothea.
50) Doorway of the Church

LERNER, Bob.
51) Texture

LIONNI, Leo.
*52) East Indians Dyeing Mats

McCOMBE, Leonard.
53) Farm Kitchen, Mexico

METZKER, Ray K.
54) Children Playing

MILI, Gjon.
*55) Mozart's Birthplace, Salzburg

MOUNT WILSON AND PALOMAR OBSERVATORIES
56) Nebulosity in Monoceros

ONO, Takahiro.
57) Religious Ritual, Japan

PARKS, Gordon.
58) Harlem Gang Leader

PENN, Irving.
*59) Seine Rowboat
60) Moroccan Children
*61) Two in a Canoe
*62) Country Kitchen
*63) Summer Sleep

ROTHSTEIN, Arthur.
64) Oklahoma Dust Storm
65) Blue Ridge Mountain Postmaster

SANDBERG, Bob.
66) Sick Friend

SCHENK, Gustav.
67) Microscopic Study of a Drop of Water

SCHULTHESS, Emil.
*68) Golden Gate Bridge
*69) The Bridge

SEYMOUR, David.
70) Toscanini Playing Piano
71) The Blackboard

SHAHN, Ben.
72) Destitute Woman

SILK, George.
73) Jet Fighters over Thule Air Force Base

SMITH, W. Eugene.
74) Woman Weaving
75) Spanish Wake

SOCHUREK, Howard.
*76) High Altitude Flight

SOMMER, Frederick.
77) Max Ernst, 1946

STASHIN, Leo.
78) Reading Book in Synagogue

STROCK, George.
79) American Casualties on Beach, New Guinea

TERRELL, Maurice.
80) Water-Babies

TREFONIDES, Steven.
81) Life and Death in a Home for the Aged: No. 3. Dying Woman

TYLER, Rev. Kenneth W.
82) Robin in Snow Storm

VACHON, John.
83) Chicago
84) Poland, 1946

WELLS, John R.
*85) Urban Pest

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* *Indicates Color*

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The New Hat Circuit

LOUISVILLE.

THE Southeastern Theatre Conference has taken a step to combat a deplorable situation that stultifies the community and university theatres of our country. In the past, these theatres have had to wait so long for the rights to produce a Broadway success that their productions have seemed "old hat." While there have been some individual attempts to cut down the fatal interval, it has become increasingly clear that only a concerted drive to beat the Broadway producer to plays would work. And even then they would need the publicity of association with the Broadway theatre.

Accordingly, the SETC devised a plan. They would read new plays from all sources, pick one with good possibilities for imminent Broadway production, and produce it in as many member theatres as possible during a one-year period. They finally selected one sent them by the New Dramatists' Play Circulation Project. Titled **"The Kids"** and written by Charles Best, it dealt with the Hungarian uprising of 1956. The SETC signed a contract with Mr. Best whereby it will receive 30 per cent of Mr. Best's royalties from productions in SETC member theatres. All Mr. Best had to risk was the unfashionable flavor that attaches itself to a play when it is allowed to be performed by amateurs or semiprofessionals. However, the play has been scheduled for thirty-one productions in Southeastern states, which will net him some $3,000 in royalties, and Mr. Best will be able to learn things about his play that will help him when he makes final revisions for Broadway.

The first two productions opened simultaneously on April 23rd at the Louisville Playhouse and at Catawba College in Salisbury, N.C. The production at Louisville had the advantage of having the playwright attend the final week of rehearsals and its director, John Caldwell, worked to achieve the playwright's vision of the play. As a result the Louisville production made the play's dramatic points clearly giving a direct and realistic presentation of the play as a story. We meet a Hungarian mother and her two children, Antal, sixteen, and Peter, eleven. They want to join a student demonstration against the government, but their mother is fearful because she thinks they may be recognized and that she will lose the housing privileges she has wangled. Reluctantly she lets them go, and the demonstration explodes into armed warfare in which the young Hungarians temporarily triumph over their oppressors. Then the Soviet Army returns to put down the uprising and we see death and defeat. Too late the mother foolishly displays her courage by attempting to bury a neighbor's son and is killed. The kids are left to face the new regime in Hungary alone. It was a straight production of the play, but because of the stimulating effect of working on pre-Broadway material, the Louisville cast gave it a high quality production. At Catawba, director Arnold Colbath worked to make "The Kids" into a larger and more poetic play. He bridged the scenes with actual news broadcasts so the audience would find the events more significant and would indeed feel some of the responsibility the free world was unable to assume in not helping the Hungarians. And by use of transparent walls behind which we could see the Budapest square on fire he gave the play an added dimension.

WHILE the playwright admired both productions, the Louisville one came closer to his vision. In any play with such a highly charged subject, audiences are apt to miss the author's intention to have a conventional reaction—in this instance a sympathy for the heroism of the Hungarians. The less realistic Catawba production tended to encourage such feelings. At Louisville the play stubbornly negated them to arrive at something closer to what the author wanted. Both were very successful with audiences and a Broadway producer who saw the Louisville production optioned "The Kids" for production next season.

To this reviewer, who saw both productions, "The Kids" seemed an understated play. While one admires the author for writing truthfully, the play needs moments when the characters make clear to us someone's understanding of their position. It needs an ending which tells us what the author believes will happen to the kids. If that can be accomplished—and it does not seem too formidable a task—one of next season's Broadway hits may seem "old hat" to Southeastern theatregoers. —HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Peck on Pork Chop Hill

THE BEST writer of our time on men in war is General S. L. A. Marshall, out of whose researches into the actuality of battle have come such books as "Island Victory," "The River and the Gauntlet," and "Pork Chop Hill." General Marshall has operated as historian and operations analyst for the U.S. Army, and his accounts are not only graphic and accurate, but exceedingly well written. He makes most war novelists seem like chronic complainers rather than reliable witnesses of battle action, and the reason for this is probably quite simple. He has a method for ascertaining the truth about battle that involves the use of the interview method. Shortly after the men of a unit emerge from combat they are assembled in a group and asked to recall what occurred. The recollections of one man stimulate those of another, and much like the putting together of a jigsaw puzzle the details are assembled and written into a vivid whole. Compared to what General Marshall has discovered many of our lauded war novels seem narrow and confused in vision. The movies appear even worse; they organize combat action into something approaching the ballet in their ritual of bravery and happy-go-lucky blasting of the enemy.

The movie made from **"Pork Chop Hill"** is one of the very best, if only because its source is so distinguished. If not for General Marshall we might never have known the significance of one of the last and most bloody battles of the Korean War. The attention of newspaper correspondents was fixed on Freedom Village at Panmunjom. They paid little attention to the blood bath taking place on an unimportant hill seventy miles away. But the guns were hardly silent before General Marshall was there and talking to the pitifully few survivors of King, Love, George, and Easy Companies, who had held the hill while their higher officers were wondering whether to sacrifice more men for ground that had relatively little military importance. It might easily have been given up in the interests of "line straightening."

In the motion picture produced by Sy Bartlett and directed by Lewis Milestone, the story focuses, in traditional Hollywood style, on one unit—King Company—led by Lieutenant Joe Clemons. Clemons, as played by Gregory Peck, appears somewhat overage in grade, since he was, in actuality, a young West Pointer, relatively inexperienced in combat. King Company's mission was to assault Pork Chop, a hill that had been infiltrated by the Communists. For a change, there is little flamboyance and grace in the way the troops charge the hill. They instead act puzzled, frightened, confused, befuddled. Some don't manage to get off a shot; others are alert, and brave to the point of foolhardiness. For another change, the movie shows the company officers taking responsibility for their men and acting as leaders. Army lieutenants have come in for a good deal of kidding through the years; the truth is that the infantry junior officer had a relatively short combat existence. He was as exposed as any of his men, sometimes more so, and he had the job of thinking for the unit as well as himself. Peck gets across his qualities.

The action in "Pork Chop Hill" may occasionally seem confusing, but for this very reason it is more real and more convincing. The dialogue sometimes seems rather too flip under the circumstances, but for the most part Mr. Milestone concentrates on reenacting the battle that General Marshall described. James Webb's screenplay has added a few embellishments that give the story a somewhat larger meaning than it rightfully possesses, but there is no fiction in the way the men fought and died on Pork Chop. The only exaggeration is that the real thing was worse.

* * *

"Heroes and Sinners" is a French movie, delayed in arrival by a few years, about a former Free French pilot and a member of the Luftwaffe who meet in Africa and engage in a struggle for the possession of a half million dollars worth of rough diamonds. The local mixed population of colored and whites gets involved, too, and what starts out slowly and atmospherically eventually becomes melodramatic and frenetic: much heavy contrast between the behavior of whites and colored, all very symbolic, much heavy drinking, and some sex, of course. Curt Jurgens, Yves Montand, Maria Felix, and Jean Servais sweat it out in the unidentified African meeting ground. The original title, "Les Heroes Sont Fatigués," will give you an idea of what the movie attempts to express.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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Shall We Dance?

AS A TV viewer who likes to think that he possesses some independence of mind, I would resist the temptation to switch to Pontiac the next time I purchase a car simply because I enjoyed the one-shot Gene Kelly Show, which the General Motors Division sponsored recently on CBS-TV. I am sure, however, that I would undertake to watch the dancing star regularly if Pontiac elected to present Mr. Kelly in a weekly program, which he produced and hosted, and on which he danced. The program would have to be in prime evening time on a weekday night. Sunday afternoons, as an act of protest against TV's brainstorming corner, the face of my TV set is impassive until agreeably lit up (in season) by Ed Murrow's articulate "Small World." The Gene Kelly covenant would not solve all the differences between the networks and me, but it might provide another sunny area of reconciliation, of which we seem to have fewer and fewer. The recent DuPont Show of the Month, starring Sir John Gielgud and Margaret Leighton in an adaptation of Terence Rattigan's play, "The Browning Version," was such a rare reconciler. Genteel adultery involving the faculty of an English public school is a theme that mixes harmlessly with the sponsor's "chemistry for better living" message. Illuminated by superb performances of the kind often given by gifted versatile British actors, and permitted to sustain unheard of forty-five-minute moods unbroken by commercials, the David Susskind production, directed by John Frankenheimer, was theatrically mature, subtle, and completely absorbing entertainment.

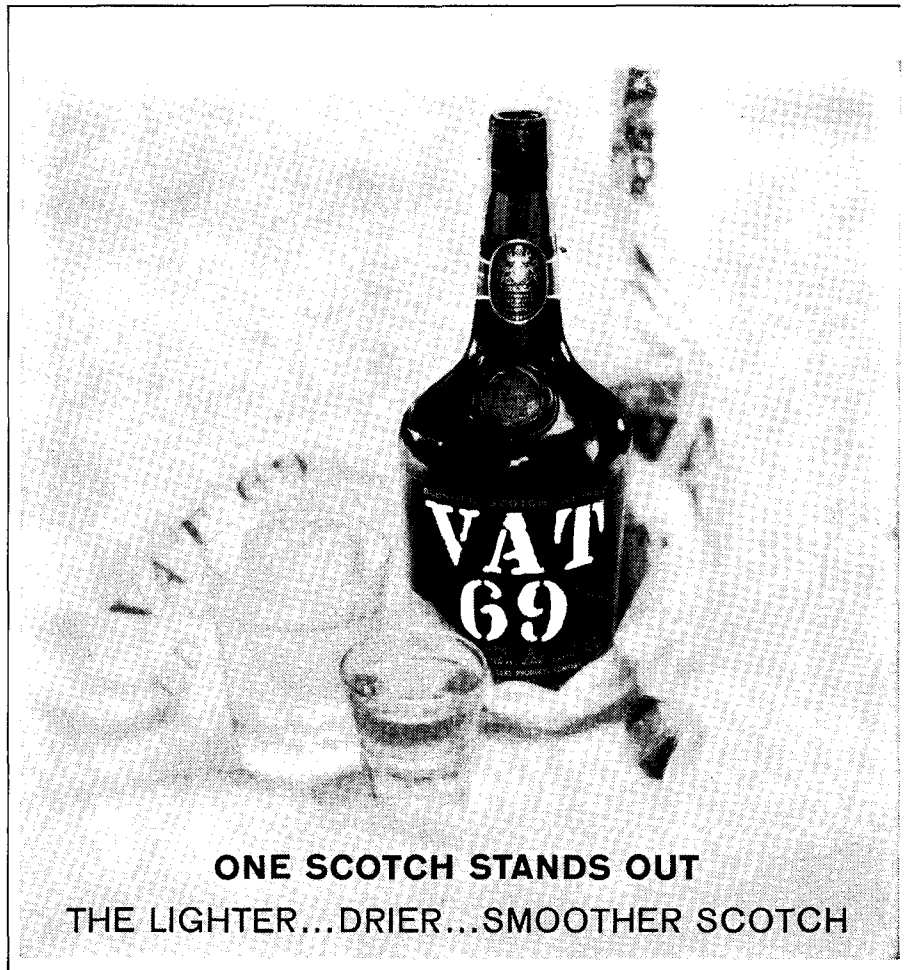
Such moments, however, in addition to their rarity on TV, are unpredictable. They are usually founded on material created originally for other media—success-tested. The U.S. Steel Hour, the same week, offered a talented American actor, Richard ("Have Gun—Will Travel") Boone in a deeper-than-usual TV performance as a tubercular patient in a sanitarium, but the original teleplay, "The Little Tin God," dissipated the force of the acting with overly sentimental heroics of the "my brother's keeper" variety. ABC's jettisoning of the much-battered "Voice of Firestone" program for next season is another sad reminder of the virtual impossibility of keeping even middle-brow fare alive on the networks in prime evening time.

The show itself is partly to blame: it tried a stuffed-shirt tone this season. Drama with a bigger bite of life than personal problems carefully quarantined from social problems to which they are related has proved uncongenial to night-time TV. Serious music has no home there. Gene Kelly, dancing for Pontiac, suggested the possibility that a regular dance show with a head in its toes might have a welcome aesthetic, if not a sociological impact which could successfully pass the big audience test.

EVER since Max Liebman produced the vintage "Show of Shows" with Sid Caesar on early TV, the medium's chorus boys and girls have gyrated frantically and with utter futility on myriad variety programs. Fred Astaire graced a special show, this season, with his marvelous, feathery feet, but the Astaire style is all charm and aspires to no substance. Once or twice a Jerome Robbins' choreography has knifed incisively into the blubbery flesh of the television whale —but that's the end.

Mr. Kelly is a dancer who dares to have an idea. His verbal commentary is intelligent. He comments in his precise, intense dancing style, too. He is an artful satirist with taste and distinction. His company of dancers and musicians performed in a spirited, imaginative jazz ballet, evocatively and fluidly staged in light and space. He imported three European ballerinas and employed them on his show with appeal for a wide audience and without loss in their artistry. He and Carl Sandburg collaborated in a dance-to-a-poem experiment that was novel and effective. Gene Kelly is a gifted triple-threat man in films—dancer, director, actor. He may not be interested, but if he and Pontiac chose to be partners in a weekly dance show that sustained the qualities exhibited in their first TV waltz together —they could make some very significant (high-rating) contributions to this nation's understanding of the mind behind the dance.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.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Jets Around the World—12: Honshu, Hawaii, Home

IN THE evening I was shuffling about Tokyo's airport looking at duty-free Yashica cameras for $28 and cans of oysters guaranteed to contain pearls. The next morning I was blinking in the sun of Honolulu's airport encased in the stubble of a beard and encircled in a hoop of orchids. In between Tokyo on the island of Honshu and Honolulu on the island of Oahu lay 3,861 miles of the Pacific, all of which had been chewed up in one nonstop chunk by JAL's DC-7C.

Travelers out of the Pacific clear customs at Honolulu, which in previous years has been one of the most miserable experiences in travel. The word must have reached somebody for Hawaiian customs officers have mellowed, grown pleasant, yea, even gentlemanly, which is hardly how I remember them. When inbound from Tahiti, Samoa, and Tokyo in years gone by I recall thinking of them as misplaced Scrooges living in Paradise.

In short order we were ensconced on a lanai at the Royal Hawaiian, which like the Moana, the Surfrider, and the Princess Kaiulani, have passed from the flag of the Matson Steamship Company to the hand of Sheraton. It was heartening to hear that Sheraton contemplates no major changes, and that Ed Hastings, one of the world's most famous hotelmen and former manager of the Waldorf Astoria, had been passed along to Sheraton with the deed.

In the mad pre-statehood scramble to get more hotels up in Honolulu, Sheraton looked over its handsome purchase, and found what Hastings calls "the world's most expensive employees' parking lot" occupying a rather choice piece of real estate overlooking the sea in back of the Royal Hawaiian. Almost certainly that territory will soon be decorated by an addition to the Royal. Elsewhere around the city everyone from Hollywood to Hilton is getting into the act. Behind the Polynesian shopping center known as the International Marketplace, a Hollywood group headed by producer Joe Pasternak has plans for a twenty-six story extravaganza. As reported in the quaint patois of the Honolulu papers, the account read:

> The site is between Nahua Place and Walina Place, *mauka* of the International Market Place. The Pasternak *hui* is incorporated as Key Enterprises.

Mauka means "towards the mountain" and *hui* is a group or association.

Hilton, who was once scheduled to build a hotel in company with Henry Kaiser, a project which disintegrated, has cast aside his ban against building hotels in resorts, an edict he issued after a sad venture years ago in Bermuda. His present plans call for a hotel in Waikiki and an airport inn, both to be built by William Tabler who, with his five associates, is responsible for New York's Idlewild Airport, the Statler Center in Los Angeles, and the Statler Hilton in Dallas. Kaiser, Hilton's erstwhile partner in Hawaiian hui is about to dish out some more hui of his own. His new plans call for four new hotel buildings, one of them better than twenty stories high, adding 1,200 rooms to his present Hawaiian Village. These dreams supercede his old hui about pumping an island out of the sea offshore from Waikiki, a project he told me about when we met in Honolulu several years ago (*SR* June 16, 1956).

Kaiser's rambling Hawaiian Village now includes an aluminum-domed convention hall, a collection of grass shacks, a tall hotel, a hospital that takes the tourist overflow, and an armada of pink outrigger canoes which, had they sailed under the flag of Spain in 1588, would have frightened Francis Drake into surrendering. Chinese dinners are served in the House of the Golden Dragon, which has Japanese-style rooms complete with plastic sliding doors and Chinese lanterns. On

the Chinese Terrace the other night, the practitioner at the piano bar was dispensing that old Mandarin melody, "Yes Sir, She's My Baby."

Nobody is going to inoculate anybody else with taste especially by legislation, but it is possible to install zoning laws and restrictions before

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Waikiki, which is beloved by the keeper of this space, becomes Miami Beach. Strangely, this urge to ride the bandwagon as it courses down the highway to statehood boom, has barely even ruffled the palms of the outer islands. We left the luxury of the Royal Hawaiian and its views of the outriggers and the hula dancers on boat days, and flew the short flight to Kauai, which is called the Garden Island. Kauai has only two major hotels and is much more interested in growing sugar cane, which it does on three sides of the island, and in cultivating pineapple, which covers the flatlands like prickly broadloom, than it is in tourists. Wood roses grow wild and so does bougainevillea, the soil is rich and red, and there are blue mountains and a canyon that is bridged, on dewy days, with brilliant rainbows.

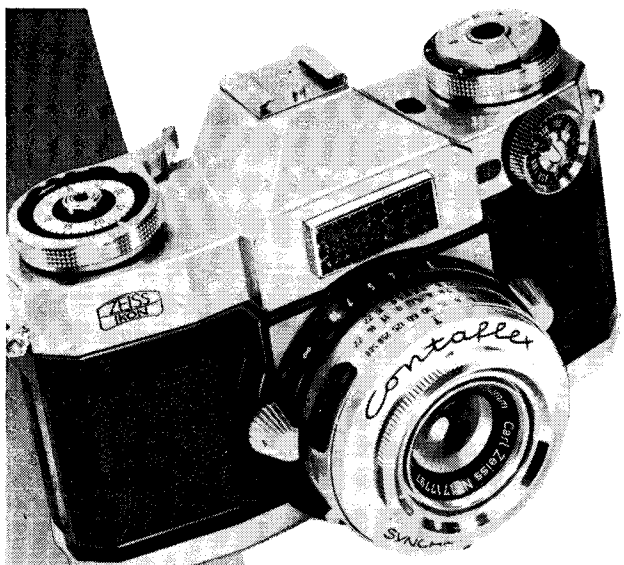
Tourists do come, of course—there is all sorts of air service both by Hawaiian Airlines and Aloha Airlines—and they are put up in style either at Coco Palms or the Kauai Inn. The Inn is the smaller of the two and has two-story buildings that overlook a grassy lawn and a curving pool and palms whose trunks are entwined in climbing elephant ears. There is a pitch-and-putt course and mountains in the distance and an informal air. The rates run from $16 to $20 for a double room without meals.

The Coco Palms is an imaginative place that tries to resurrect the romance of old Hawaii. Its buildings rim a soft lagoon. Outrigger canoes rest on the banks waiting for paddlers, and at mealtimes guests lean over the railing of the dining salon and drop bread to the fish. At dusk a primitive

bugler blows a conch shell to four directions, to the setting sun, and to the mountains and the sea. And while a commentary burbles over the loudspeaker, runners in red sarongs race through the palm groves lighting torches. The flames glisten through this, the largest and oldest grove in the islands, and they reflect in the lagoon and dance against the black lava rock walls of the cocktail lounge. The ceremony is supposed to be patterned after an ancient island call to supper, but old islanders like Charlie Fern say that anybody who blew a chow call four times would be trampled in the rush. Still, the guests believe and by day they flock out to the Fern Grotto, which is reached by a sail down the Wailua River and a hike through the woods. And even though the singers from Mackenzies' Tours wear shirts with the name of the company emblazoned thereon, not excluding the telephone number, there are those who sniffle at the melodious words that echo through the jungle foliage.

On some nights at Coco Palms the choir from the Latter Day Saints sings in the dining shed by the lagoon, but it isn't exactly churchly music, especially when a 300-pound soprano in a *muumuu* sings about the Hawaiian *femme fatale* whose hula has a "motion like a tidal wave."

No road as yet completely encircles Kauai, but Duarte Tours arranges trips by Cadillacs piloted by Hawaiians in aloha shirts and huge Hawaiian hats to the farthest extremities of



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the highway. Our driver came complete with Cadillac, shirt, hat, and the un-Hawaiian handle of Sam. Just beyond the Waimea River there is a fork in the road and one branch goes seaward to the Barking Sands and the other slices inland and runs along the edge of the Waimea Canyon. The sands are in effect a large dune of hollow grains. When walked on they create a sound like "Woof! Woof!" The canyon is another geological oddity, a giant gorge 3,657 feet deep and a mile wide worn by millions of years of rains and wind, colored now with purples and blues and reds, spanned only by the transient rainbows, and inhabited only by wild goats.

IT IS the crossroad, the settlement at Waimea, that historically anyway, is most interesting. There on a January day in 1778 Captain James Cook, sailing upwards from the Society Islands for the northwest coast of America, sighted the island of Oahu, then Kauai. He bartered with the natives at the mouth of the Wailua River where the boat leaves now for the Fern Grotto, and the next day he landed at Waimea, the first white man to set foot in Hawaii. Among the many whites who came in the years that followed was a party of Russians who in 1819 built a fort, hoisted the Russian flag and conspired to have the local king declare his independence of Kamehameha, the island ruler, and come under the protection of Mother Russia. Although these Russian pioneers were practicing a brand of diplomacy that is the height of Russian fashion today, the tsars were wary of complications with Great Britain, whose claims to the islands dated back to Captain Cook's landing. The fort builders were summoned home and all that remains of Russian influence today are the ruins of their battlement.

The next day we rode with Sam out past Wailua just down the road from the Coco Palms where between 500 and 900 A.D. the first Polynesians arrived, beaching their double canoes and putting ashore their supplies of breadfruit and taro, pigs and sweet potatoes. We drove onward to the lookout above Hanalei Valley where in neat plots the taro still grows dark and green alongside the pale green of the rice. Not far from here a few years ago a new group of Polynesians landed, this time from the far-off shores of Hollywood, bent on making a film called South Pacific. And where they made it, on the heights looking down the rolling grassy valley to the sea, Coco Palms will build a new hotel. We listened to the plans—a smoke house that will produce guava-smoked lambs and

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eucalyptus-smoked turkeys, at dusk a brigade of fifty torch-bearing Hawaiians running along the beach at Hanalei.

Ambrosia and nirvana, Utopia and royal jelly all in one! We fled in a thrice for the airport and flew to Honolulu where, encased once more in bandoleers of orchids and plumeria we boarded JAL and snored the night away until California hove into view the following morning. We paused only long enough in San Francisco to adore it all over again, to be charmed at the friendliness of taxicab drivers (they say Good Morning and open the door), to be aghast at prices (the Fairmont's coffee shop, a few hundred miles from the orange groves, gets eighty cents for a glass of orange juice), and to be delighted by a magnificent dinner at Ernie's, a restaurant cloaked in red damask, shimmering in candlelight and suffused with the aura of the days of Diamond Jim.

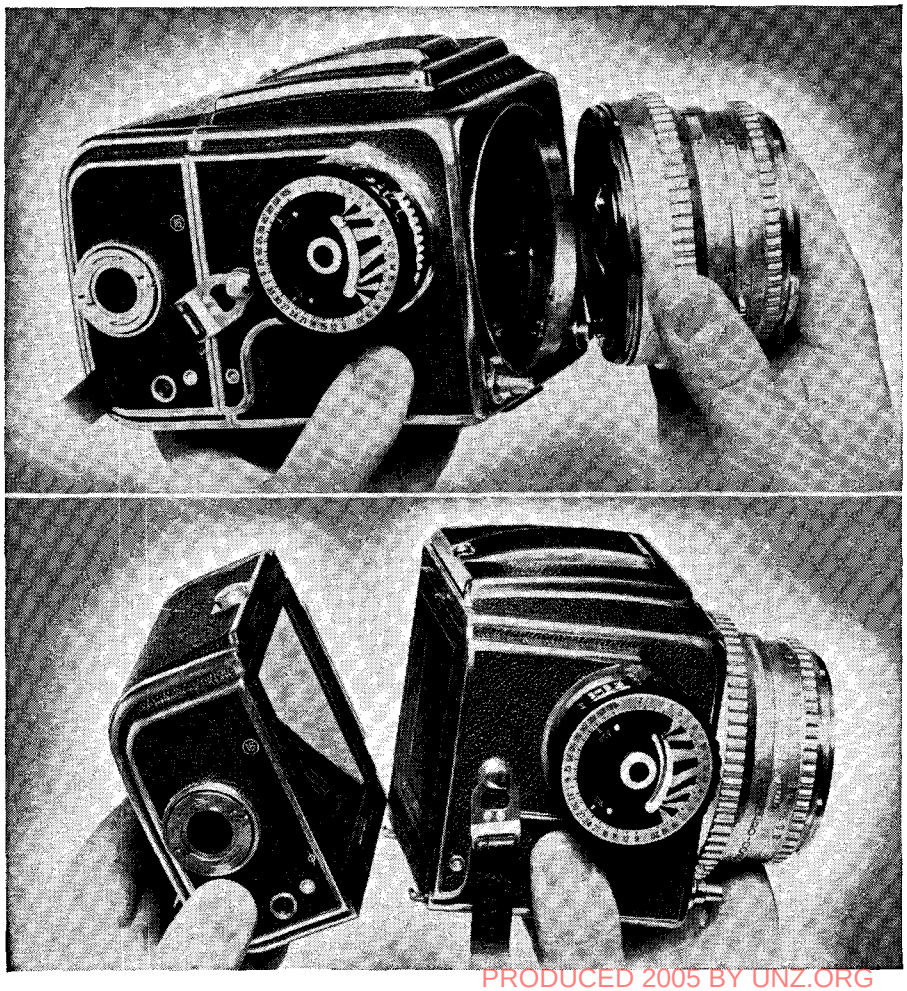
A day later in Los Angeles we once more picked up the trail of the jet, boarding an American Airlines 707 bound for New York. We were away shortly after 9 A.M. Pacific time and by the time the seat belts sign winked out we were past Twenty-Nine Palms. It became clear when we sailed high over Meteor Crater, just south of Flagstaff, Arizona, that to no man aboard was it just another milk run. There was the bulge of excitement that showed through the controlled voice of the captain. There were the grown men with maps, pencils, watches and repeated looks at the ground some six miles below, filling the forward lounge with agitated talk and widening smiles that came with each announcement from the cockpit. Albuquerque at 10:24—one hour and twenty-four minutes out and you had to turn to the second half of the map of the United States. We came up over Oklahoma City at 11:12, crossed the Mississippi at noon, into Louisville twenty minutes later, Huntington, West Virginia, in another fifteen minutes.

For us this was the last lap of a trip around the world, a trip that had begun many weeks before, by jet across the Atlantic. When Pan American had deposited us in Paris we had picked up the Russian jets and stayed with them across Western Europe to Moscow and then south and east to the remote stretches of Tashkent, Samarkand and Alma Ata in the Soviet Central Asian Republics of Uzbekistan and Kazakhstan. Crossing the fringes of the Himalayas we had picked up Air India and Japan Airlines flying on their reliable pistons through Asia and back to the U.S. mainland.

Now it was 1:20 if you kept California time on your watch, and it was a sunny Friday afternoon. We began our descent over Allentown. The seat belt sign came on at 1:29, four and a half hours out of Los Angeles. Below us the Atlantic off Jersey stood motionless while the sun polished it to gleaming brass. The shadow of a three-quarter moon hung in the afternoon sky—it was, after all, four-thirty in New York. Up above there were puffs of cotton clouds and down below, the filmy scrim of a misty haze hung over a pattern of herringbone ripples etched into the quiet sea. The American Boeing went once around Coney Island and touched down in New York, four hours and forty-six minutes out of California, bringing us back from the world.

—HORACE SUTTON.

(This is the last of a series of twelve articles by Horace Sutton describing a trip around the world via the existing jet routes. The series began in SR's *issue of February 7, and has run serially in the first three issues of each month.)*



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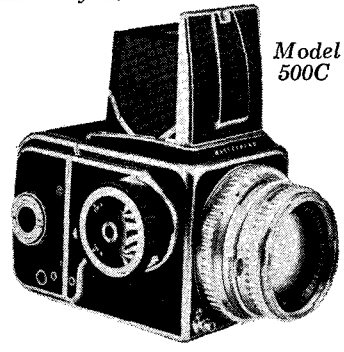

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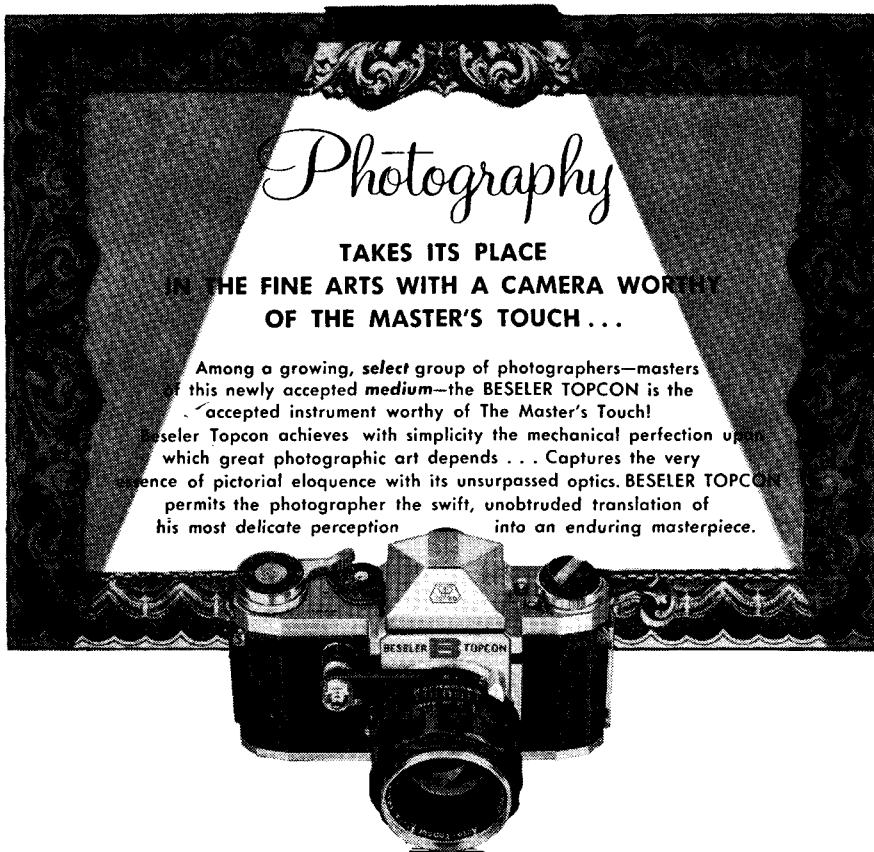
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Fiction

Continued from page 31

main a Jew—or must there be either total acceptance or total denial?

"Eli, the Fanatic" sharply satirizes the embarrassment of self-consciously sophisticated Jewish commuters who suddenly find a Yeshivah school established in their progressive midst. There is both grotesque humor and sadness in the image of the bearded, black-coated Talmudic scholar walking the smart streets of their town. And the story achieves the level of almost ritualistic drama when Eli Peck, a successful young lawyer, trades his best tweed suit for the black raiment that will mark his Jewishness beyond his forgetting again.

In "Defender of the Faith," the hardened veteran of two years' fighting in Europe finds himself top sergeant in a Stateside training company. When three young Jewish recruits discover that Sergeant Marx, like Karl and Harpo, is also a Jew, they attempt to play on his sympathies. Unyielding at first, his infantryman's heart is soon divided and torn by echoes of his almost-forgotten Jewish past.

"The heart is half a prophet," says a Yiddish proverb. And Philip Roth has looked penetratingly into the heart of the American Jew who faces the loss of his identity. The conflict involved in this choice between two worlds provides the focal point of drama for a memorable collection of short stories.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 830

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 830 will be found in the next issue.

L AGPHMFNLCBNM BH

L OLP QDG BH CGG

AGQLFEKT CG RBSDC

LPE CGG RLC

CG FWP.

—MKZMFC DWZZLFE.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 829

Conscience: an inner voice that warns us somebody is looking.
—MENCKEN.

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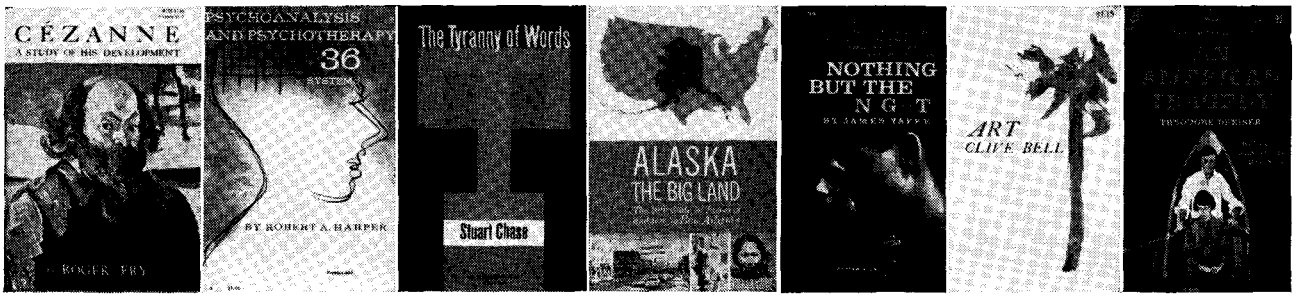

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

BEN ADAMS had never been to Alaska when his publishers, Hill and Wang, sent him there with notebooks and camera. The result is the appearance of "Alaska: The Big Land," an amply illustrated guide to the forty-ninth state. No sooner had Adams finished his chore when the Senate admitted Hawaii. Adams had never been to Hawaii either. He has now. Camera and all, he is hard at work and Hill and Wang expect "Hawaii: The Fiftieth State" to appear in the fall.

● An old Alaska hand is Norman C. McDonald, who, at seventy-six, has just written his third novel, "The Witch Doctor," for Ballantine. It's about the first white men who came to Alaska. Mr. McDonald is actually a "young" writer; he wrote his first novel, "Fish the Strong Waters," only four years ago. In his time he has piloted river boats, lived among Eskimos, prospected for gold, and crossed the Alaskan wilds behind seven dogs and a sled. He has much to write about and he's doing just that, settled down, as he calls it, on a small island off the coast of Washington state, where every morning he rises at four, puts the coffee on, and sits down to the typewriter.

● One American finding fame abroad is Missouri-born Chester Himes, who has been living in Paris for the past ten years. Gold Medal published his mystery, "For Love of Imabelle"; in France it was called "La Reine des Pommes" and it won the Grand Prix de Littérature Policière (*detective stories*). Jean Cocteau called it "a prodigious masterpiece" (*chef d'oeuvre prodigieux,* we think) and Jean Giono said it was "the most extraordinary novel I have read for a long time." Himes's latest is an original that Avon is bringing out, called "The Real Cool Killers" with a Harlem setting and a couple of detectives called Grave Digger Jones and Coffin Ed Johnson.

● New paperback houses keep popping up, although it isn't quite fair to call Hillman Periodicals "new." Hillman was something of a pioneer in paperback distributing during the Thirties when the "Mystery Novel of the Month" and the "Western Novel of the Month" were popular newsstand features. Now Hillman is going to publish fiction and nonfiction, originals as well as reprints. Robert Payne's novel "The Tormentors" and C. L. Sonnichsen's account of the famous frontier judge, "Roy Bean: West of the Pecos," are on the first Hillman list. . . . Nameless still, Prentice-Hall's new paperback series will include up to twenty books a year. The first four, Kenneth Stampp's "The Causes of the Civil War," Oscar Handlin's "Immigration as a Factor in American History," "Fallacy," by Ward Fearnside and William Holther, and Robert Harper's "Psychoanalysis and Psychotherapy" provide some idea of the diversity towards which Prentice-Hall aims.

● Random House is publishing its first simultaneous hard- and soft-cover Modern Library books. The book, properly enough for a new departure, is "Space Handbook," and it won a special citation from the Congressional Committee on Astronautics and Space Exploration for its readable information about the world no longer far beyond us.

● Poet Richard Wilbur, who won the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award for his verse, is the editor of Dell's new poetry series, The Laurel Poets." Wordsworth, Coleridge, Poe, and Whitman are the subjects of the first four volumes, which Dell hopes to see grow into a series of two dozen.

—R. W. S.

FICTION

Among the new paperback fiction are some first novels which received high praise when they appeared between hard covers. One of the best is William Humphrey's **"Home From the Hill"** (Perma, 35¢), which was nominated last year for the National Book Award. It's a dark Faulknerian tale of a Texas family named Hunnicutt, and especially of the almost mystic relationship between father and son. The authors of both **"The Sergeant"** (Crest, 35¢), Dennis Murphy, and **"Miri"** (Signet, 35¢), Peter Sourian, are young men who work their storyline around the corners of a triangle. In Murphy's book, the relations between a young French girl and an American G.I. are complicated by the homosexuality of the soldier's sergeant. Sourian, who is Harvard '55, sets his story in an unnamed Boston university where two roommates and the young Greek girl cousin of one work out their problems of adolescence. A first novel by Julian Mayfield is called **"The Hit"** (Pocket Books, 25¢), and "hitting the numbers" becomes for the middle-aged weary hero, Hubert Cooley, a chance to escape from the dreariness of his wife and life in Harlem.

Notable among fiction reprints is Peter De Vries's **"The Mackerel Plaza"** (Signet, 35¢). De Vries is that rare bird, a genuine and funny comic novelist. If in "Comfort Me with Apples" and "The Tunnel of Love" (both in Signet imprints) the author marred his fine work with irrelevant gags, this time he has restrained himself admirably. His story of a young widowed minister in a modern church in fashionable Connecticut suburbia is hilarious—and serious. Underneath the surface humor is a strong, swift current of sober comment on society and morality.

Far from the wild good humor of Mr. De Vries is James Yaffe's **"Nothing But the Night"** (Bantam, 35¢),

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THE MOVIES: Two excellent new paperback studies of films and film-makers are Siegfried Kracauer's **"From Caligari to Hitler"** (Noonday, $1.95) and **"Film: Book I"** (Evergreen, $1.45), edited by Robert Hughes. The former surveys the German psychology that led to Nazism, through the movies of such great directors as Carl Dreyer, Ernst Lubitsch, and G. W. Pabst. Pictured above, left, is the ruthless villain of the 1920 film "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," and, right, a still from "Pather Panchali," whose director, Satyajit Ray, adds his comments to those of René Clement, David Lean, and others, in "Film: Book I." An interview with "La Strada" director Federico Fellini, *SR*'s critic Arthur Knight's words about "art" theatres, and James Agee's scenario for "Noa Noa" are among the varied contributions in this first volume of a series about "serious" films and the men who make them.

which, like "Compulsion," is an exciting re-creation of the Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb story. Mr. Yaffe, whose last novel was "What's the Big Hurry?," transports the scene of the crime to New York. But only the names are changed.

Last month *SR* inadvertently erred in naming the publisher of Herman Melville's "Typee and Billy Budd." E. P. Dutton's Everyman is the paperback publisher; the price is $1.75.

LANGUAGE

The "dandy" of the English language, I. A. Richards, is featured twice this spring. Once in his great and severe (he takes on all manner of sacred cows) book, written with C. K. Ogden, **"The Meaning of Meaning"** (Harvest, $2.25), which is about as hazardous for the uninitiated as the title implies—and as rewarding for the plucky—and again with **"How to Read a Page"** (Beacon, $1.45). This is definitely not for those who want to read faster. Far simpler and a worthy introduction to the whole subject is Stuart Chase's **"The Tyranny of Words"** (Harvest, $1.95), in which he wages war on the careless use of language by such men as Karl Marx, Henry Ford (interesting juxtaposition, that), Walter Lippmann, and Stuart Chase. An added note is that *ETC*, the international quarterly of semantics, is now appearing as a pocket-size paperback, under the continuing editorship of S. I. Hayakawa of "Language in Action" fame. The language field in paperback will round itself out nicely if Hayakawa's study turns up, along with Alfred Korzybski's "Science and Sanity."

ART

Vasari's **"Lives of the Artists"** (Simon & Schuster, $1.95), taken from the 1850 translation, is the latest abridged edition of the famous five-volume work. Forty-seven artists, from Giotto, friend of Dante, through Raphael, Leonardo, and Michelangelo are accounted for. **"Leonardo da Vinci"** (Pelican, $1.50), first published in 1939, gets a fuller treatment by Sir Kenneth Clark, who has taken this opportunity to revise it. Sixty-four plates. A long jump away in time is Roger Fry's well-known monograph, **"Cézanne"** (Noonday, $1.65). It was Fry who in 1911 organized the first English exhibition of twentieth-century French painters, including Cézanne, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Matisse, and Picasso, and who also coined the phrase "postimpressionists." Fifty-four plates are included, but sad to say, all in listless black-and-white reproductions.

PHILOSOPHY

Two classics on esthetics are among the current publications. One is John Dewey's **"Art as Experience"** (Capricorn, $1.35), which originally appeared in 1934 and is based on ten lectures Dewey gave at Harvard on the philosophy of art; the other is **"Art,"** by Clive Bell (Capricorn, $1.15), in which Bell's concept of "significant form" was first enunciated. In **"The Problems of Philosophy"** (Galaxy, $1.25) Bertrand Russell purposely scants metaphysics and concentrates upon developing, in lucid terms, certain general principles which lead to his theory of knowledge.

PSYCHOLOGY

Dr. Karl Menninger's **"Love Against Hate"** (Harvest, $1.95) is a down-to-earth, easily approached distillation of the author's ideas about the "basic conflict of human life and of our civilization." The last chapters are neatly and respectively titled: Work, Play, Faith, Hope, and Love. In **"Psychology of Personality"** (Evergreen, $1.95), editor J. L. McCarey and six authorities, including Margaret Mead, set down their diverging theories of human personality. This is for the advanced student. Easier, but far from basic is Nigel Walker's **"A Short History of Psychotherapy"** (Noonday, $1.45), which traces from a technical standpoint the theories from Freud to Fromm and dwells on the differences between them. Alfred Adler, founder of "individual psychology," is of course among the group; his **"What Life Should Mean to You"** (Capricorn, $1.25), originally published in 1931, contains, it goes without saying, lengthy cogitations on inferiority and superiority.

NEW TRANSLATIONS

Back when the Ptolemies ruled, three centuries before the birth of Christ, Apollonius of Rhodes wrote **"The Voyage of Argo"** (Penguin, 95¢), about the Golden Fleece and how Jason roamed the seas to find it. E. V. Rieu's prose translation has a pleasant modernity that loses none of the epic sense. A classic in its own way is J. K. Huysmans's novel, **"Against Nature"** (Penguin, 95¢), which was published in France in 1855 as "A Rebours." Arthur Symons called it "the breviary of decadence" while Valéry, on the other hand, referred to it as his "Bible and bedside book." In any case, Robert Baldick's translation of this "presurrealist" novel maintains all the opulent flow of the Baudelairian prose.

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Two Decades in Kaleidoscope

"The Tradition of the New," by Harold Rosenberg *(Horizon. 285 pp. $4.75), ranges vigorously from politics to painting to pop culture. Robert M. Coates, art critic for* The New Yorker, *is the author of "The Farther Shore" and "Hour After Westerly."*

By Robert M. Coates

A SELECTION of Mr. Rosenberg's critical essays covering—I should judge—the last twenty years or so, this is an unusually varied and controversial book. It is varied because of the author's own diversity of interests. A poet primarily (dating back to the early days of *transition*, in the 1920s), an art critic secondarily (a frequent contributor to the magazine *Art News*), Rosenberg throughout his career has also managed to maintain a lively interest in the political and social manifestations of our day; as a result the subject matter of the present book ranges from—to take one example—a charmingly discursive consideration of the ups and downs of the partisan movement in Italy called "Politics as Dancing," to what apparently was originally a review of a book called "The Watch," by Carlo Levi (but which goes far beyond that to an almost metaphysical discussion of time, and the tempo of time, as a factor of history); from, again, an exceedingly acute analysis of the built-in rigidities of Communism (called "The Heroes of Marxist Science") to so adroitly and searingly satirical a piece as "Everyman a Professional"—which, taking off from an innocently bumptious remark of Walter Kerr's about the "universality" of art in his "How Not to Write a Play," soars pyrotechnically to a study of both the ludicrous and perilous aspects of the intense compartmentalization of our current civilization and, coincidentally, our contemporary art, and the peculiar attitudes, animosities, and jargons developed by each segment. (Since it's an unusually quotable book to begin with, I can't help starting right here with a comment he makes in the last-named chapter about a particularly gnomic piece of literary criticism, a swatch of which he has just cited: "The continued use of Latin by the medical profession appears simple-minded compared to what the newer professions have been able to accomplish in 'English.'")

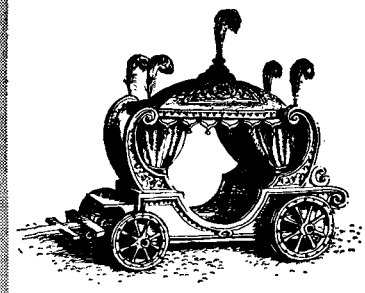
The book is controversial because Rosenberg, to his credit, has always spoken his mind forthrightly, and no one who does this can expect full agreement from all quarters. Furthermore, his angers are real. (If there's any question of that, see his "Pop Culture: Kitsch Criticism.") For all its wide range, two main preoccupations thread their way through the book, both of strong contemporary interest. In a sense, too, both are related. One is his concern over the meekness, the lack of stylistic adventurousness, of American writing today—as compared, not only with the days of Stein, Joyce, the early Eliot, and so on, but also (and this is the baffling part) with the daring and

Ghosts of the Missionaries

By George Starbuck

THIS is a quiet country. Chinamen
caress the fields with cultivators, groom
the streams with weirs. Mulberry-bushes bloom
ultraconservatively. Now and then
the gang of blacks building a bridge say when,
and the weight falls *ker-pockk*. You can assume
the straw-thatch cottages, the paths. There's room
to do things in this land, there's room for men.

And as we walk, the barley-fields comb to
behind us. Caucuses of crows take up
our cries. Gusts from a pasture pond renew
the early-morning vapors we drift through,
while cherry-trees annunciate, *chirrup*,
the unsubstantiating dawn whereto.



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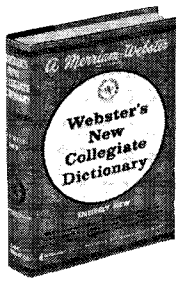

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inventiveness of our contemporary painting, sculpture, and music.

His other concern, less fully resolved in the book (as I imagine it is in Rosenberg's mind as well), has to do with the more complex problem of the fiasco of the liberal movement of the 1930s, when its possibly naif but still honestly humane members found their sympathies with the underdogs of the Depression and their earnest attempts to "do something about it" first dashed against the rock of Communism's rigid factionalism and then trampled by the elephant-minded reactionaries.

I may be oversimplifying here, and my interpretation of Rosenberg's view of the period may be colored in part by my own, for I too was of the era. But I've a feeling that Rosenberg oversimplifies a bit here, too (in, particularly, his study of the changing modes and attitudes of succeeding generations in the chapter called "Death in the Wilderness") and he has an almost prestigious way of compressing and interweaving his metaphors, seen in the same chapter as well as elsewhere in the book, which, brilliant as it is, is to this reader at

least a little confusing. For all that, though, he sees and describes more clearly than most the processes by which the discouragement of our socio-political adventures in those tom-tom years tended to discourage artistic adventuring too, and so contributed to the downfall of individual experimentation in writing. (But again, why not among painters and the practitioners of the other arts?) The author tends to be a bit doc-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

AMERICANS IN PARIS (AND ELSEWHERE)

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to identify ten fictional American characters, incidents of whose sojourns in foreign countries are briefly described below. Name the books, too. Passports are stamped on page 75.

SR takes pleasure in announcing that "Shakespeare Quiz Book," by Fannie Gross, has just been published by Thomas Y. Crowell Co. ($2.95). It contains 2,000 questions arranged in 100 quizzes, many of which originally appeared in this department. This is the only one-contributor book that has ever been based on "Your Literary I.Q."

1. This fugitive Pinkerton agent had been living for five years in the Manor House at Birlstone, England, under the assumed name of John Douglas, when his enemies discovered his hiding place.
2. Having established his residence in Paris, this rich American businessman was eager to marry a French aristocrat but was thwarted when the young lady entered a convent.
3. This Arkansas girl, who was presented with an "educational" trip to Europe by a man in the "button profession," thought London was "really nothing" but that Paris was "devine."
4. During the Revolution this North Carolinian was employed for more than a year as a clerk in London by MacKellor and Tavish, an importing firm.
5. While she was living in France, this immensely wealthy American girl declined thirty-four proposals of marriage, but married the man to whom she did the proposing.
6. This World War II major was put in command of an Italian town whose inhabitants were suffering for the lack of certain tintinabulations.
7. This war nurse from Otolousa, Arkansas, became the bride of a de Gaullist planter while she was stationed in the New Hebrides Islands.
8. Lying in a Munich hospital bed with head wounds he received in a brawl, this young Southern writer could remember nothing of what happened except that he had drunk stein after stein of beer.
9. In Rome this New Englander became involved with a cult, supposedly comprised of reincarnated mythological deities, and was bewildered when he, himself, was designated as a possible new Mercury.
10. This notorious American embezzler evaded his pursuers by making his home for the balance of his life in an inaccessible mountain retreat in Asia.

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trinaire, especially on matters of art—though his chapter on "The American Action Painters," the name he coined for the school, is about the best exposition of this newest artistic development I've seen anywhere. There is that fondness for metaphor that I've suggested, which, especially when used to resolve a point, can be curiously disconcerting: it's as if the whole argument had been made to disappear at the wave of a wand, and so abruptly that one goes scurrying back to read the passage over again, to make sure what it's all about. I could wish, too, that the chapters had been dated, for this would have documented precisely a chronological progression in the essays that one now senses only vaguely.

These are minor matters indeed, however, in a book that as a whole is so immensely readable and rewarding. And as for the quotability I spoke of, how about these examples: "The Rocky Mountains have resembled fake art for a century." "American life is a billboard; individual life in the U.S. includes something nameless that takes place in the weeds behind it." And, one of the best and the most succinct: "Art is constantly making itself; its definition is in the future."

THE HISTORIAN'S BUSINESS: Walter Prescott Webb is the author of one book, "The Great Plains," which seems certain to maintain an impregnable position in the vast library of American history; of another, "The Texas Rangers," which is so gross with facts that it comes close to exhausting its subject; of a third, "Divided We Stand," which made buttons pop on some vested interests by pointing to the unequal distribution of prosperity among the northern, southern, and western sections of the United States, and of a fourth, "The Great Frontier," which examines the effects on Western civilization of "the uncovering of three new continents around 1500." In **"An Honest Preface and Other Essays"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75), put together, edited, and introduced by Joe B. Frantz, a younger colleague of Professor Webb's at the University of Texas, we find a collection of magazine articles and lectures in which the author establishes an easy, friendly contact with his readers, while he expounds ideas that have served him for a lifetime, defines the proper function of an historian and explains his own professional procedure, aims well-directed shots at academic follies that have irked him, and tosses off a few trivialities.

The best of the papers, naturally, are those concerned with the historian's business; second best is the shrewd explanation of the Republican Party's decline from the peak of its power, following the Civil War. Professor Webb has little use for the historian who has method without guiding ideas, who makes his plodding journey with no known destination in view. He himself is an idea man, a "creative historian." With his fellows who can't write, but who persist in manufacturing books, he is understandably short-tempered; he is properly outraged by the academic rule, operative in too many universities, that a young professor must publish or perish; he knows that a seminar should be a cooperative venture in creative, or re-creative, scholarship; and he is bold enough to believe that there is a place in American business for the educated man as well as for the merely trained man.

The editor's "appreciative introduction" is at once a biographical sketch and a lively, intimate portrait, with anecdotal brush-strokes, of the human being who makes the historian tick.

Admiring readers of Professor Webb's work, who have known him only through his books, will be grateful for this closer view of him.—B. R. R.

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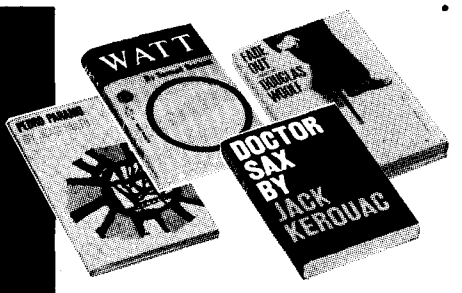

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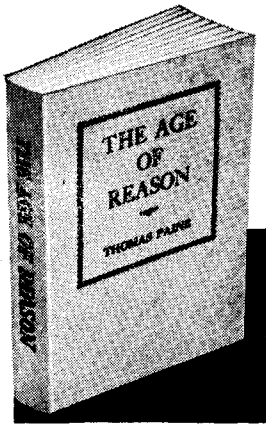

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EDUCATION

Facts and Frills of U. S. Schools

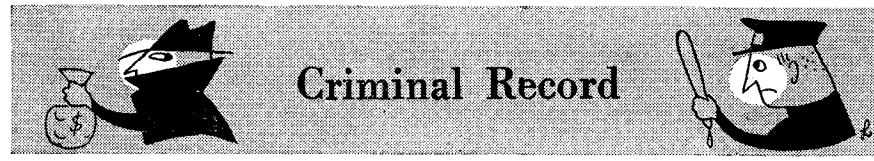
"How to Get the Best Education for Your Child," by Dr. Benjamin Fine and Lillian Fine *(Putnam. 256 pp. $3.95), though addressed to the parent, both present and prospective, provides perspective on education for the teacher as well. Frank G. Jennings, director of the Library Club of America, evaluates the study for us.*

By Frank G. Jennings

DR. and Mrs. Benjamin Fine's new book, "How to Get the Best Education for Your Child," will certainly take its place on that small shelf of precious volumes no home can afford to be without. Amid the welter of snarling, moaning, and carping works that have battered the reading public on "educational subjects" during the past decade, their study is happily unique. It neither condemns nor condones. It simply describes the way American education works, relating plan to practice in such a way that educators themselves will profit by reading it. Too often the teacher is insulated from the rest of the profession by the day-to-day necessities of the job, be it either kindergarten or graduate school. Too few teachers have a constant and reliable view of education as a whole. This book can help the teacher too.

Although the Fines' book was written for the parent, their meticulous description of all levels of education provides an overview of American schooling the lay public has never had. Yet the Fines have earned the thanks of educators as well. By literally beginning at the beginning, they declare that planning for the child's educational future ought rightly to start with the planning for a family. While it is proper to put the burden of teaching on the school, parents ought never abdicate their role as teachers-in-the-first-instance. They must make the initial decisions about "which school" and "when to start."

In describing the stages of education from nursery school through college the authors wisely provide check sheets of questions, and they suggest ways in which the answers can be secured. Although the book is not heavily laden with statistics, it contains most of the essential data the parent must have. For example, the kindergarten is not found in all school systems. In fact, "in 1954 only about 27 per cent of all five-year-olds had public school kindergartens to go to." According to the Fines, the main rea-



THE DOOM-MAKER. *By B. X. Sanborn. Dutton.* $2.95. Greenwich Village boarding house is focus of three deaths as painter John Perseus wonders why Marcolf (Svengali type) is so much of a mystery man. Neat puzzler.

THE FATAL AMATEUR. *By D. L. Mathews. Rinehart.* $2.95. Widow in unlocated U. S. city grieved when maid perishes of poisoned chocolates, but nice Sgt. Harter soon establishes that lady herself was intended victim; second death follows. Warm and sure.

HOSPITALITY FOR MURDER. *By Gerard Fisher. Washburn.* $2.95. London business biggee welcomes Yank who had saved his life to Embankment home (but visitor plans to use house merely as gunrest in plot to knock off visiting Near Eastern oil potentate). Unimpressive.

THE SMASHER. *By Talmage Powell. Macmillan.* $2.95. Star salesman's wife (ex-USO entertainer in Korea) is felled by aim-and-hit car; he helps cops put Indian sign on killer. (Scene: USA suburban.) Frantic but effective.

IF A BODY MEET A BODY. *By George Malcolm-Smith. Crime Club.* $2.95. Capt. Reuben D. Foster of New York cops (native of Winooski, Vt.) takes on case of corpse found in coalbin of arty lodging house; meets all sorts. Nice writing and good fun, plus telling characterization.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Zone of Silence

By Stephen Stepanchev

WESTWARD from Vancouver, where
An island of volcanic rock,
Once core of fire, raises snow
Above the ceaseless, icy knock

Of tides on reef, there is a sea
Acoustically dead, where gulls
Cry in storms of soundless rage,
Where buoy bells cannot warn the ear

Of Ahab that stone death is near.
There voiceless loneliness is king;
There coral knives collect their prey
Without the song the sirens sing.

How well we know that deadly zone
Of silence that the fair erect
Between them and us sailing kind,
Rejecting kisses, poems, wine!

Come back, Sally, from that isle,
That deaf, that ice-locked zone of self
Beyond the tiding of my sighs,
Beyond reach of my reddest cries.

---

son for this is that too many tax-conscious citizens still consider the kindergarten a "frill." Solution? An obvious one: educate your fellow citizens to the need you recognize.

The authors point out that the "frill" syndrome is present in far too much of our thinking about education, with the result that we are constantly short-changing ourselves on essentials even as we decry culinary courses for boys and fly-casting for teen-agers. Good education will always be expensive.

Throughout the book, in a logical sequence, the Fines present series of pertinent questions. Should you send your child to a nursery school? How can you tell if the nursery school is any good? How can you determine whether the school system is adequate? What should you find out about reading instruction in the early grades? What should you expect in the transition periods between elementary school, junior high, and senior high school? How does one obtain a copy of the course of study that will aid your child in planning for college or for vocational education?

The Fines also provide specific guidance for the usual educational crises: for example, if your youngster has an incompetent teacher. They advise how to help a child develop good work habits, how he may acquire a healthy attitude towards examinations, and how one may help him survive that first difficult year at college. For these and other valuable suggestions the authors deserve our gratitude.

Dr. and Mrs. Fine imply that the Great Educational Debate has had a maturing effect upon us. We have begun to recognize that our schools cannot be left to chance growth. Professional planning is needed along with intelligent and informed public support. But unless the parents are actively engaged in getting the best education for their children they will not know what is needed or whether it has in fact been achieved. Most important, they must discover how to employ this greatest of all public institutions.

DR. FINE is no mere side-line critic. After a distinguished career as an educational journalist (education editor of *The New York Times*) he has accepted an assignment from Yeshiva University in New York City and has become dean of the Graduate School of Education. With the help of the largest grant the Ford Foundation has ever made for such a project, Dr. Fine is shaping a professional school for teachers that bids fair to be one of our major accomplishments in education. At Yeshiva he has established an internship program for prospective teachers. His students work in communities, not as unpaid clerks or teachers' helpers, but as new professionals getting guided and critical experience in the classroom. As Dr. Fine expresses his goal, "I want it soon to be recognized that only our best people are good enough to be teachers."

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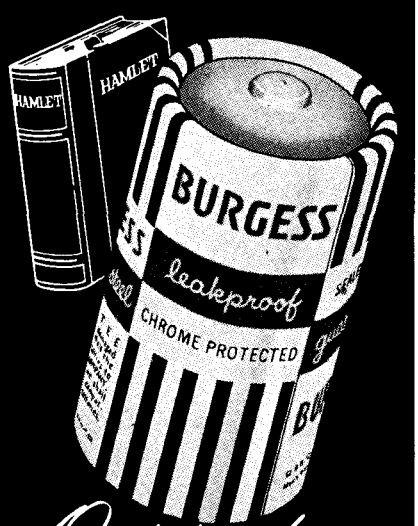

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"The College Influence on Student Character," by Edward D. Eddy, Jr. *(American Council on Education. 185 pp. $3), questions whether today's schools of higher learning are producing the responsible leaders "of church and state" envisioned by their founders. It should be read by every friend of education, in the opinion of Glenn Olds, president of Springfield College, Springfield, Mass.*

By Glenn Olds

THE widening gap between our technical power over nature and the moral control of human nature, between our knowledge and our virtue, constitutes a central problem of our age and a critical challenge to education. Whether we like it or not, the home and church or synagogue are not producing the moral wisdom and character adequate to handle the mounting knowledge and power released by our colleges. What is the responsibility of the college here? How *does* the college influence student character? How can it help to heal the Promethean breach between intelligence and power, and the deeper breach between knowledge and virtue, vision and moral character?

This slim volume, wisely sponsored by the American Council on Education, seeks to answer this central question. Though unpretentious, it fills a void in the literature on this subject and should be read by every educator and friend of education.

While some may quarrel with the operating definition of character—"intelligent direction and purposeful control of conduct by definite moral principles"—as vague, circular, or legalistic, the context and treatment make eminently clear that the study knows what it is about.

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The study casts fresh light on the critical importance of teacher and curriculum in the formulation of character. It points toward the need for integration in depth between curricular and co-curricular activity, student interest and course content, commitment and objectivity, devotion

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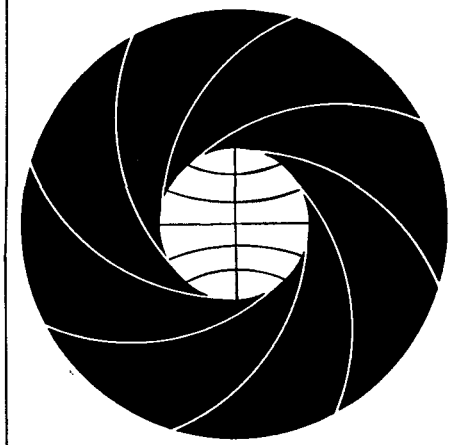

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Though the study provides no formula or panacea, it arrives at the conviction that excellence in intelligent power can and should reinforce moral character, and suggests ways in which this may come about. It will stimulate thoughtful readers to ask for the sequel: a study of the process, theoretical and practical, in the development of character which moves from outer act to inner intention, from obedience to moral principle to the moral activity of the creative act.

Such a study will take more seriously than this book could the deeper ambiguity of human freedom which uses and abuses obvious virtue as a guise for secret sin: a clue to the sadder side of the power struggle in the campus community, which is the seedbed of that larger tyranny which now threatens us and from which the college is expected to help save us.

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(Continued on page 78)

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(Continued from page 77)

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THE FALES — BERKSHIRES. Luxuriously equipped cottages. Excellent food. Williamstown, Massachusetts.

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THE UNTERMEYER ESTATE, Elizabethtown, New York, in the Adirondack Mountains. 160 acres gardens, meadows, woods. Rooms in main house or detached cottages. Season from July 15. Excellent cuisine, 3 meals daily. Weekly $79. Write owner, Dr. Otto Radl, 19 West 69th Street, NYC.

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CAMP KOKATOSI, RAYMOND, MAINE. For business and professional women and girls. Beautiful lake, sandy beach. Individual cabins. All sports, varied entertainment. Rest when you need it, activity when you want it. Booklet. Ruth Day Collins, Director.

VACATIONS

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1312

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Baldness.	168 145 199 79 176 55 77 93 98 137 106
B. Like a spear.	116 143 82 59 194 179 33
C. Substance considered the most important vat dye.	177 163 58 150 119 155
D. Frequent consequence of more haste (2 wds.)	96 61 173 10 154 158 3 187 37
E. Treating diseases by anointing and friction.	112 117 45 171 80 129 6 167 1 162 195
F. Relative position, for consideration, judgment, etc. (3 wds.)	62 182 190 94 118 132 39 21 40 8 86
G. Followed by Word N, substance of the wish that Henry Clay got (2 wds.)	123 73 111 68 165 84 131 139
H. Power expressed in terms of actual or potential work.	114 5 71 19 204 170
I. Full name, Austrian composer of sensational opera, at Met. season, 1958-9.	130 169 193 20 41 134 184 159 92
J. Inflammation of the pia mater and the arachnoid.	125 22 91 64 30 109 152 115 202 136
K. Expert in art or science of producing material of various colors.	200 149 34 47 113 95 153 24 180 189
L. Quarrelsome English poet with apt middle name, 1775-1864.	97 44 127 9 35 133
M. Heedful.	12 31 66 142 178 197 108 161 126
N. See Word G.	52 105 26 49 11
O. Top banana in the U.S.S.R., 1958-.	196 60 175 4 140 2 144 56 192 121
P. Protagonist of Joyce's "Finnegan's Wake."	85 166 70 146 90 188 201 14 183
Q. According to Emily Dickinson, the soul has some "superior" ones ("The Single Hound.")	16 74 51 13 36 48 18 102
R. Brief vacation for the nocturnally employed (2 wds.)	124 99 81 110 7 63 42 186
S. Number of stars and of stripes in Key's original star-spangled banner.	78 147 181 128 57 69 203
T. Inter-Allied system of barter, World War II, of materials and commodities (comp.)	43 172 65 27 23 76 83 15 101
U. Public records.	87 198 164 32 46 191 122 141
V. Describing contract-player who wins only two-odd in a game contract, major suit (2 wds.)	148 156 38 100 160 67 138
W. Describing the meditating yogi.	103 157 72 88 50 29 25
X. Antonym of seldom.	120 185 104 53 17
Y. (The perfect name for a nudist!) With prefix "Mc", Canadian delegate to UN, 1946.	89 54 135 75 107 174 28 151

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 E	2 O	3 D		4 O	5 H	6 E	7 R	8 F	9 L		10 D	11 N	12 M
13 Q	14 P	15 T		16 Q	17 X		18 Q	19 H	20 I	21 F	22 J	23 T	24 K	25 W	26 N		27 Y
28 Y	29 W	30 J		31 M	32 U	33 B		34 K	35 L	36 Q	37 D		38 V	39 F		40 F	41 I
42 R	43 T	44 L	45 E	46 U	47 K	48 Q		49 N	50 W	51 Q		52 N	53 X	54 Y	55 A	56 O	57 S
58 C		59 B	60 O	61 D		62 F	63 R	64 J	65 T	66 M		67 V	68 G	69 S	70 P	71 H	
72 W	73 G	74 Q	75 Y	76 T	77 A		78 S	79 A	80 E	81 R	82 B		83 T	84 G	85 P		86 F
87 U	88 W	89 Y	90 P	91 J	92 I		93 A	94 F		95 K	96 D	97 L		98 A	99 R	100 V	101 T
102 Q		103 W	104 X		105 N	106 A		107 Y	108 M	109 J	110 R		111 G	112 E	113 K	114 H	
115 J	116 B	117 E	118 F		119 C	120 X	121 O	122 U	123 G	124 R	125 J	126 M	127 L	128 S		129 E	130 I
131 G	132 F	133 L		134 I	135 Y	136 J	137 A	138 V	139 G	140 O	141 U		142 M	143 B	144 O	145 A	
146 P	147 S	148 V	149 K	150 C	151 Y		152 J	153 K	154 D		155 C	156 V	157 W		158 D	159 I	160 V
161 M	162 E	163 C	164 U	165 G		166 P	167 E	168 A	169 I	170 H		171 E	172 T	173 D	174 Y	175 O	176 A
177 C	178 M	179 B	180 K		181 S	182 F	183 P		184 I	185 X	186 R	187 D	188 P	189 K	190 F	191 U	192 O
	193 I	194 B	195 E	196 O	197 M	198 U	199 A	200 K	201 P	202 J	203 S	204 H					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Ulanova's Giselle, Bolshoi's "Stone Flower"

ACCORDING to a sound Americanism, what goes up must come down, and when the last recollection of a Bolshoi Ballet performer soaring through the air, or being hoisted head high in a breathtaking lift, or diving across space into the arms of a partner has vanished from the mind, what the visit will come down to, for many, will be the breathless presence of Galina Ulanova. Ulanova as Juliet and Ulanova in "Chopiniana" we know: the revelations of the last Metropolitan Opera week were Ulanova as the "Dying Swan" and Ulanova in "Giselle."

For, among the many excellent dancers they have brought along (the number of outstanding ones runs to a score or more), she is the one artist whose appearance carries with it that veil of mystic attraction that makes wherever she stands the center of the stage. This is not the simplest appreciation to come by, for she is not aided by radiance of face or a strongly projected personality, and she works against, rather than with, physical appeal. But when she composes a series of movements in an artful chain of cause and result, or droops an arm in a sensuous counterbalance to an arc of the body, or otherwise punctuates motion with meaning, she is a People's Artist world-wide, not only in the USSR.

Her climaxing achievement was, properly enough, in "Giselle," which had been performed twice before with the vivacious Raissa Struchkova. In retrospect, this ordering was an act of kindness, for one can think of few living Giselles (Alicia Alonso, perhaps), who could follow Ulanova in the same production in the same week without seeming to be an afterthought. Struchkova is agile, adept, convincingly youthful, a potentially superior Giselle (the calendar is on her side), and every minute the ballerina; Ulanova is feather-light, infinitely dextrous, slenderly unaging (no help from the calendar here) and every instant, Giselle.

As a climax to a second act, which was as mournfully poetic as the first had been joyfully girlish, there was the famous stage-long sequence of soft skips and long leaps. With Struchkova, it was a deft and spectacular trick; Ulanova made it a passionate leave-taking to earthly disappointments and supernatural delusions.

In other aspects, this "Giselle" was raised to levels well above the others by the finely picturesque Prince of Nicolai Fadeyechev (Yuri Zhdanov was his bulky predecessor), the excellent Hilarion of Vladimir Levashev, and another glimpse of the springlike talents of Ekaterina Maximova in the pas de deux with Gleb Ecdokimov. He is a superb lyric dancer who redeemed some missteps of the first occasion (when he was teamed with Bogomolova) with a professional's response to a professional challenge. The Bolshoi direction obviously considers the ensemble of Wilis something of a mass tour de force, with results that aroused spontaneous applause for precision and skill. As their Queen, Maya Samokhvalova qualified as one more specialist brought along to shine in a particular speciality. There was ample authority in her action, but it did not strike me as a Queen as regal as those we have seen from Beryl Grey, Rosella Hightower or Marjorie Tallchief. Visually, this "Giselle" was sound and undistinguished, with a stronger choreographic texture than any predecessor version in years, and a spacious, sometimes deliberate but always purposeful, direction of the score by Yuri Faier.

THE program titled "Highlights II" was neither so high nor so light as its predecessor, save when Ulanova was giving life to Fokine's classic composition "The Dying Swan." Whether or not it approached or surpassed the legendary Anna Pavlova's, it was a work of art in itself, and of itself. The total of Ulanova's serene travel across and around the stage, the ease and flow of the rippling arms, the undulating line of her knee action, was as close to natation as a human could accomplish without water. A sudden stabbing accent, in mid-course was undoubtedly the impact of the arrow that kills the Swan—a touch of realism that made even more poignant the flutters and broken motions which culminate in collapse. It was bravoed and cheered as it deserved, in deafening recognition of timeless artistry.

Also bravoed and cheered, however, were some bits and pieces of balletic what-not, which increased in quality the further they retreated from the uncertain present to the secure past. The opening "Forest Devil" (only a portion of a longer work titled "Shurale") is a recent (1941) composite of Prince Igor-ish Tartarisms and a Borodin-Shostakovitch vocabulary manipulated by F. Yarullin. As the muscular youth who earns his right to marry a local beauty by vanquishing a mischievous woodsprite who is part Till Eulenspiegel, part Katschei, Vladmir Vasiliev gave a marvellous demonstration of physical control. Whether rebuffing the physical onslaught of V. Levashev as the troublemaker or hoisting Marina Kondratieva to soaring heights with no sign of strain, Vasiliev gave promise of spectacular things to come in "Stone Flower." Aside from the native ensembles, Leonid Jacobson's choreography was undistinguished, the taste in costuming commonplace. Likewise low grade in esthetic content was the original version by N. Anisimova of Khatchaturian's notorious "Sabre Dance," as cheaply "effective" as the music itself.

However, the quality of effort increased as the music and dance went backward in time and taste to a dewy pas de deux from "The Nutcracker" delightfully danced by Maximova and Khokhlov, and a version by Messerer of the "Rose" adagio from "Sleeping Beauty" which subtracted authentic charm, added synthetic "difficulties" for Nina Timofeyeva as Aurora. Her cavaliers included Yuri Zhdanov. Somewhat irrelevantly, Rachmaninoff's "Spring Waters" was utilized for a series of splashy (perhaps *that* is the unsuspected connection) forward and backward dives by Liudmilla Bogomolova into the always waiting arms of Stanislav Vlasov, followed by some extraordinary demonstrations of sustained jumps by Esfandiyar Kashani in the acrobat's dance from Glière's "Red Poppy." Where there is so much of efficiency, perhaps it is tedious to ask, also, for meaning. But the disparity between prowess and purpose could hardly have been greater.

FOR all that it had not been seen outside the Soviet Union previously, "Stone Flower" proved to be the least rewarding of the evening-long ballets, lacking the established values of "Romeo," "Swan Lake" or "Giselle," or, indeed, the varied interests of the "Highlights" programs. Obviously meant to be a work of consequence—Serge Prokofiev would hardly have put himself out to write so much music, some of it good, otherwise—it finds choreographer Yuri Grigorovich dependent on the spectacular Plisetskaya's contortions and the airborne soarings of Vasiliev to provide an audience interest lacking in his

(*Continued on page* 85)

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

From "Regina" to "Juno"

By VIRGIL THOMSON

MARC BLITZSTEIN, a major contributor to the English-singing stage (American branch), is both composer and word-author of two recent Columbia releases. These consist of the musical numbers that framed and ornamented a play-with-music version of Sean O'Casey's "Juno and the Paycock," recently visible on Broadway under the title of "Juno," (Columbia mono OL 5380, $4.98, Columbia stereo OS 2013, $5.98) and "Regina," Mr. Blitzstein's full operatic setting of Lillian Hellman's "The Little Foxes," available for several seasons now at the New York City Opera Company (Columbia mono O3L260, $14.98, Columbia stereo O3S202, $17.98).

Melvyn Douglas, Shirley Booth—"'Juno' has character and savour."

Also on view still, in the fifth year of its run at a small downtown theater, is "The Three Penny Opera," Blitzstein's powerful translation of "Die Dreigroschenoper" by Bert Brecht and Kurt Weill. If performances or recordings were still available of "The Cradle Will Rock" and "No for an Answer," the Blitzstein musical theater would be virtually complete for inspection. And such an inspection would show, I think, that the cardinal inspiration behind it all is the Brecht-Weill "Dreigroschenoper." This is not to allege improper influence, merely to point out a source. And that source does seem to account for both the moralistic sociological tone of the stories invented or chosen by this composer and the commercial-toward-colloquial flavor of the musical treatments.

Of the two recordings just released, "Juno" is the less commanding musically. The tunes are picturesque enough (more so than their lyrics) and thoroughly (quite relentlessly, indeed) Irish of cast. But for all their stylistic adherence to the play's background they sound to this listener more earth-bound than earthy. Their performance, moreover, both by the actors who do not really sing, like Shirley Booth and Melvyn Douglas, and by those who do (though not in the Irish manner) like Jack MacGowran, Monte Amundsen, and Loren Driscoll, is nowhere air-borne by any Hibernian afflatus. The whole seems, indeed, a bit word heavy for taking flight. Orchestrally, thanks to Blitzstein and his aides (Robert Russell Bennett and Hershy Kay), this music has a variety and an evocative power far superior to the deafening ways of the routine Broadway "musical." Like all Blitzstein's music, "Juno" has character and savour. Whether it has "hit" quality only time will tell.

Time has already told us that "Regina," which was first presented in 1949, is a repertory piece. Its story line is strong; its characters have reality; its music animates and enlarges them all, as good opera music must. Here is a work that fills an operatic stage and fulfills the listener. Not a perfect piece, perhaps, but a machine that runs—that runs, moreover, as an opera must, on music, not on words or on situational drama.

"Regina" is not a necklace of "numbers," like "Carmen" or "Porgy and Bess." Neither is it a symphonic structure supporting vocal yelps, like "Wozzeck" or "Electra." Still less is it a conversation in music, like Debussy's "Pelléas" or Poulenc's "Carmélites." Its model, I think, lies somewhere in Italy, as well as in the Weimar Republic. The latter gives it its hatred-of-the-rich tone, its impersonal and class-angled view of villainy. Also, through the Kurt Weill-Bert Brecht operas, its preoccupation with verbal values. Nevertheless, Puccini is around, and Montemezzi and Alfano and Wolf-Ferrari too, as indeed they also are in the Weill-Brecht operas.

They show up here in the wide ranges of the vocal lines and in their way of constantly working all over those ranges. There is little of the metrical cantilena in arias and still less of the psalm-like patter in recitative that English texts invite. There is indeed almost no recitative or aria writing in the classical sense. There is chiefly a treatment of the text's rhymed prose through a special species of arioso, a declamatory setting of words and phrases that moves, in this work, between actual singing and actual speaking with utter lack of embarrassment. Now this casual relation to the operatic convention and the use of wider vocal skips than are normal to English both betray German allegiances. It is the loose structure of the orchestral accompaniment, its busy but subservient role in the opera, its way of underlining an emotional point *after* the exact event that causes it, rather than *before or during*, that lead one, in seeking the sources of its method, toward Italy.

Certainly its musico-verbal line, though ever clear, save when it goes too high for enunciating, has little indigenous American flavor. Without its words, in fact, little of it would suggest having been composed for English. Similarly, the orchestral composition of the opera is tonally so restless and expressively so eager at every moment to serve the verbal phrase that it does not offer to the scenes much structural continuity or hardly anything (save for Negro spirituals that begin and end the play) of local atmosphere.

Nevertheless "Regina" tells its

Blitzstein—"holds the attention."

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story. And it is the vocal line that tells it, not the orchestral. It tells it not only by letting the words come out clearly but also by generating through tonal restlessness and rhythmic surprise a state of excitement that never ceases. This vocal line is chiefly loud. Eighty-five per cent of it, I should say, is sung *forte* or *fortissimo*. And it repeats its phrases well beyond the needs of clarity. This repetitive quality tends to make the whole opera seem wordy and the "numbers" (of which there are some) interminable. But in spite of everything, the work moves along; and in moving it holds the attention. It holds the attention, moreover, by musical means, even though the interest created by music is used consistently for throwing the weight of attention toward the moral understanding of the play away from emotional identification with anybody in it.

An exception, in this opera, to Blitzstein's objective treatment of roles is that of Birdie, a broken woman and something of a dipso. Elizabeth Carron's reading of this compassionate part is wholly touching. Also, it is vocally the best performance present. Carol Brice, as the Negro servant Addie, sounds more beautiful; but the role offers little occasion for expressive variety. Brenda Lewis, as Regina herself, is coarsely powerful in the middle and low ranges, shockingly harsh at the top. And Helen Strine, as Alexandra, sings with a trembling voice and uncertain pitch, though she speaks beautifully.

Joshua Hecht sings in the bass role of Regina's cardiac husband some impressive low notes, and the Hubbard brothers, Ben and Oscar, are well intoned by George Irving and Emile Renan. Loren Driscoll is wholly effective as Leo.

Vocally, in general, this recording shows the New York City Opera in average-to-better form, which is quite good form, as opera singing runs nowadays. The orchestra and chorus, under Samuel Krachmalnik, are excellent; and the pacing of the whole seems effective. If any fault were to be found on the engineering side, it might lie in a certain microphone proximity. This is good for enunciation, but it tends to place the listener right in the Hubbard house rather than in a theater, so that though we gain in closeness of association with the characters of the story, we lose both dramatic and musical perspective.

The present listener, in any case, was convinced at the end that he had known every character in the story and that he had heard a good opera about them.

A New Massine Ballet

MILAN, ITALY.

SOME years ago, a ballet based on Gluck's "Don Juan" music was given in New York with Fokine choreography. If memory serves, not all of the music was utilized, and the results, though interesting by reason of the ballet's history, had not much intensity. The new treatment by Leonide Massine seen at La Scala recently is a triumph of theatrical invention, extraordinarily vivid, dramatically, and cohesive architecturally. One had forgotten, after not having seen a major work by this master for many years, the impact of his balletic statement, his profound grasp of music.

The new "Don Juan" is based directly upon Molière's "Festin de Pierre," the play which inspired Angiolini's original ballet. Thus it is related only incidentally to the Mozart-da Ponte "Don Giovanni" and differs from this masterpiece in many basic ways, especially in its treatment of Leporello, who reverts to the light-footed Sganarelle of French tradition. Elvira alone is the heroine.

The scenes are four in number: the street—Don Juan serenades Elvira, is surprised by her father, the Commendatore, and kills him in a duel; the fields—Don Juan has a fleeting and humorous episode with two country girls, saves a nobleman from attack by robbers, and generously gives a louis-d'or to a beggar; the ballroom—a banquet (attended by Elvira, who tries to reform him) at which the ghost of the Commendatore appears, inviting Don Juan to the graveyard; and the cemetery—Don Juan appears, as promised, in the graveyard and is caught in the toils of Furies and demons.

It may be said, if one is to dwell first on the ballet's few negative aspects, that the second scene is the weakest. Poorly lighted, and danced before a wispy, inconsequential décor by Georges Wakhevitch (whose other tableaux for this work are far more striking), the choreography is here very slender and conveys little of interest. A marked point for reservation in the other scenes is the handling of the Commendatore who strides woodenly among the dancers with unconvincing results.

These points aside, the new "Don Juan" is a work of high importance. Massine has returned the art of miming to its rightful place in ballet; and his wonderful treatment of the central character, both in motion and repose, is quite the equal—in another sphere—of da Ponte's, or perhaps even superior. This Don Juan of Massine is no mere philanderer, gripped by a last-minute terror, but a poetic spirit constantly at war with himself. At one moment in the banquet scene, after the guests have fled at the appearance of the Commendatore, Don Juan remains with Elvira. The pathos of the girl, the tragic conflict in the soul of Don Juan, have here been projected incandescently by Massine in a pas de deux which is the legitimate, tragic heir of the brilliant grand duo in "Gaité." I had thought this kind of enkindling emotion lost forever to theatrical dance; but there it was, burning up the stage and the audience, unashamed, elemental, imaginative in the highest.

The concluding scene, in the graveyard, was equally effective. Not only does the Commendatore exhort Don Juan to repent, but a wraith bearing a skull hovers about him hopefully, awaiting the moment of retraction. The wraith is danced by the same performer as Elvira. And here Massine, as choreographer, has taken a liberty with the music fully justified by his sense of dramatic fantasy. Perhaps the most haunting of its "set numbers" is the famous oboe solo, the Siciliana, to which the libertine serenades Elvira in the opening scene. In the finale, Massine causes this melody to return as a coda to the entire drama—with the most wonderfully poetic result. Don Juan has been torn to pieces by the Furies. His inanimate body lies in the center of the graveyard; and, as will be remembered, the dance of the infernal spirits fades away in a magical descrescendo. Suddenly, out of this, rises the Siciliana . . . and, on stage, the wraith with the skull dances compassionately above the fallen Don.

The ensemble of La Scala danced the work well. Mario Pistoni was supreme as Don Juan; Vera Colombo, in the more limiting role of Elvira, proved almost as affecting. With both these dancers, Massine had concentrated on facial play as well as bodily motion. As a result, the characterizations were complete; and Massine the creator, like the Phoenix, has risen from his own ashes. —ROBERT LAURENCE.

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Recordings Reports: Jazz

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
"Stereophonic Suite for Two Bands." Les Brown, Vic Schoen Bands. Kapp KD-7003-S, $5.98. "Ballet in Brass;" "Four Score and Seven;" "109 Station Road;" "The Sorcerer and the Latin;" others.	Vic Schoen composed and arranged the "Suite" as a *Stereostück* for simultaneous recording by two large orchestras. The rhythm section, which is common to both, strides down the middle of the road, and can be heard on each track. The rest is a not-always engaging ping-pong match between reed and brass sections or soloists from each band, emerging from right or left, with echoes emerging from left or right, in precisely the order named. Neither track, heard separately, comes into focus. Blended, as the engineers would have it, they produce a massive piece of business that suggests a cross between the orchestras of Les Brown and Vic Schoen, which indeed it is. For playing back this one, try a circus tent.
"Up the Mississippi with the Phenomenal Dukes of Dixieland." Audio Fidelity AFLP 1892, $5.95. "Mississippi Mud;" "South;" "Milenberg Joys;" "Beale Street Blues;" "Down by the Old Mill Stream;" others.	Enter as one of many in the *genre,* and it will be conceded that this five-piece group, which quite often does not insist on playing loud, does create a relaxed, wholesome music that contrasts markedly with other blessings from this month's batch of two-track, split-personality recordings. The programming—a muddling together of tunes with lyrics that refer to "south," "stream," and "sleepy time,"—shouldn't make a dent, unless they happen to be someone's favorites.
"We 3—A Jazz Approach to Stereo." Marty Napoleon, Mickey Sheen, Chubby Jackson. Everest SDBR 1029, $5.95. "Let the Good Times Rock 'n' Roll;" "Nagasaki;" "Chattanooga Choo Choo Cha-Cha;" others.	*"Wa da dodle ee oo, how!"* is an excerpt. An entirely cute piece of dogging around, not particularly helpful to the listener's head when the voices begin to split up between the tracks, and there are two sound sources for the three of them. Napoleon plays piano, Jackson, string bass, and Sheen, drums.
"A Tuba Jazz." Ray Draper. Jubilee JLP 1090, $3.98. "Essii's Dance;" "Doxy;" "I Talk to the Trees;" "Yesterdays;" "Oleo;" "Angel Eyes."	Since the tuba does not ordinarily emerge as a likely protagonist of the ruminant, or cud-chewing solo displayed as part of the apparatus of some performances of contemporary jazz, the question here seems to be, can the tuba do it? Larry Ritchie, drums; Spanky DeBrest, string bass; John Maher, piano, and John Coltrane, tenor saxophone, volunteered to help for the trial, and their support is worthy. Our impression: the tuba can do it, but why?
"Harry 'Sweets' Edison 'Sweetenings'." Harry Edison. Roulette Birdland R52023, $3.98. "Centerpiece;" "Candy;" "Jive at Five;" "Imagination;" "Louisiana;" others.	This is Harry Edison's solo record, and he does well with it. Accompaniment is supplied by Jimmy Jones and Kenny Drew, who alternate at the piano; Charlie Persip, drummer; and string bassists Joe Benjamin and John Simmons, who also take turns. Some of the selections sound like exercises for trumpet, and do not carry the conviction that the player felt the music, while others come across as warmly felt and well expressed.
"On the Town with the Oscar Peterson Trio." Verve MG V-8287, $4.98. "Sweet Georgia Brown;" "Should I;" "When Lights Are Low;" "Easy Listenin' Blues;" "Pennies from Heaven;" "The Champ;" others.	Other members of the trio are Ray Brown, string bass, and Herb Ellis, guitar. A wholly successful "live" recording, taken at the Town Tavern, in Toronto, allows the listener to participate in a particularly vibrant and stimulating series of improvisations by Peterson and his good group. There is some background noise, and the balance for piano is far from perfect, but all such defects are entirely obliterated for the listener by the wonderfully wrought performances of members of the group as group, and as canny and entertaining soloists.
"Gene Krupa Plays Gerry Mulligan Arrangements." Verve MG V-8292, $4.98. "Bird House;" "Margie;" "Mulligan Stew;" "Begin the Beguine;" "Sugar;" "The Way of All Flesh;" "Disc Jockey Jump;" "Birds of a Feather;" others.	The chief interest of this LP comes from its collation of a batch of arrangements done by Gerry Mulligan, then nineteen, for the Gene Krupa Orchestra of 1946-1947. They demonstrate a talent for composing and arranging for sections and soloists of a large band, and for bringing them together into a forceful, swinging unit, that is sure and impressive. The studio band assembled by Krupa for this backward look at early Mulligan is adequate, but does not manifest the punch of the original group that knew them—and played them—first.
"Gongs East!" The Chico Hamilton Quintet. Warner Brothers WS 1271, $4.98. "Beyond the Blue Horizon;" "Where I Live;" "Gongs East;" " I Gave My Love a Cherry;" "Good Grief, Dennis;" "Long Ago;" "Tuesday at Two;" "Nature by Emerson;" "Far East;" "Passion Flower."	The members of this Chico Hamilton Quintet are: Hamilton, drums; Dennis Budimir, guitar; Eric Dolphy, alto saxophone, flute, bass clarinet; Nathan Gershman, cello; Wyatt Ruther, bass. The dominant mood is one of quiet and determined exploitation of instrumental timbres. The arranging that serves as skeleton for the job is firm and effective. The group shifts from draggy concert pieces, where the going gets a little pretentious at times, to crisp, spry renditions of standard melodic material that are paced by precise, occasionally danceable rhythms. It is not quite clear what the gongs that are heard throughout are about. Stereo recording and pressing are clean and of highest quality.
"The Trombones, Inc." Studio assemblages. Warner Brothers WS 1272, $4.98. "Neckbones;" "Dues Blues;" "Long Before I Knew You;" "Soft Winds;" "Tee Jay;" "Lassus Trombone;" "Impossible;" others.	Ten trombones from the East Coast (side one), ten from the West (side two), were assembled in recording studios for sessions which must go down in the history of such things as historic. Trombones *en masse* are impressive, especially as heard in one rather famous mass, Berlioz's "Grande Messe des Morts." We also rather liked the Boston Pops Concert's rendition, last summer, of "Seventy-Six Trombones." Some of J. J. Johnson's scorings for the East Coast group are interesting, and the West Coasters bring off their half of the deal with enthusiasm, but our own enthusiasm veers off to Berlioz.
"Locking Horns." Joe Newman, Zoot Sims. Roulette Birdland Series R-52009, $3.98. "Corky;" "Mambo for Joe;" "Wolafunt's Lament;" "Midnite Fantasy;" "'Tater Pie;" "Oh Shaye;" "Bassing Around;" "Oh Joe;" "Susette;" "Similar Souls."	The two soloists, Newman, trumpet, and Zoot Sims, tenor saxophone, are accompanied by Oscar Pettiford, string bass, Adrian Acea, piano, and Osie Johnson, drums. Pettiford's string bass is outstanding in the unit of accompanists, and is felt throughout as a staunch and amiable friend. Newman's line has the thoughtful characteristics of a soloist who builds logically and persuasively. Sims plays with and against him beautifully, bending a relatively smooth tone to an occasionally obscure line. The fibre of the performances is held together by duets between the two soloists, who propel themselves through a brilliant series of statements, challenges, and counter-statements. The "Mambo" comes close to being a pretty sentimental tune a little out of keeping with the rest. And the pianist, who is a little strong on the mambo mood throughout, seems the one weak performer in an otherwise well-balanced group.
"Gilbert and Sullivan Revisited." Jim Timmens and his Jazz All-Stars. Warner Brothers WS 1278, $4.98. "We Sail the Ocean Blue;" "With Catlike Tread;" "A Wand'ring Minstrel;" "The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring;" "When I Was a Lad;" others.	This would be one to dismiss if it weren't for the fun-like arrangements provided by Jim Timmens, and the wholly sophisticated yet quite natural-sounding jazz performance provided by his band. —FREDERIC RAMSEY, JR.

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 81

treatment of the story itself. That concerns a stonecutter's dissatisfaction with his mortal skills, the intercession of a supernatural Mistress of Copper Mountain (Plisetskaya) who teaches him (Vasiliev) the mastery he craves, but cannot persuade him to prefer her to the simple peasant girl (Marina Kondratieva) he has left behind.

ELABORATE "Stone Flower" certainly is, and showy in its lifts and bounds, dives and contortions; but it is imaginatively poverty-stricken, more concerned with effect than expression, and conceived in a theatrical idiom of scrims and set pieces (within a unit framework) which belies its first presentation in this production by Simon Versaladze only last year. For most of Act II, the story-telling stops while we are regaled with a village fair, whose only connection with the main action is that it introduces the villainous Severyan, who has been pursuing the peasant girl in the stonecutter's absence. As well as permitting Vladimir Levashev to perform the kind of agile body maneuvers now expected of him, it provides a peasant dance of rather limited animation, and a more stimulating gypsy dance. Taken altogether, Grigorovich's choreography rarely achieves a real climax, the crowd action, in particular, never attaining decisive momentum. In the last act, it surged to eloquence when the stonecutter is reunited with his beloved, and the peasant folk join in their rejoicing. This culmination prompted a rousing demonstration from the audience, which indeed the performance earned, also every commendatory grade from A for Animation to Z for Zest, and back again. As a totality—choreography, design, theatrical presentation—it left the conviction, still, that all is quiet on the Eastern front.

It was clear to hear in Prokofiev's score the kind of mentality that created the great works universally admired, but also a dependence on craftsmanship rather than fresh invention. A lively waltz in Act I, a skillful imitation, orchestrally, of the balalaika during the group dance of Act II, and the vivacious gypsy dance that followed were balletic interludes of excellent construction, amid a good deal more that merely filled out time. Doubtless the orchestral performance will be better when the players are more at ease with the music, and Yuri Faier's inability to see them, or the stage, is less of a handicap.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Soft Airs

I HAVE at hand a springlike potpourri of jazz discs which increase my sense that, after a long period of intricate formal experiment, jazz is often returning to what, in a less self-conscious age, was known simply as romantic feeling. If it makes the modern mind easier, I will gladly refer to these new manifestations as neoromantic or even crypto-romantic. In short, I think that the innovating urge of modern jazz has now reached a point where some innovators, having consolidated their formal discoveries, can, in effect, lie back and let the lyric spirit prevail. In the rugged, adventurous school sometimes known as "hard bop," this warm, emotional impulse has for some time been known as playing with "soul" (*i.e.*, feeling). The tendency is, after all, quite natural. First there is the possibility of a new musical vocabulary and syntax. Then these are worked out, often with rude and harsh and awkward experiments. Gradually, as the new idiom becomes shaped and absorbed and "natural," there is a revival of the lyric instinct. The lyric *will* assert itself, however strange the idiom may seem—as those familiar with, for instance, the chamber music of Bartók, Schoenberg and Webern are fully aware.

All of this may seem highfalutin and pretentious as a preamble to the review of a few jazz records, but such is not the case. The barrel houses of the early jazz days were full of lyricism, and the new jazz "laboratories" (spare us the term) are betraying the spirit. I will skip rapidly to some choice examples. Back in the summer of 1956, a remarkable conclave of old and new jazz men gathered at Music Inn, a clapboard jazz Bayreuth, owned by Phil and Stephanie Barber, in the Berkshire hills at Lenox, Massachusetts. The scene of annual jazz fests, featuring discussion and playing among leading musicians, the Inn was on this occasion the locus of a delightful spontaneous concert which was, fortunately, recorded. Four numbers are now issued (Atlantic 1298), the most striking a ten-minute and fifty-eight second blues offering the clarinets of the young Jimmy Giuffre and the veteran Pee Wee Russell; with George Wein, piano; Oscar Pettiford, bass; and Connie Kay, drums. If any proof were needed that the jazz generations can get together to exquisite

Ahmad Jamal—"Another force for modern jazz romanticism."

effect, this track provides it. Giuffre is a clarinetist of dulcet restraint, Russell a man of droll, insinuating, spiral delicacy and sentiment. In duet, the two complement each other beautifully; in solo, each is superb. The other three numbers on the LP all have their fine points as chamber jazz and include such added starters as Rex Stewart, trumpet; Teddy Charles, vibraharp; and Herbie Mann, flute.

What I call modern romantic jazz is also to be heard in the piano playing of young Bill Evans, once he has negotiated such brisk modern compositions as Gigi Gryce's "Minority"

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and Sonny Rollins's "Oleo." Evans's other numbers are in the relaxed order of Vernon Duke's "What Is There to Say?" and Evans plays them, if not with a perfumed aura, with what may certainly be called an admirable masculine scent. He has proved himself with some of the finest modern jazz musicians, such as Miles Davis and Julian "Cannonball" Adderley, and his proof has included a strong blend of the lyrical and the rhythmic; he is a main-line jazz player combining latter-day sophistication with a singing warmth more commonly associated with some of the older names (Riverside RLP 12-291). His elegant support comes from Philly Joe Jones, drums, and Sam Jones, bass.

ANOTHER force for modern jazz romanticism—and no mean force it is—is the young pianist Ahmad Jamal, whose delicate work with bass and drums was mentioned in this column recently. An earlier disc has come to my attention in which Jamal joins in deft interplay with Ray Crawford, guitar, and Israel Crosby, bass. Fine tunes like "A Foggy Day" and "I Get a Kick Out of You" receive an iridescent treatment from this trio, who are so much superior to most similar groupings as to constitute a different musical level (Argo LP 602).

Leaving the younger talents, the month affords a fine, vintage jazz band program headed by the fifty-eight-year-old clarinetist, Edmond Hall, native of Reserve, Louisiana, which is a suburb of New Orleans. Hall's romanticism is built-in and emerges in some of the most robust, warmly inflected clarinet playing we have. His associates are Ellis Larkins, piano; Jimmy Crawford, drums; Milt Hinton, bass; Emmett Berry, trumpet; and Vic Dickenson, trombone. The program includes such pleasures as a medley of Duke Ellington numbers, a thoroughly traditional blues, and a wonderful popular song, *circa* 1890, entitled "Don't Give Me Sympathy" (United Artists UAL 4028).

This department's favorite revivalist band in the ragtime-early jazz-minstrel tradition is the Bob Scobey outfit of San Francisco. The first twelve-inch LPs to be gathered from their earlier recordings are now available and include such classic exhumations, with vocals by banjoist Clancy Hayes, as "South," "Chicago," "Silver Dollar," "Ace in the Hole" and "Hindustan" (Good Time Jazz L-12032 and L-12033). The Scobey performers rank with Hawthorne, Melville and W. C. Fields as restorers of the American faith.

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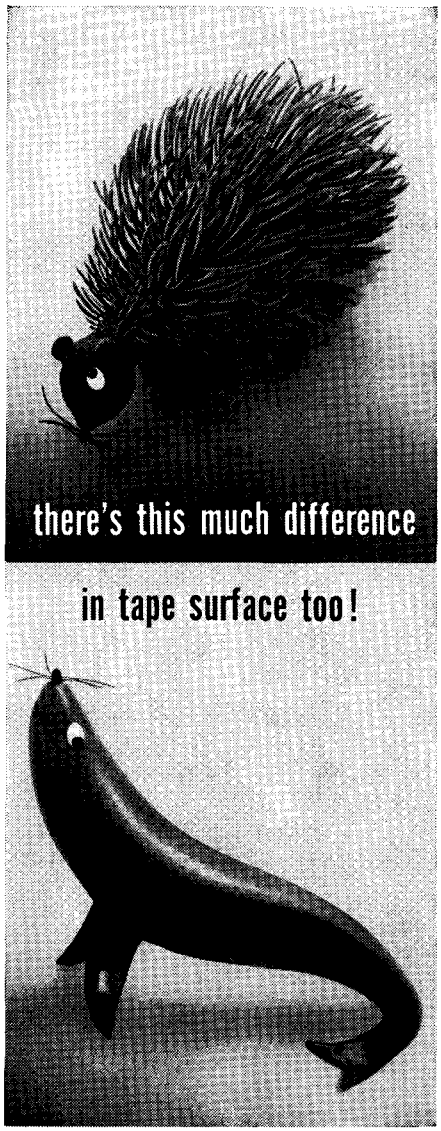

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Win, Place, and Show (Tunes)

SIFTING through the accumulation of albums devoted to the performance of popular music tends to be more arduous than rewarding, but some recent findings are worth reporting. Not every item in each instance sustains the same quality, but those who have a fondness for joyous performance through the popular voice will discover that some old favorites are capable of dealing well with new material, some newcomers possessed of a way with old songs that is worth knowing about.

First place in the first category belongs to Henriette Ragon, better known as Patachou, who has honored "La Belle Époque" with a dozen and a half inventions of its characteristic commentator Aristide Bruant. Even those who don't know the flavorsome, insinuating words and tunes (he wrote them both) probably know Bruant from the celebrated poster by Toulouse-Lautrec—large black hat, red muffler, brown velvet suit. Those who are unacquainted with a previous recording by Germaine Montero (Angel 64009) will find the reasons for Toulouse-Lautrec's enthusiasm in this one; the initiate will find the range of material extended, for the present issue is a twelve-inch disc, the earlier one a ten. In any case, it is a wide gamut Patachou covers (from the somber "À Mazas" to the lively "Nini peau d'chien") in high spirits and charming voice, with appropriately *genre* accompaniments by orchestras conducted by Joss Baselli and A. Goraguer. (Columbia WL-140, $4.98.)

Something of a coup in the realm of American show music has been accomplished by that long-time specialist George Byron in a collection of Jerome Kern show tunes which include three never before recorded. (Atlantic 1293, $4.98.) The reason for this is far from simple: they were found among Kern manuscripts, provided neither with texts nor suggested titles. Enlisting the assistance of Dorothy Fields (who collaborated with Kern on numerous fine songs), Byron came up with the striking results now evident in "Nice to Be Near," "Introduce Me," and, particularly "April Fooled Me": a fine ballad strain for which Miss Fields has forged a durable link to popular favor. The list otherwise goes from "How Would You Like to Spoon with Me?" of 1905 to "Two Hearts Together" of 1945, with By-

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ron's knowing style (and also his limited voice) suitably supported by the arrangements of conductor-pianist André Previn.

From Byron it is but an alphabetical sidestep to David Allen, a singer with more voice than the average, and a fine control of it in such tunes as "I Only Have Eyes for You," "With Every Breath I Take," and "You Go to My Head." (Warner Bros. WS 1268, $4.98.) Connoisseurs will thank him most for extending himself on behalf of the Rodgers-Hart "Soon" (from "Mississippi," which featured W. C. Fields and H. L. Crosby), a gem of its kind, and the Loesser-Carmichael "Heart and Soul." Fervent is the word for Allen, and David Terry keeps the temperature warm in his orchestral arrangements. A new collection of Nat Cole's is always a command to the attention, and Capitol (W 1120, $4.98), rewards it with Noel Sherman's new swinger "Welcome to the Club," as well as such standards as "Anytime, Anyday, Anywhere," "Mood Indigo," and "She's Funny That Way," all personalized by the "King's" care for words and rhythms.

Two singers who promise to be known much better six months hence than they are today provide varied delights: Carmen McRae (Kapp LP 1117, $3.98) and Keely Smith (Capitol ST 1145, $4.98). Miss McRae has improved vastly on some previous discs, now attaining a manner distinctively her own. Something of the direct communication of Ethel Waters and the throbby appeal of the bygone Ivy Anderson are blended with a rare kind of musicality to make songs such as "The Thrill Is Gone," "Please Be Kind," and "Angel Eyes" worth listening to again, while embellishing the known appeal of the Gershwins' "How Long Has This Been Going On?" (oddly attributed to Magidson-Wrubel), Rodgers's and Hart's "He Was Too Good to Me" and "Isn't It Romantic?" no little. Frank Hunter's taste is reflected in the appropriate backgrounds, something of a Kapp trademark (likewise the superior recording).

Keely Smith is a different kind of talent, better known in the West than the East, where she has a double identity as Mrs. Louis Prima as well. Hers is a straightforward pop style, whether mooning over "It's Magic" or spoofing "Indian Love Call" with some of the liveliest irreverence since Mildred Bailey's "Lover Come Back to Me." The arrangement by Nelson Riddle is a brilliant part of the total effect as Miss Smith puts her well-defined stamp on "The Nearness of You," "Stardust," "Someone to Watch Over Me," etc.

As clear evidence that the Broad-

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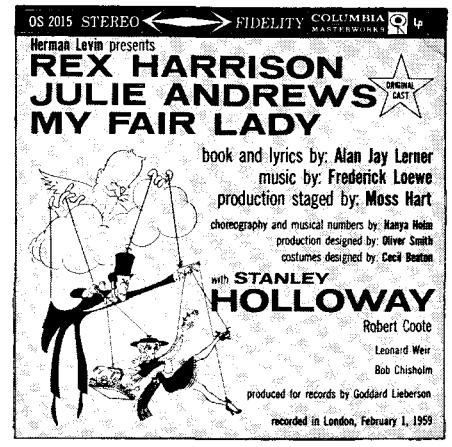

and a crew of technicians found themselves in Walthamstow Town Hall, just outside of London, recording Rex Harrison, Julie Andrews, Stanley Holloway and the whole wonderful cast in Guaranteed Stereo-Fidelity. The result must be heard to be believed! You'll understand what we're so excited about when you hear "The Rain in Spain" with Rex Harrison saying "I think she's got it!" from one speaker and Julie Andrews singing the tongue twister from the other. It'll stand you on your ear. Incidentally a four-page stereo catalog is included with each album.

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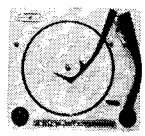

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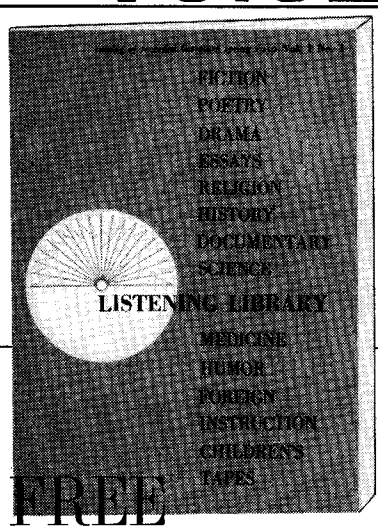

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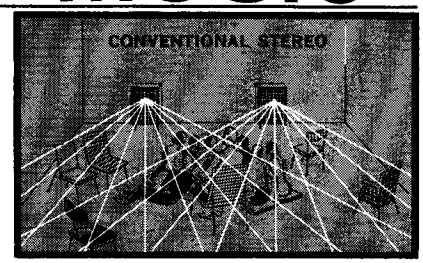

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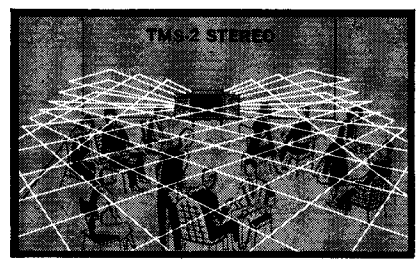

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way style of show music performance has become as international as the D'Oyly Carte treatment of G & S, consult Camden CAS 482 ($2.98) in which a company of English performers unknown to American fame do right well by the unaging Cole Porter score for "Kiss Me Kate." Though the text is full of Americanisms, they trip lightly from the English tongue. Of course, they have the recorded models of Alfred Drake, Patricia Morrison and Lisa Kirk for guidance, but the results here suggest assimilation not imitation. For future reference, particular compliments may be extended to Hill Bowen for overall musical direction, to Denis Quilley for "Where Is the Life I Lately Led," to Marie Benson for "Why Can't You Behave," and Byron Johnson for "Were Thine That Special Face." Surprisingly enough, it's also in fine stereo, a bargain at the price.

Porter also profits from another international enthusiasm (and aptitude) as manifest on London (OS 25054, $5.98) by Cesare Siepi, who obviously relishes the melodic pleasures of "Night and Day," "So in Love," "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To," "Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye," "Easy to Love," "I Get a Kick Out of You," "I Love You," "In the Still of the Night," and "Blow Gabriel Blow." Some are taxing to the techniques developed for Verdi and Mozart, but when, in the real meaning of the term, Siepi lifts his voice in "So in Love," "Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye," and, most of all, "I Love You" he carries the sentiments to heights to which they have rarely soared previously. His English is now only occasionally marred by an oddity of pronunciation, much of the time being as easy and artful as the singing itself. The skillful treatment of the well-arranged backgrounds by Roland Shaw's orchestra are a further contribution to a particularly good sample of London's stereo.

Finally, a new roundup of "Show Boat" materials, with Howard Keel ("Ol' Man River," "Till Good Luck Comes My Way"). Anne Jeffreys ("Make Believe," "You Are Love," "Why Do I Love You") and Gogi Grant ("Can't Help Lovin' That Man," "Bill," and "Nobody Else but Me"). (RCA Victor LPM 1505, $3.98.) Of special note is the fine sound of this Hollywood product, for which a new scoring was created by Henri René, who also conducts. For the most part, René's work is tasteful, as is the singing of Keel and Jeffreys, singly and in their duets. However Miss Grant seems determined to prove that she can be Norma Terris and Helen Morgan all in one, with some rather tearful overemphasis. —I. K.

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